GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

by Brothers Grimm

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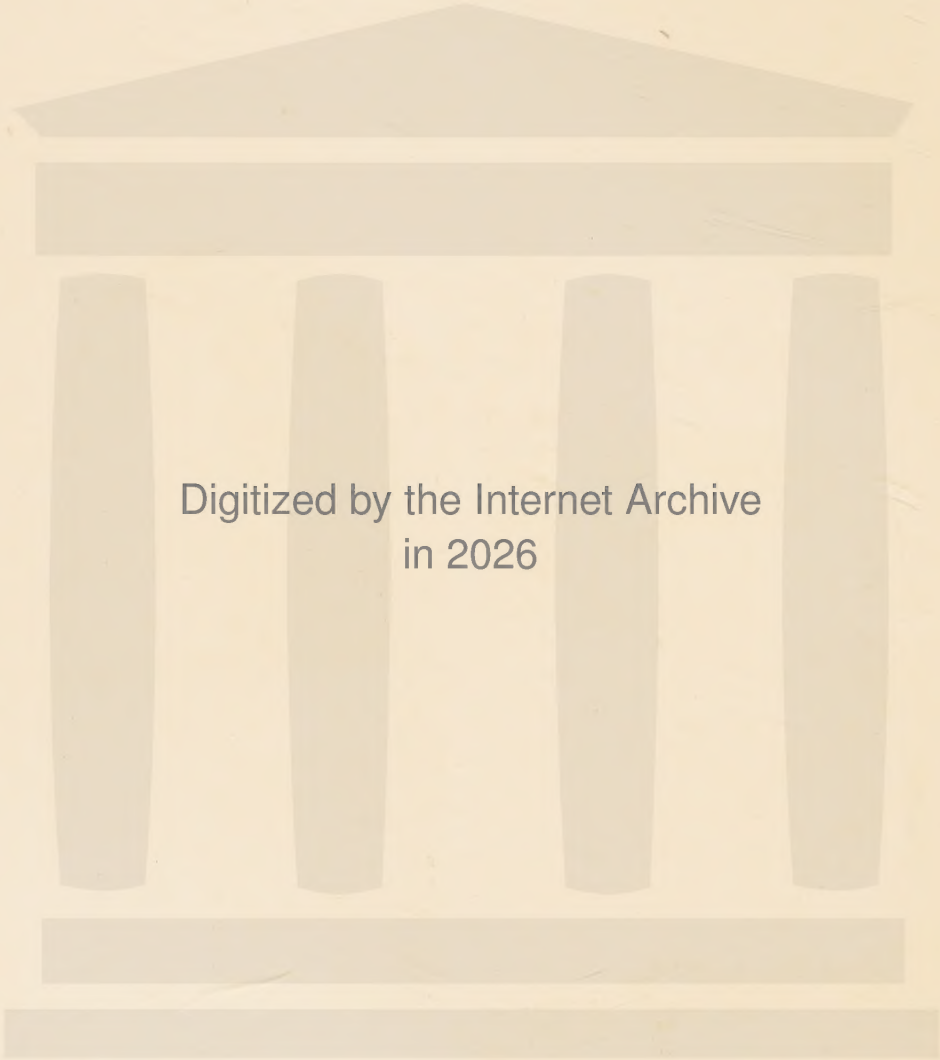
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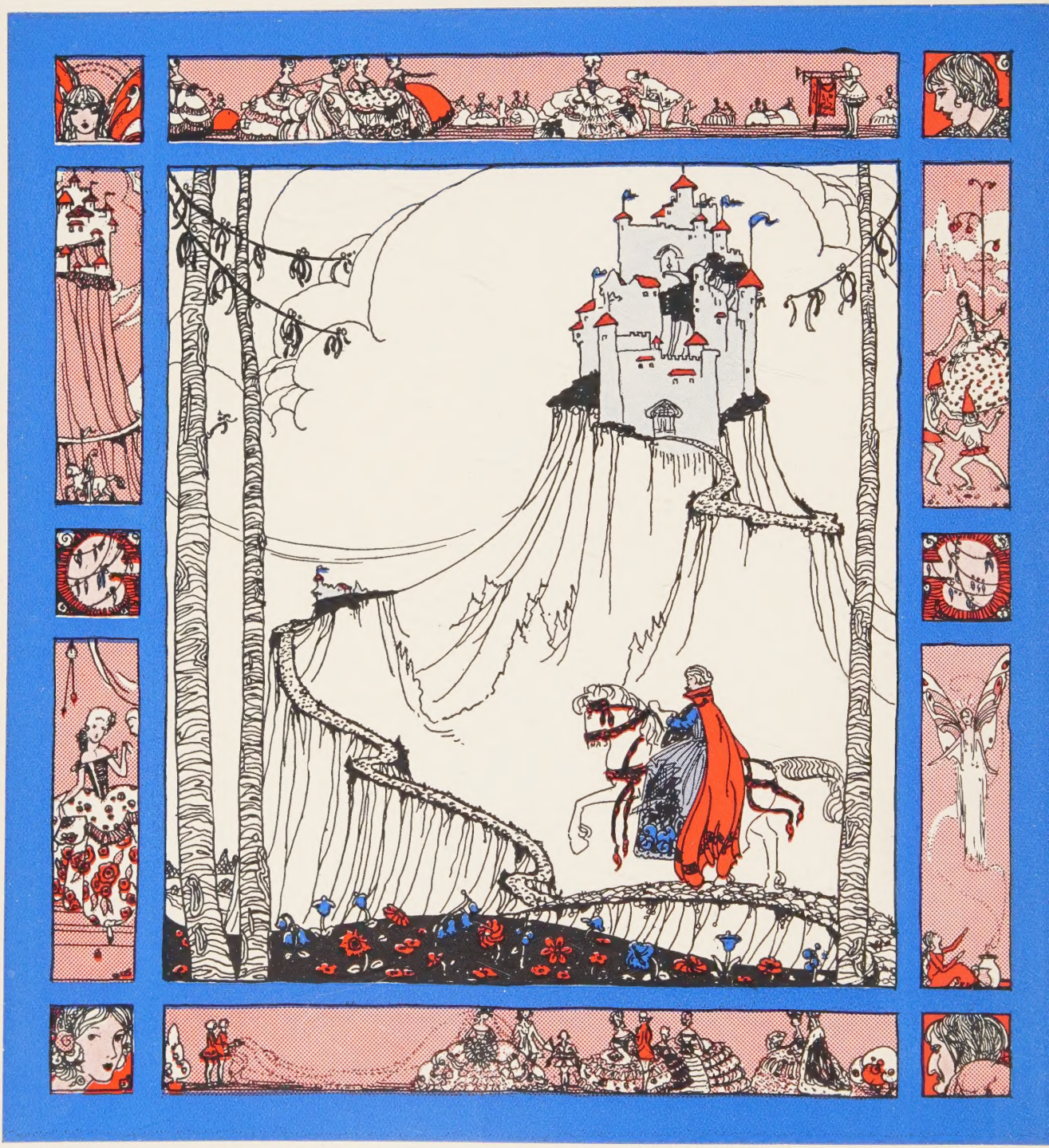

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

by Brothers Grimm

Illustrated by
LORRAINE COMBS

J.H. SEARS & COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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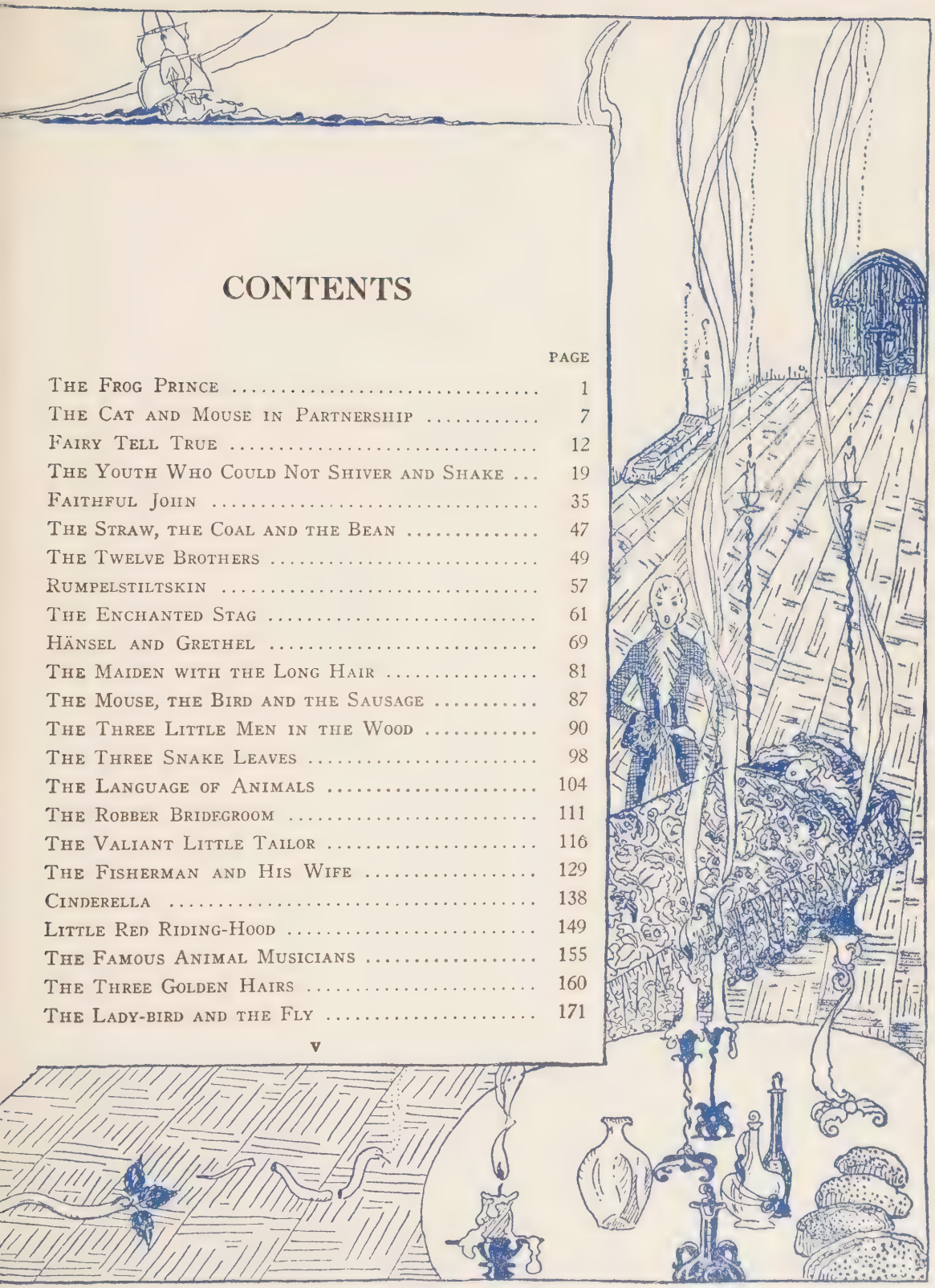

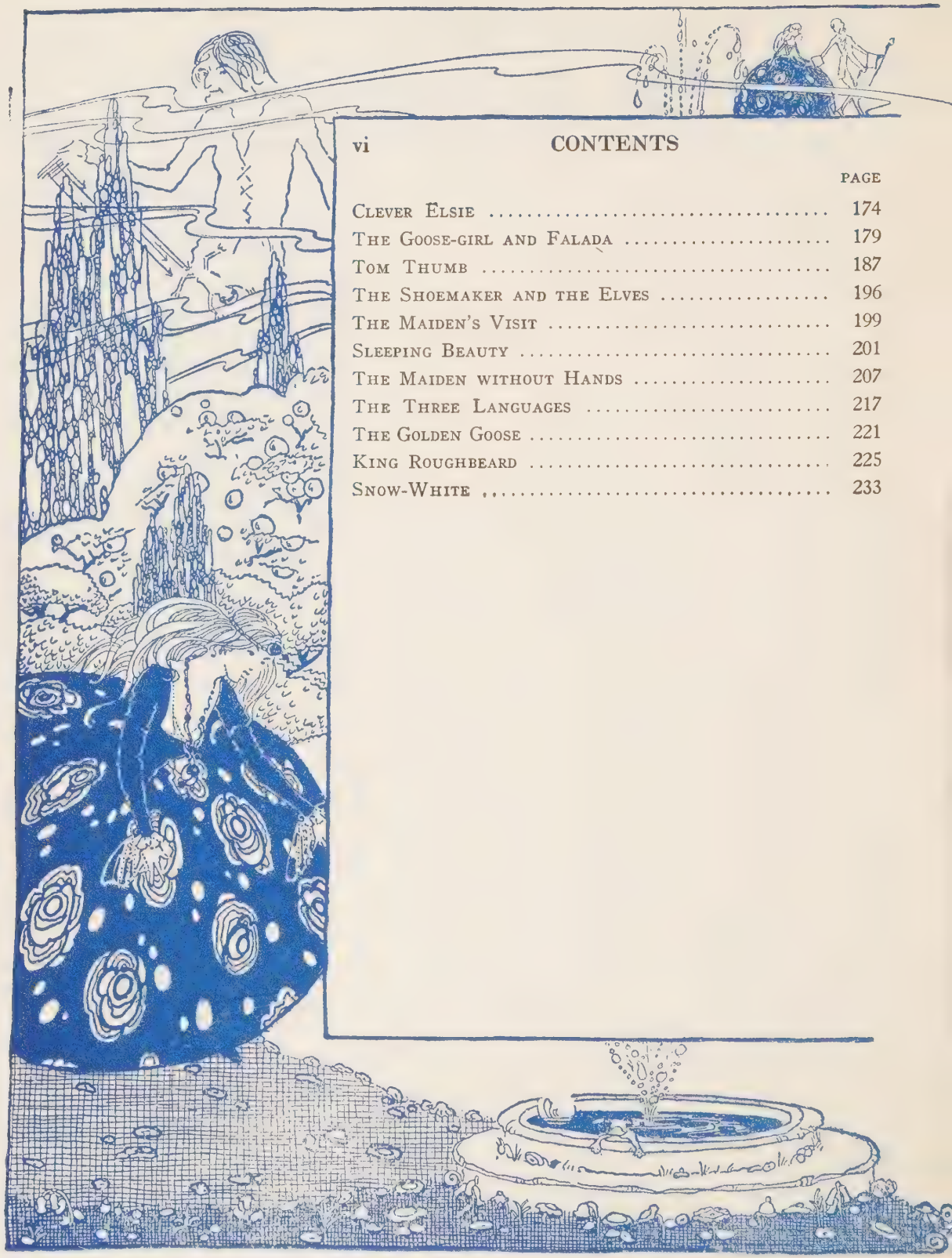

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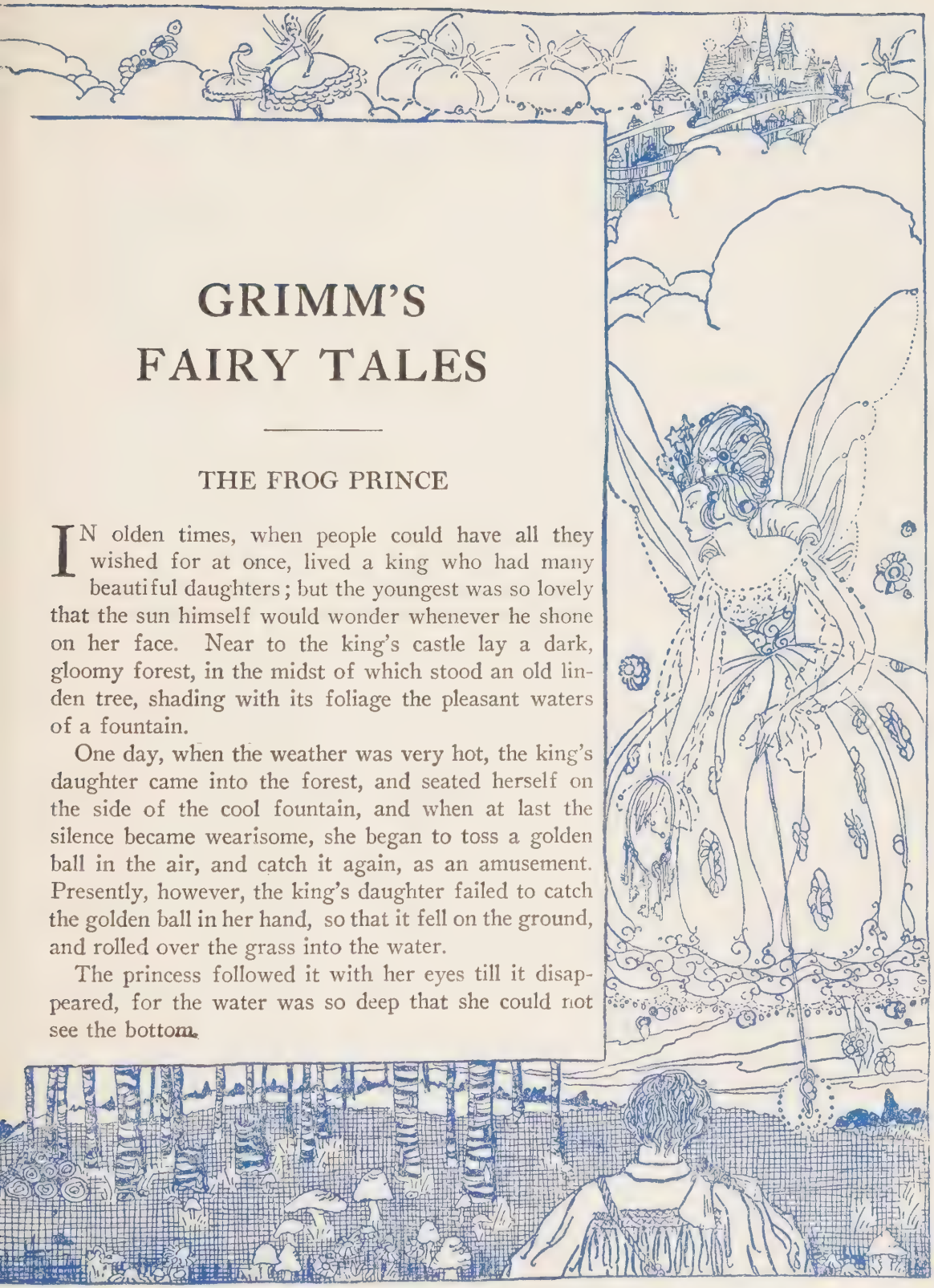


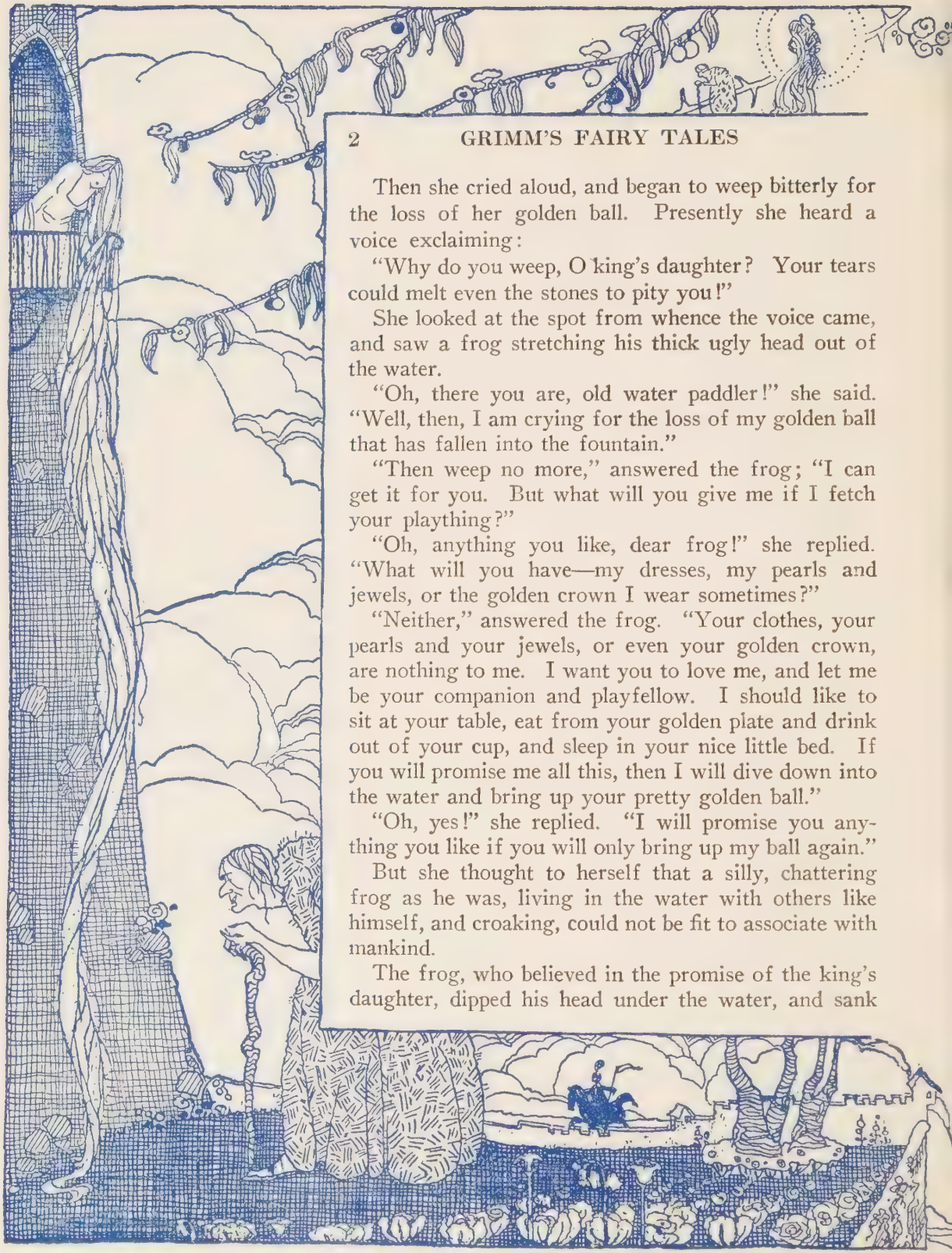
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

THE FROG PRINCE

IN olden times, when people could have all they wished for at once, lived a king who had many beautiful daughters; but the youngest was so lovely that the sun himself would wonder whenever he shone on her face. Near to the king's castle lay a dark, gloomy forest, in the midst of which stood an old linden tree, shading with its foliage the pleasant waters of a fountain.

One day, when the weather was very hot, the king's daughter came into the forest, and seated herself on the side of the cool fountain, and when at last the silence became wearisome, she began to toss a golden ball in the air, and catch it again, as an amusement. Presently, however, the king's daughter failed to catch the golden ball in her hand, so that it fell on the ground, and rolled over the grass into the water.

The princess followed it with her eyes till it disappeared, for the water was so deep that she could not see the bottom.



Then she cried aloud, and began to weep bitterly for the loss of her golden ball. Presently she heard a voice exclaiming:

"Why do you weep, O king's daughter? Your tears could melt even the stones to pity you!"

She looked at the spot from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, there you are, old water paddler!" she said. "Well, then, I am crying for the loss of my golden ball that has fallen into the fountain."

"Then weep no more," answered the frog; "I can get it for you. But what will you give me if I fetch your plaything?"

"Oh, anything you like, dear frog!" she replied. "What will you have—my dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown I wear sometimes?"

"Neither," answered the frog. "Your clothes, your pearls and your jewels, or even your golden crown, are nothing to me. I want you to love me, and let me be your companion and playfellow. I should like to sit at your table, eat from your golden plate and drink out of your cup, and sleep in your nice little bed. If you will promise me all this, then I will dive down into the water and bring up your pretty golden ball."

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "I will promise you anything you like if you will only bring up my ball again."

But she thought to herself that a silly, chattering frog as he was, living in the water with others like himself, and croaking, could not be fit to associate with mankind.

The frog, who believed in the promise of the king's daughter, dipped his head under the water, and sank

to the bottom, where he quickly found the ball, and seizing it in his mouth, carried it to the surface and threw it on the grass. When the king's daughter saw the beautiful plaything, she was full of joy, and, catching it up, ran away as fast as she could run.

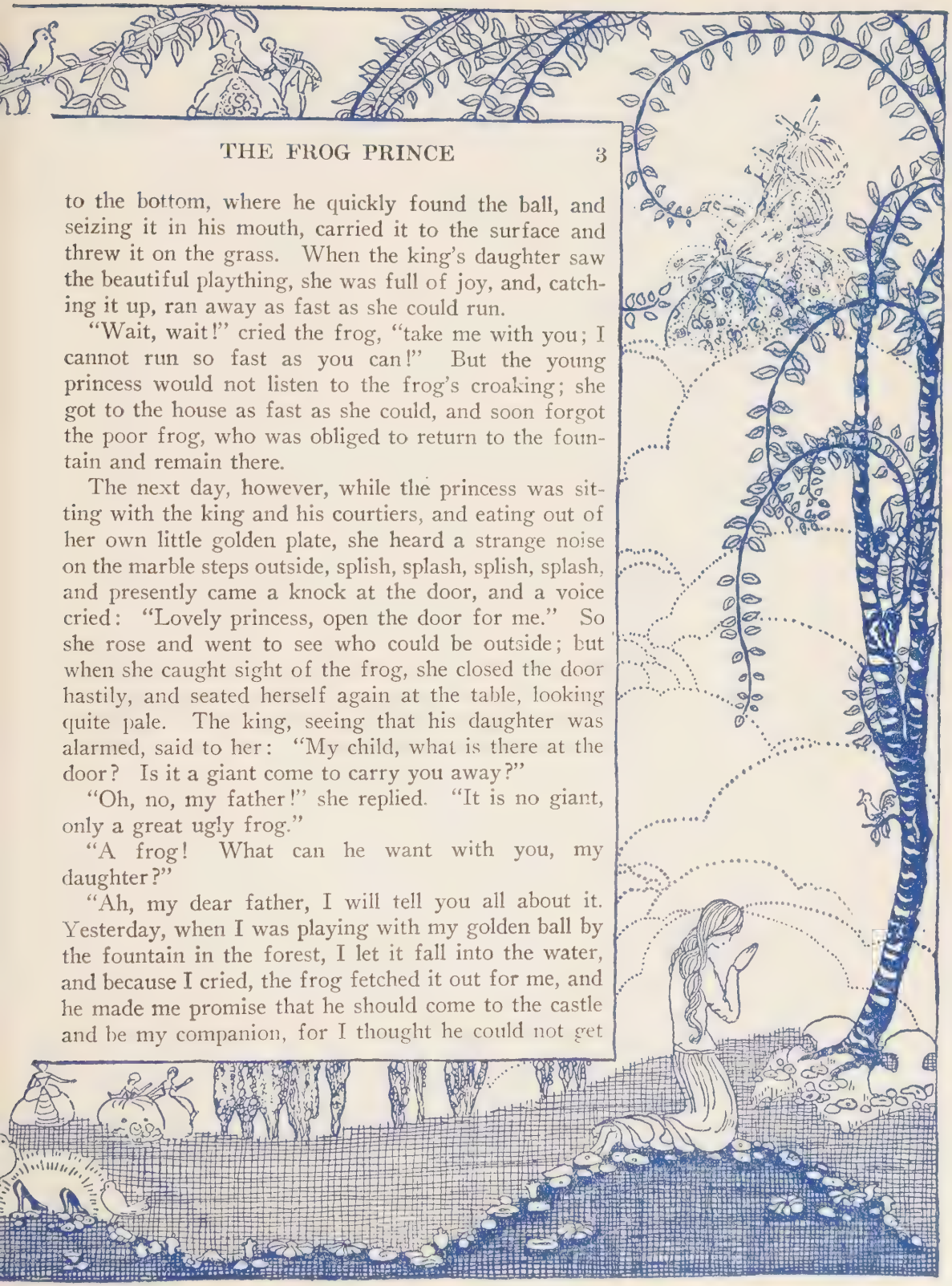
"Wait, wait!" cried the frog, "take me with you; I cannot run so fast as you can!" But the young princess would not listen to the frog's croaking; she got to the house as fast as she could, and soon forgot the poor frog, who was obliged to return to the fountain and remain there.

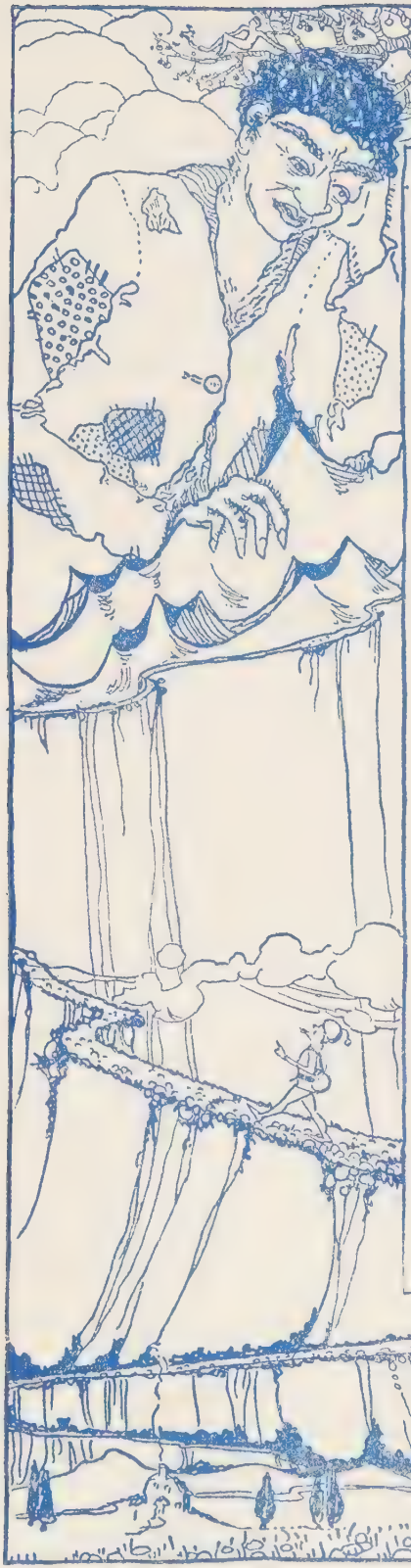
The next day, however, while the princess was sitting with the king and his courtiers, and eating out of her own little golden plate, she heard a strange noise on the marble steps outside, splish, splash, splish, splash, and presently came a knock at the door, and a voice cried: "Lovely princess, open the door for me." So she rose and went to see who could be outside; but when she caught sight of the frog, she closed the door hastily, and seated herself again at the table, looking quite pale. The king, seeing that his daughter was alarmed, said to her: "My child, what is there at the door? Is it a giant come to carry you away?"

"Oh, no, my father!" she replied. "It is no giant, only a great ugly frog."

"A frog! What can he want with you, my daughter?"

"Ah, my dear father, I will tell you all about it. Yesterday, when I was playing with my golden ball by the fountain in the forest, I let it fall into the water, and because I cried, the frog fetched it out for me, and he made me promise that he should come to the castle and be my companion, for I thought he could not get





out of the water to come to me, and now here he is."

Just then came a second knock at the door, and a voice cried:

"King's daughter, king's daughter, open for me!
You promised that I your companion should be,
When you sat in the shade from the sun's bright beam,
And I fetched up your ball from the fountain's cool stream."

"Then," said the king, "my daughter, you must keep your promise; go and let him in at once." So she was obliged to go and open the door, and the frog hopped in after her close to her feet and quite up to her chair. But when she sat down he cried: "Take me up by you." She would not at first, till her father obliged her to lift the frog on the chair by her side. He was no sooner there than he jumped upon the table and said: "Now, then, push your little golden plate nearer, and we will eat together." The princess did as he told her, but every one could see how much she disliked it. The frog seemed to relish his dinner very much, but he would give the princess half of all he took. At last he said: "I have eaten and drank quite enough, and I feel very tired, so now carry me upstairs into your little bedroom, and make your silken bed ready, that we may sleep together."

When the princess heard this, she began to weep, for she was really afraid of the cold frog; she could not even touch him, and now he actually wanted to sleep in her neat, beautiful little bed.

But the king was displeased at her tears, and he said: "He who helped you when you were in trouble must not be despised now." So the young princess found

she must obey. Then she took up the frog with two fingers, and holding him as far from her as possible, she carried him upstairs and placed him in a corner of her room.

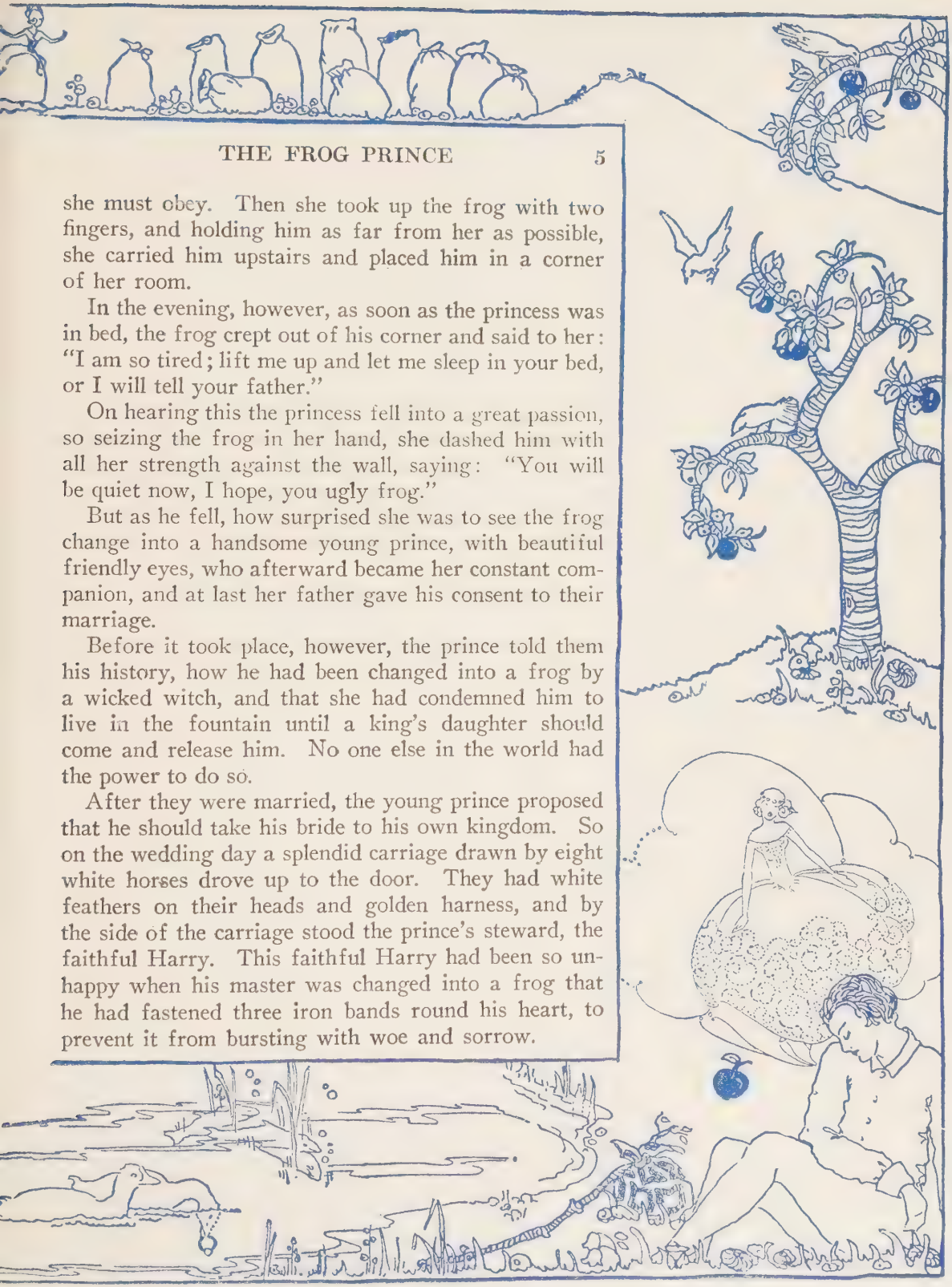
In the evening, however, as soon as the princess was in bed, the frog crept out of his corner and said to her: "I am so tired; lift me up and let me sleep in your bed, or I will tell your father."

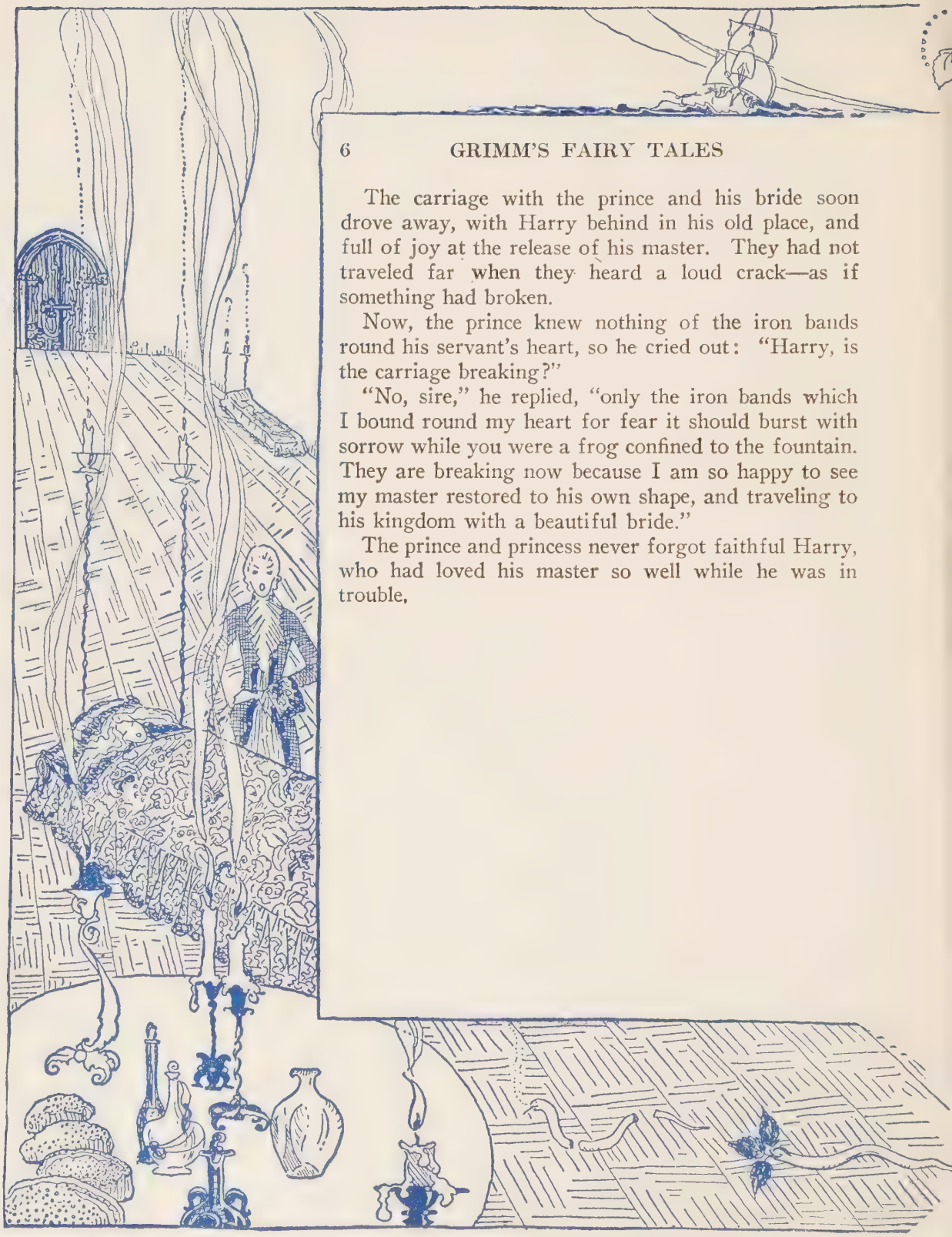
On hearing this the princess fell into a great passion, so seizing the frog in her hand, she dashed him with all her strength against the wall, saying: "You will be quiet now, I hope, you ugly frog."

But as he fell, how surprised she was to see the frog change into a handsome young prince, with beautiful friendly eyes, who afterward became her constant companion, and at last her father gave his consent to their marriage.

Before it took place, however, the prince told them his history, how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked witch, and that she had condemned him to live in the fountain until a king's daughter should come and release him. No one else in the world had the power to do so.

After they were married, the young prince proposed that he should take his bride to his own kingdom. So on the wedding day a splendid carriage drawn by eight white horses drove up to the door. They had white feathers on their heads and golden harness, and by the side of the carriage stood the prince's steward, the faithful Harry. This faithful Harry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog that he had fastened three iron bands round his heart, to prevent it from bursting with woe and sorrow.





The carriage with the prince and his bride soon drove away, with Harry behind in his old place, and full of joy at the release of his master. They had not traveled far when they heard a loud crack—as if something had broken.

Now, the prince knew nothing of the iron bands round his servant's heart, so he cried out: "Harry, is the carriage breaking?"

"No, sire," he replied, "only the iron bands which I bound round my heart for fear it should burst with sorrow while you were a frog confined to the fountain. They are breaking now because I am so happy to see my master restored to his own shape, and traveling to his kingdom with a beautiful bride."

The prince and princess never forgot faithful Harry, who had loved his master so well while he was in trouble.

THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

ONCE upon a time, a cat made acquaintance with a mouse, and they were together so much that a great love and friendship arose between them, for the mouse was a clever little thing. At last they agreed to marry and dwell together in the same house and be very comfortable.

One day during summer, the cat said to his wife: "My dear, we must take care to lay in a store for the winter, or we shall die with hunger; you, little Mousey, cannot venture to go out anywhere for fear you should be caught in a trap, but I had better go and see about it."

This good advice was followed, and in a few days Tom came safely back with a large jar of beautiful meat covered with fat, which he had found. They had a long talk about a place in which to hide this treasure; but at last Tom said: "I don't know a better place than the church—no one ever thinks of robbing a church; so if we place the jar under the altar and take care not to touch it, then we shall have plenty to eat in winter."

So the jar was carried to the church and put in a place of safety; but it did not remain there long.

Tom kept thinking of the contents of the jar, and longing so much for a taste, that at last he invented an excuse to get away from home.

"Mousey," he said one day, "I have had an invita-

tion from one of my cousins, to be present at the christening of her little son, who was born a few weeks ago. He is a beautiful kitten, she tells me, gray with black stripes, and my cousin wishes me to be godfather."

"Oh, yes! go, by all means," replied the mouse. "But when you are enjoying yourself think of me, and bring me a drop of the sweet red wine, if you can."

Tom promised to do as she asked him, and went off as if he were going to see his cousin. But after all it was not true. Tom had no cousin, nor had he been asked to be godfather.

No; he went right off to the church and slipped under the table where the jar of meat stood and sat looking at it. He did not look for long, however, for presently he went close up and began licking and licking the fat on the top of the jar, till it was nearly all gone. Then he took a walk on the roofs of the houses in the town, and at last stretched himself out in the sun and stroked his whiskers as often as he thought of the delicious feast he had had. As soon as the evening closed in he returned home.

"Oh, here you are again!" said the mouse. "Have you spent a pleasant day?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "Everything passed off very well."

"And what name did they give the young kitten?" she asked.

"Top-off," said Tom quite coolly.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse; "that is a curious and uncommon name! Is it a family name?"

"It is a very old name in our family," replied the

cat, "and it is not worse than Thieves, as your ancestors were called."

Poor little Mousey made no reply, and for awhile nothing more was said about Tom's cousins.

But Tom could not forget the jar of meat in the church, and the thought of it made him long so much that he was obliged to invent another tale of a christening. So he told the little mouse that a lady cat, his aunt, had invited him this time, and that the kitten was a great beauty, all black, excepting a white ring round its neck, so he could not refuse to be present.

"For one day, dear Mousey," he added, "you will do me this kindness and keep house at home alone?"

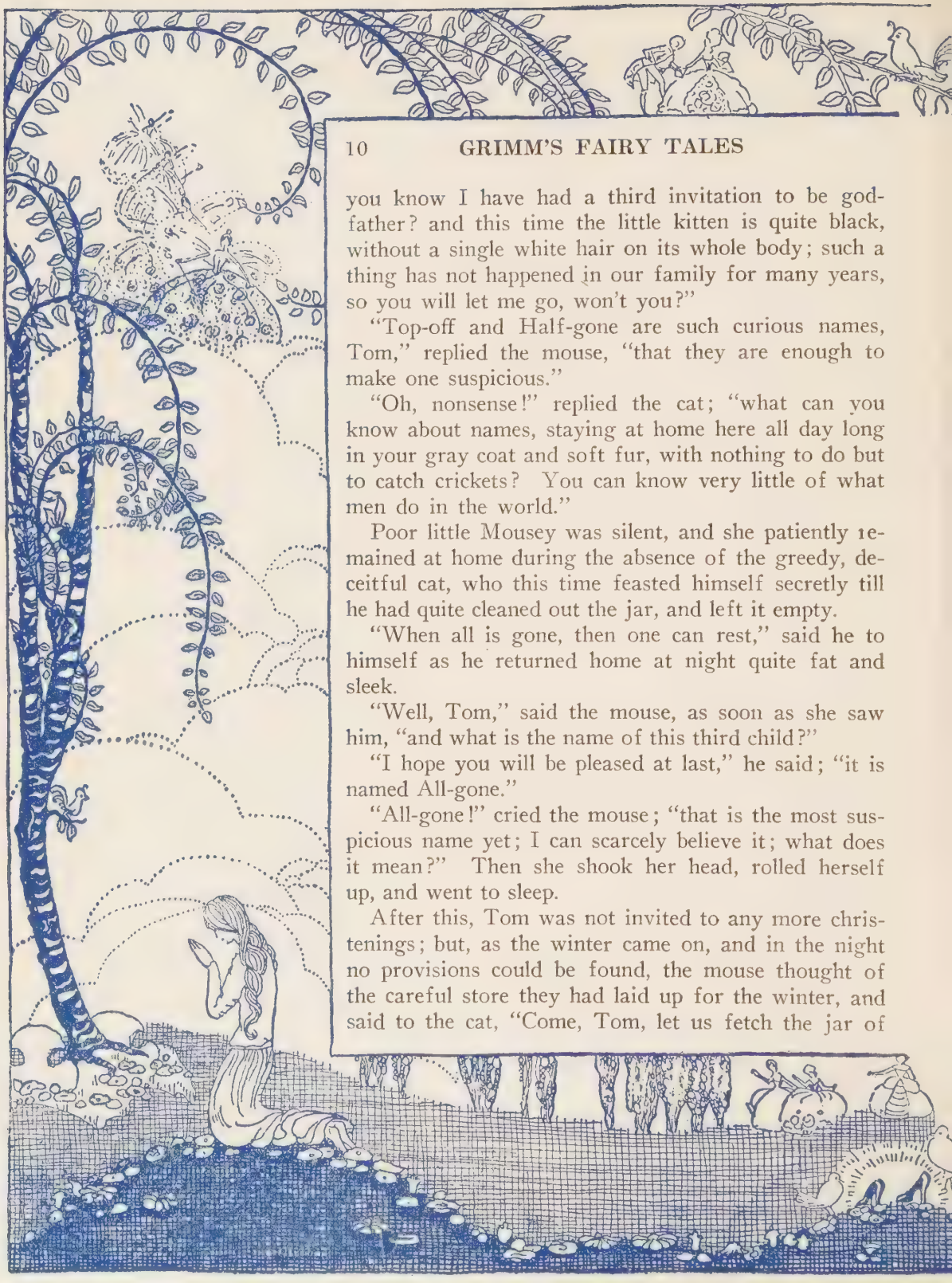
The good little mouse willingly agreed, and Tom ran off; but as soon as he had reached the town he jumped over the churchyard wall, and very quickly found his way to the place where the jar of meat was concealed. This time he feasted so greedily that when he had finished the jar was more than half-empty.

"It tastes as nice as it smells," said the cat, after his joyful day's work was over and he had had a nice nap. But as soon as he returned home the mouse asked what name had been given to the kitten this time.

Tom was a little puzzled to know what to say, but at last he said: "Ah! I remember now; they named it Half-gone."

"Half-gone! Why, Tom, what a queer name! I never heard of it before in my life, and I am sure it cannot be found in the 'Register.'"

The cat did not reply, and for a time all went on as usual till another longing fit made him rub his whiskers, and think of the jar of meat. "Mousey," said he one day, "of all good things there are always three; do



you know I have had a third invitation to be godfather? and this time the little kitten is quite black, without a single white hair on its whole body; such a thing has not happened in our family for many years, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off and Half-gone are such curious names, Tom," replied the mouse, "that they are enough to make one suspicious."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the cat; "what can you know about names, staying at home here all day long in your gray coat and soft fur, with nothing to do but to catch crickets? You can know very little of what men do in the world."

Poor little Mousey was silent, and she patiently remained at home during the absence of the greedy, deceitful cat, who this time feasted himself secretly till he had quite cleaned out the jar, and left it empty.

"When all is gone, then one can rest," said he to himself as he returned home at night quite fat and sleek.

"Well, Tom," said the mouse, as soon as she saw him, "and what is the name of this third child?"

"I hope you will be pleased at last," he said; "it is named All-gone."

"All-gone!" cried the mouse; "that is the most suspicious name yet; I can scarcely believe it; what does it mean?" Then she shook her head, rolled herself up, and went to sleep.

After this, Tom was not invited to any more christenings; but, as the winter came on, and in the night no provisions could be found, the mouse thought of the careful store they had laid up for the winter, and said to the cat, "Come, Tom, let us fetch the jar of

meat from the church; it will be such a nice relish for us."

"Ah, yes," he replied; "it will be a nice relish to you, I dare say, when you stretch out your fine little tongue to taste it!" So he took himself out of the way, and Mousey went to the church by herself. But what was her vexation at finding the jar still standing in the same place, but quite empty.

Then she returned home and found Tom looking as if he did not care, although he was at first rather ashamed to face her.

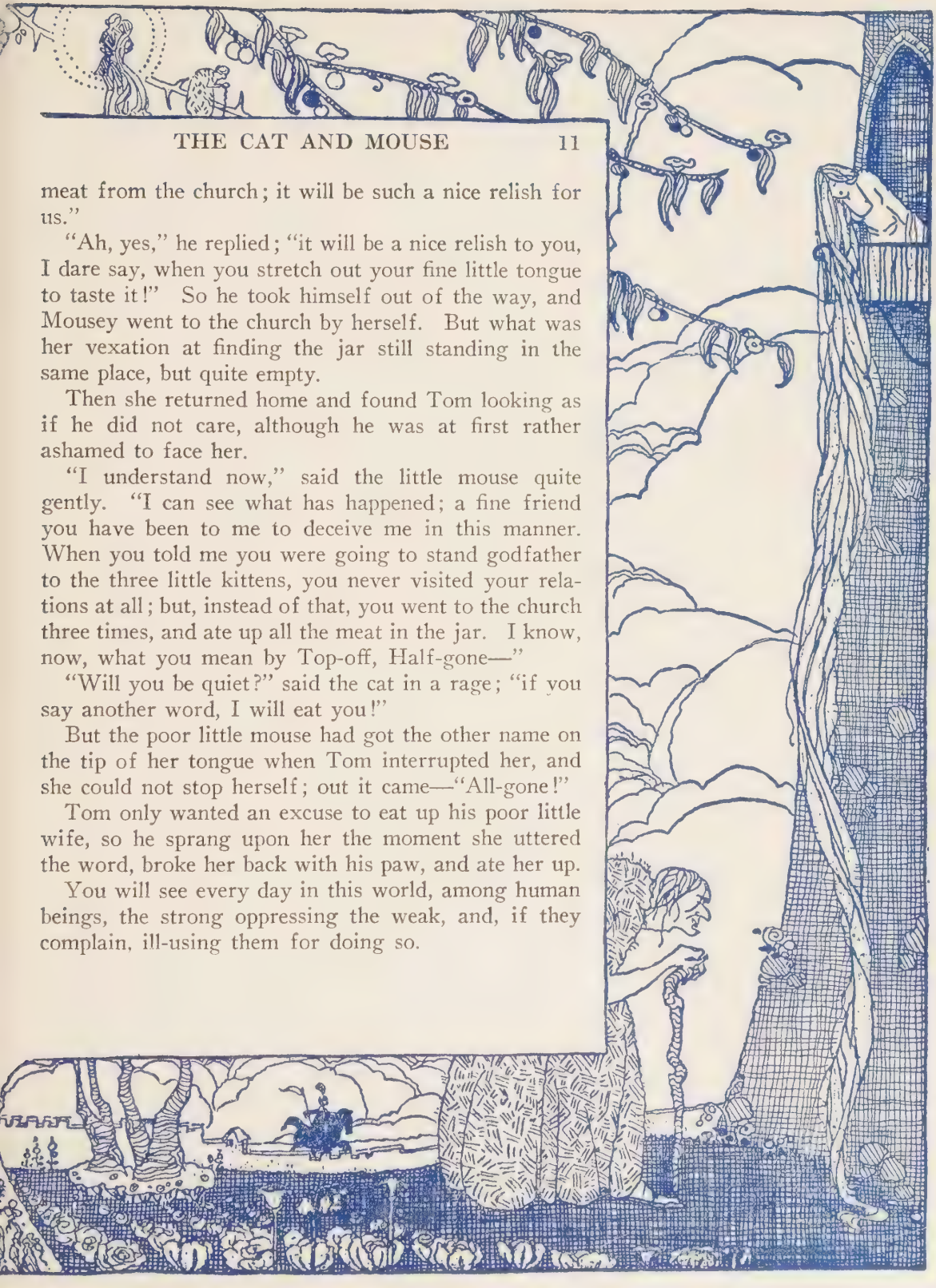
"I understand now," said the little mouse quite gently. "I can see what has happened; a fine friend you have been to me to deceive me in this manner. When you told me you were going to stand godfather to the three little kittens, you never visited your relations at all; but, instead of that, you went to the church three times, and ate up all the meat in the jar. I know, now, what you mean by Top-off, Half-gone—"

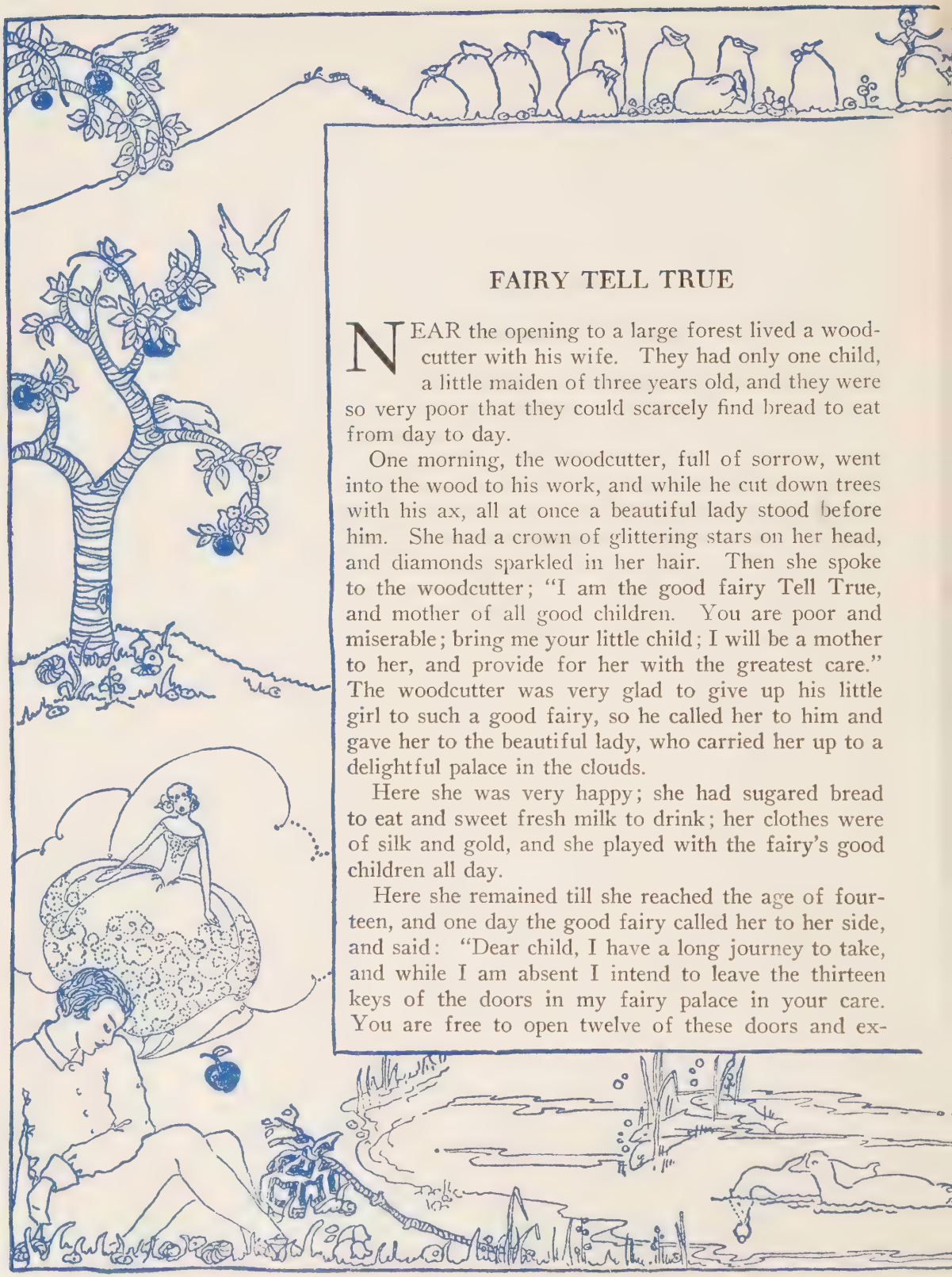
"Will you be quiet?" said the cat in a rage; "if you say another word, I will eat you!"

But the poor little mouse had got the other name on the tip of her tongue when Tom interrupted her, and she could not stop herself; out it came—"All-gone!"

Tom only wanted an excuse to eat up his poor little wife, so he sprang upon her the moment she uttered the word, broke her back with his paw, and ate her up.

You will see every day in this world, among human beings, the strong oppressing the weak, and, if they complain, ill-using them for doing so.





FAIRY TELL TRUE

NEAR the opening to a large forest lived a woodcutter with his wife. They had only one child, a little maiden of three years old, and they were so very poor that they could scarcely find bread to eat from day to day.

One morning, the woodcutter, full of sorrow, went into the wood to his work, and while he cut down trees with his ax, all at once a beautiful lady stood before him. She had a crown of glittering stars on her head, and diamonds sparkled in her hair. Then she spoke to the woodcutter; "I am the good fairy Tell True, and mother of all good children. You are poor and miserable; bring me your little child; I will be a mother to her, and provide for her with the greatest care." The woodcutter was very glad to give up his little girl to such a good fairy, so he called her to him and gave her to the beautiful lady, who carried her up to a delightful palace in the clouds.

Here she was very happy; she had sugared bread to eat and sweet fresh milk to drink; her clothes were of silk and gold, and she played with the fairy's good children all day.

Here she remained till she reached the age of fourteen, and one day the good fairy called her to her side, and said: "Dear child, I have a long journey to take, and while I am absent I intend to leave the thirteen keys of the doors in my fairy palace in your care. You are free to open twelve of these doors and ex-

amine the wonderful things which the rooms contain, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, you are forbidden to enter. If you do, great sorrow and misfortune will happen to you."

The young girl promised faithfully to remember this injunction, and when the good fairy was gone, she began at once to examine the rooms of the palace. Each day she unlocked one, until she had opened all the twelve. In each room she saw a beautiful fairy surrounded with a clear and brilliant light, and so much brightness and glory that she, as well as the good children who accompanied her, were full of joy.

Now the forbidden door still remained unopened; but such a longing desire arose in her heart to see what the room contained that she said to her companions: "I will just open this door a very little way and peep in."

"Oh, no, don't" said one of the good children; "that would be wrong; the good fairy has forbidden you to do so, and something dreadful will happen if you do."

The young girl was silent, but the longing desire in her heart would not be still, and day after day her curiosity increased so much that she could not rest.

At last one day, when all her young companions were absent, she thought to herself, "Now I shall be able to go in and have a peep, and no one will ever know."

So she fetched the keys, and taking the right one in her hand, placed it in the lock and turned it round. The moment she did so the door sprang open, and she saw three beautiful fairies seated on a throne of fire in a blaze of light. She stood for awhile bewildered with

astonishment. Then she moved forward a little and placed her finger in the glittering light; and when she drew it back her finger was covered with gold. On seeing this she was seized with a terrible fear, and shutting the door quickly, she ran away to another part of the palace. But she could not overcome her fear, and her heart beat violently when she found that the gold would not come off her finger, although she rubbed and washed it with all her might.

Not very long after this the good fairy returned home, and calling the maiden to her, requested her to give up the keys of the palace.

As she placed them in the fairy's hand, she looked earnestly into the young girl's eyes, and said: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

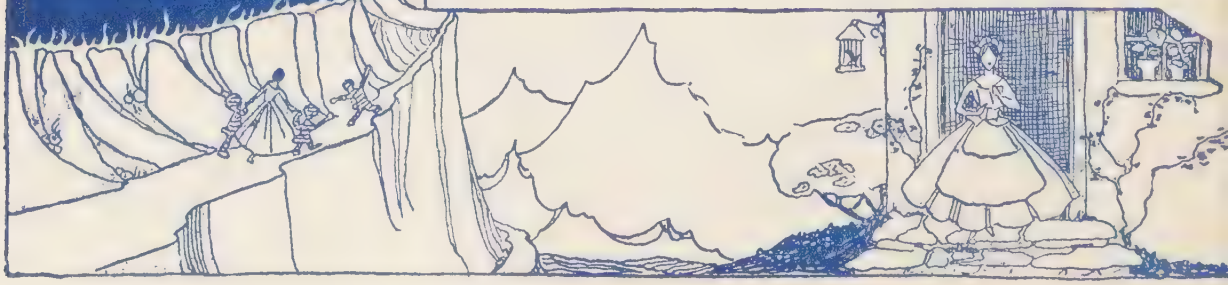
"No," was the reply.

The good fairy laid her hand on the young girl's heart, and knew by its beating, which she felt, that she had been disobeyed and that the door had been opened. Then she said again: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," was the reply for the second time.

Then the fairy caught sight of the maiden's finger which had become golden when she touched the fiery light, and knew by this that she was guilty. For a third time she asked the same question, but the young girl still answered "No."

Then the good fairy said to the maiden: "You have not attended to my commands nor spoken the truth; you are therefore not fit to remain with good children in this beautiful palace in the clouds." As the fairy spoke, the maiden fell into a deep sleep and sank down upon the earth.

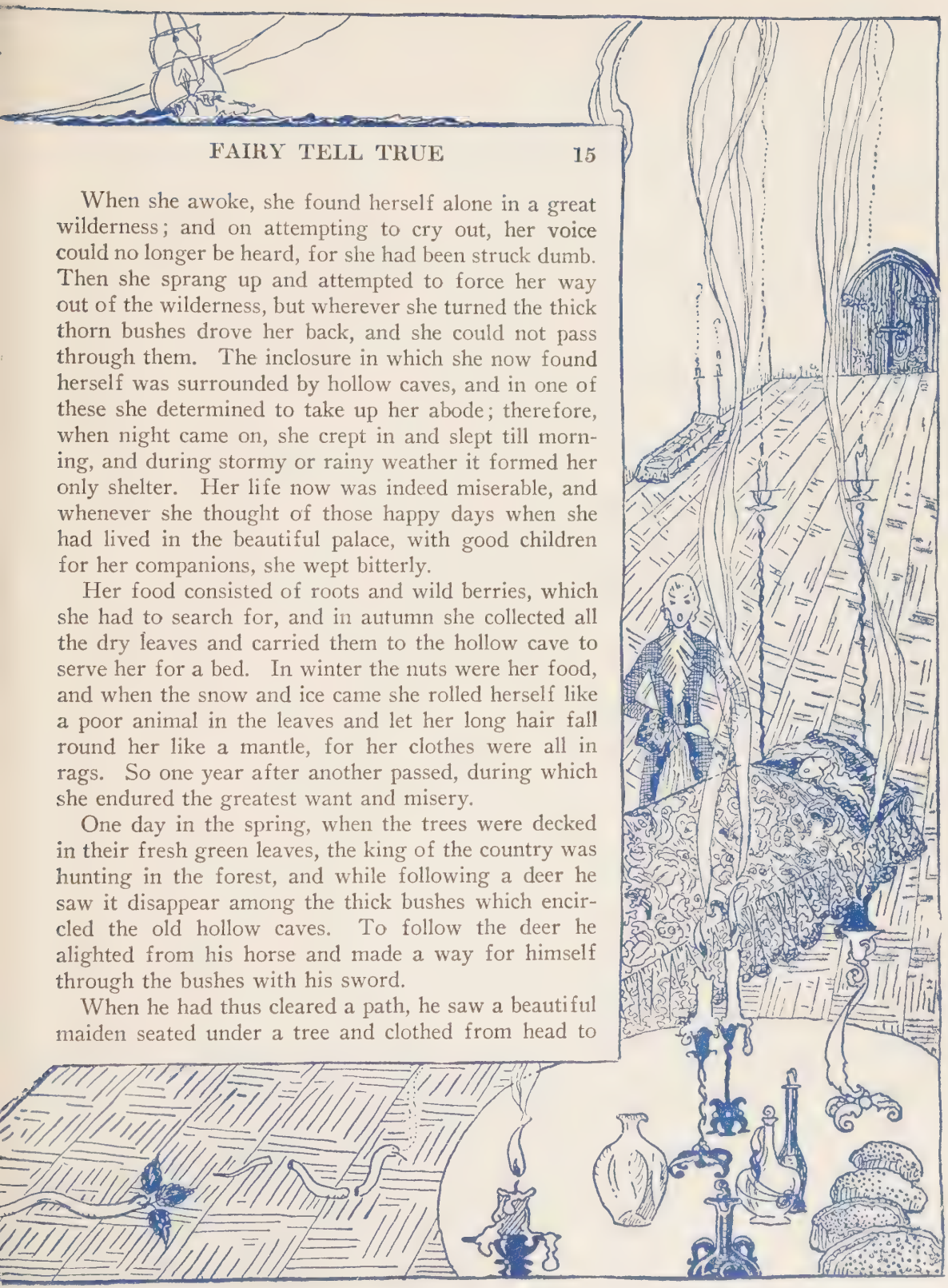


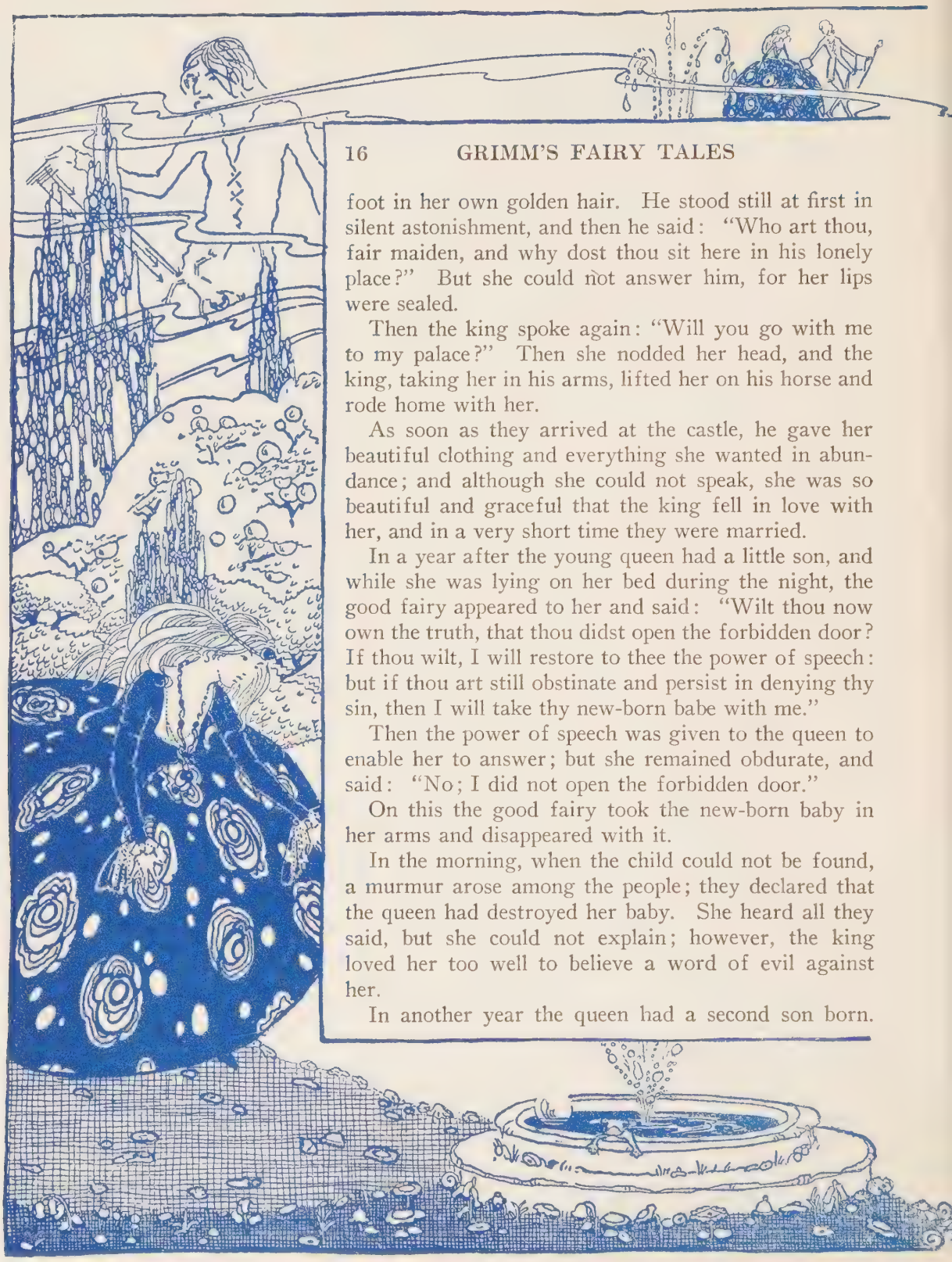
When she awoke, she found herself alone in a great wilderness; and on attempting to cry out, her voice could no longer be heard, for she had been struck dumb. Then she sprang up and attempted to force her way out of the wilderness, but wherever she turned the thick thorn bushes drove her back, and she could not pass through them. The inclosure in which she now found herself was surrounded by hollow caves, and in one of these she determined to take up her abode; therefore, when night came on, she crept in and slept till morning, and during stormy or rainy weather it formed her only shelter. Her life now was indeed miserable, and whenever she thought of those happy days when she had lived in the beautiful palace, with good children for her companions, she wept bitterly.

Her food consisted of roots and wild berries, which she had to search for, and in autumn she collected all the dry leaves and carried them to the hollow cave to serve her for a bed. In winter the nuts were her food, and when the snow and ice came she rolled herself like a poor animal in the leaves and let her long hair fall round her like a mantle, for her clothes were all in rags. So one year after another passed, during which she endured the greatest want and misery.

One day in the spring, when the trees were decked in their fresh green leaves, the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and while following a deer he saw it disappear among the thick bushes which encircled the old hollow caves. To follow the deer he alighted from his horse and made a way for himself through the bushes with his sword.

When he had thus cleared a path, he saw a beautiful maiden seated under a tree and clothed from head to





foot in her own golden hair. He stood still at first in silent astonishment, and then he said: "Who art thou, fair maiden, and why dost thou sit here in his lonely place?" But she could not answer him, for her lips were sealed.

Then the king spoke again: "Will you go with me to my palace?" Then she nodded her head, and the king, taking her in his arms, lifted her on his horse and rode home with her.

As soon as they arrived at the castle, he gave her beautiful clothing and everything she wanted in abundance; and although she could not speak, she was so beautiful and graceful that the king fell in love with her, and in a very short time they were married.

In a year after the young queen had a little son, and while she was lying on her bed during the night, the good fairy appeared to her and said: "Wilt thou now own the truth, that thou didst open the forbidden door? If thou wilt, I will restore to thee the power of speech: but if thou art still obstinate and persist in denying thy sin, then I will take thy new-born babe with me."

Then the power of speech was given to the queen to enable her to answer; but she remained obdurate, and said: "No; I did not open the forbidden door."

On this the good fairy took the new-born baby in her arms and disappeared with it.

In the morning, when the child could not be found, a murmur arose among the people; they declared that the queen had destroyed her baby. She heard all they said, but she could not explain; however, the king loved her too well to believe a word of evil against her.

In another year the queen had a second son born.

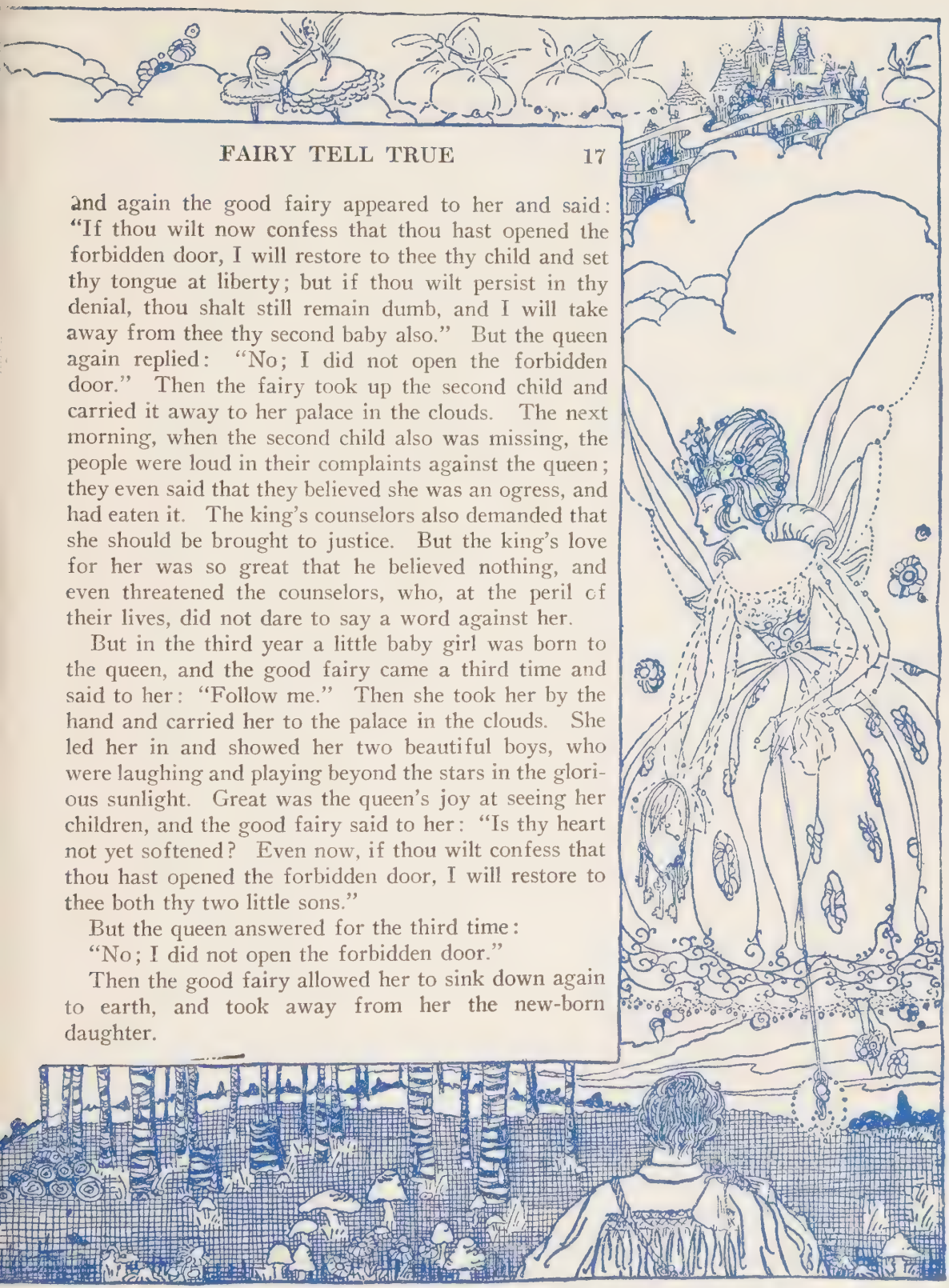
and again the good fairy appeared to her and said: "If thou wilt now confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee thy child and set thy tongue at liberty; but if thou wilt persist in thy denial, thou shalt still remain dumb, and I will take away from thee thy second baby also." But the queen again replied: "No; I did not open the forbidden door." Then the fairy took up the second child and carried it away to her palace in the clouds. The next morning, when the second child also was missing, the people were loud in their complaints against the queen; they even said that they believed she was an ogress, and had eaten it. The king's counselors also demanded that she should be brought to justice. But the king's love for her was so great that he believed nothing, and even threatened the counselors, who, at the peril of their lives, did not dare to say a word against her.

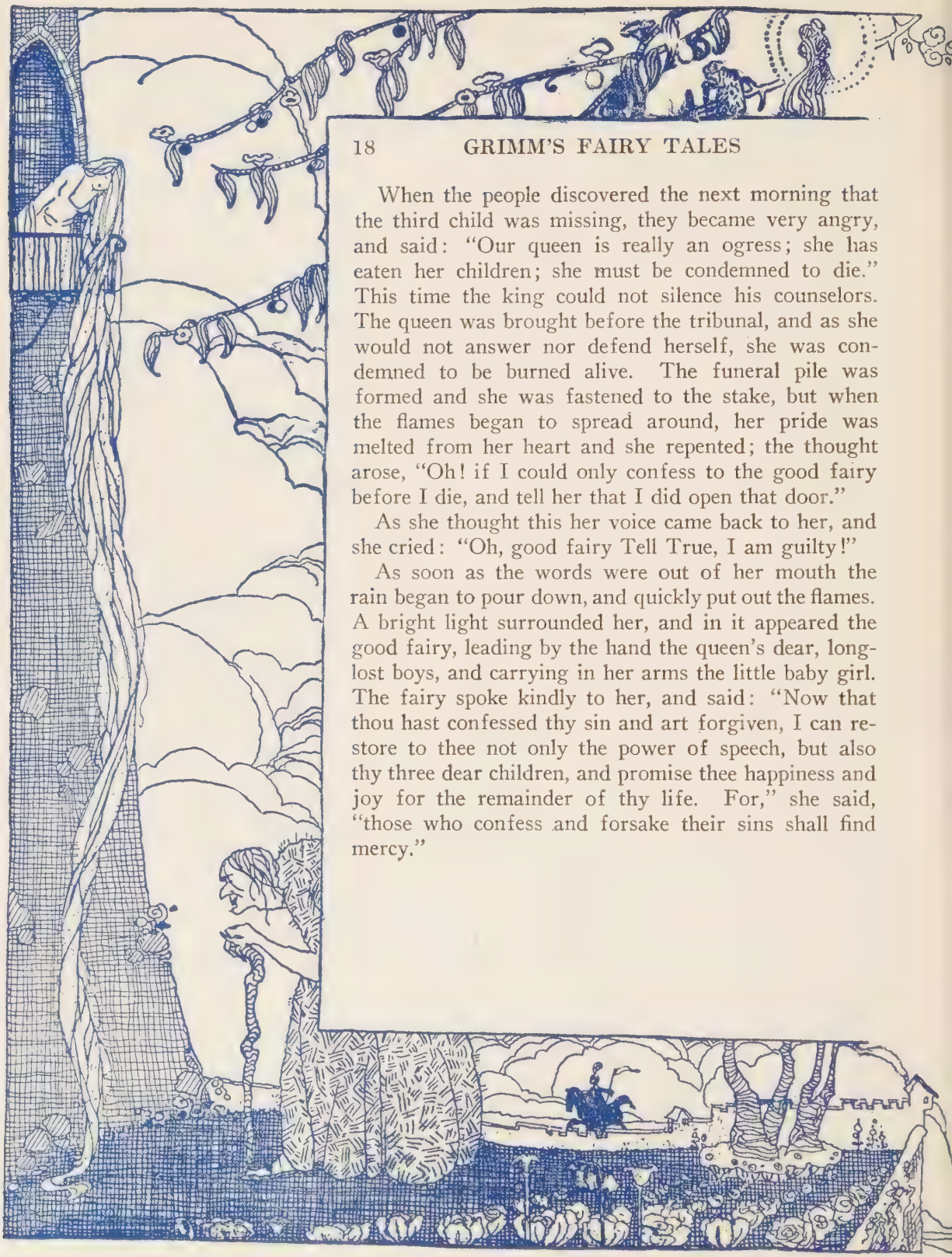
But in the third year a little baby girl was born to the queen, and the good fairy came a third time and said to her: "Follow me." Then she took her by the hand and carried her to the palace in the clouds. She led her in and showed her two beautiful boys, who were laughing and playing beyond the stars in the glorious sunlight. Great was the queen's joy at seeing her children, and the good fairy said to her: "Is thy heart not yet softened? Even now, if thou wilt confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee both thy two little sons."

But the queen answered for the third time:

"No; I did not open the forbidden door."

Then the good fairy allowed her to sink down again to earth, and took away from her the new-born daughter.

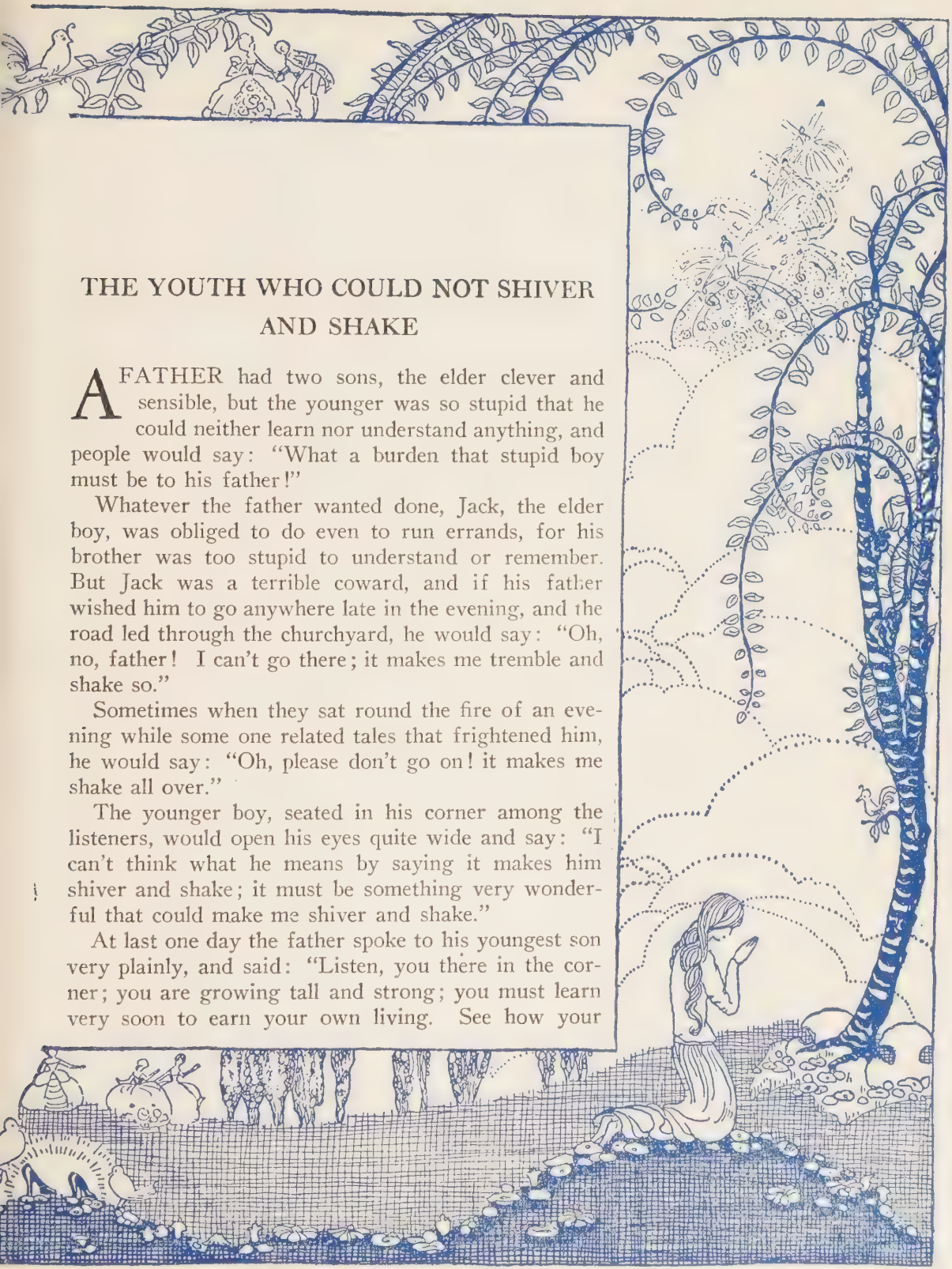




When the people discovered the next morning that the third child was missing, they became very angry, and said: "Our queen is really an ogress; she has eaten her children; she must be condemned to die." This time the king could not silence his counselors. The queen was brought before the tribunal, and as she would not answer nor defend herself, she was condemned to be burned alive. The funeral pile was formed and she was fastened to the stake, but when the flames began to spread around, her pride was melted from her heart and she repented; the thought arose, "Oh! if I could only confess to the good fairy before I die, and tell her that I did open that door."

As she thought this her voice came back to her, and she cried: "Oh, good fairy Tell True, I am guilty!"

As soon as the words were out of her mouth the rain began to pour down, and quickly put out the flames. A bright light surrounded her, and in it appeared the good fairy, leading by the hand the queen's dear, long-lost boys, and carrying in her arms the little baby girl. The fairy spoke kindly to her, and said: "Now that thou hast confessed thy sin and art forgiven, I can restore to thee not only the power of speech, but also thy three dear children, and promise thee happiness and joy for the remainder of thy life. For," she said, "those who confess and forsake their sins shall find mercy."



THE YOUTH WHO COULD NOT SHIVER AND SHAKE

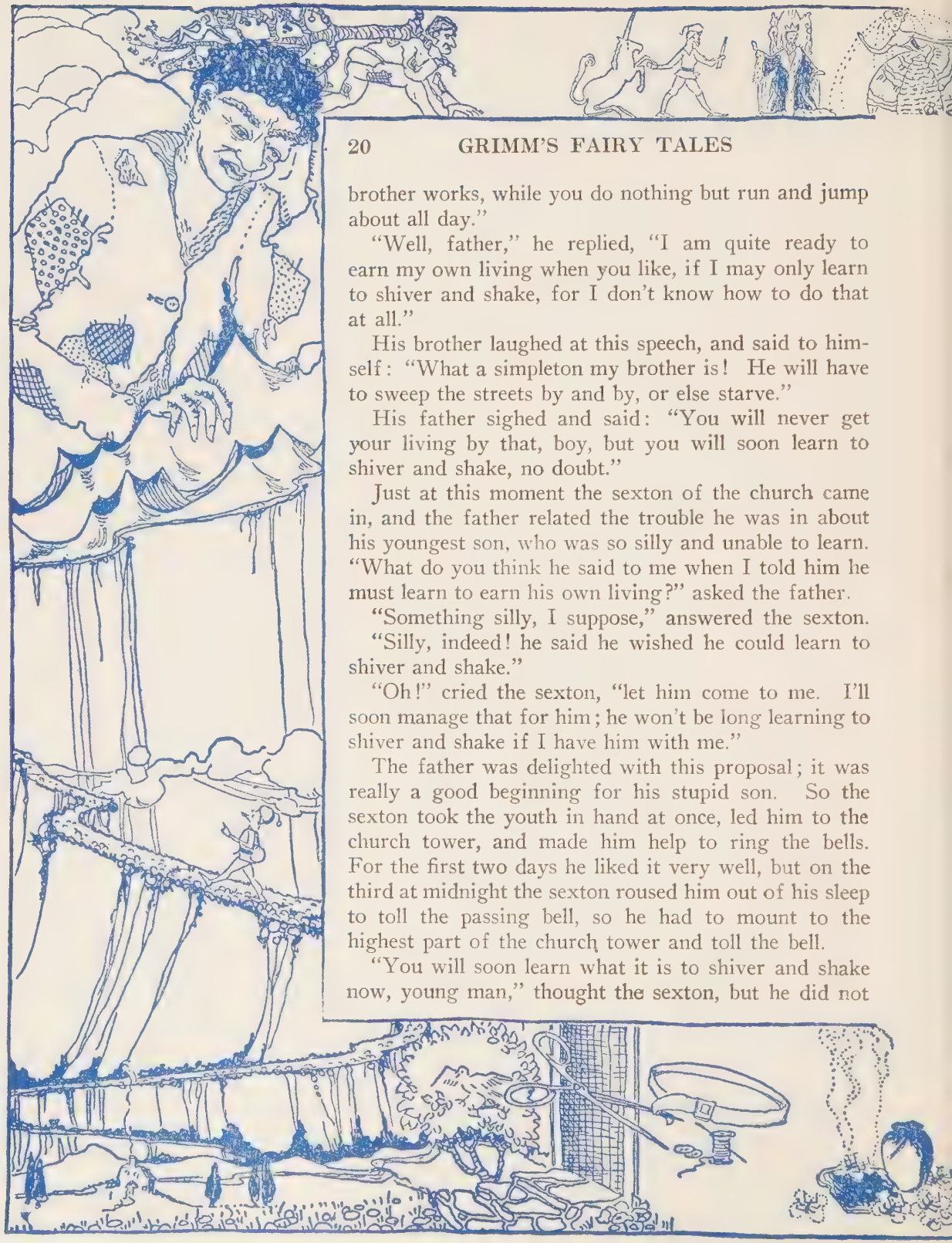
A FATHER had two sons, the elder clever and sensible, but the younger was so stupid that he could neither learn nor understand anything, and people would say: "What a burden that stupid boy must be to his father!"

Whatever the father wanted done, Jack, the elder boy, was obliged to do even to run errands, for his brother was too stupid to understand or remember. But Jack was a terrible coward, and if his father wished him to go anywhere late in the evening, and the road led through the churchyard, he would say: "Oh, no, father! I can't go there; it makes me tremble and shake so."

Sometimes when they sat round the fire of an evening while some one related tales that frightened him, he would say: "Oh, please don't go on! it makes me shake all over."

The younger boy, seated in his corner among the listeners, would open his eyes quite wide and say: "I can't think what he means by saying it makes him shiver and shake; it must be something very wonderful that could make me shiver and shake."

At last one day the father spoke to his youngest son very plainly, and said: "Listen, you there in the corner; you are growing tall and strong; you must learn very soon to earn your own living. See how your



brother works, while you do nothing but run and jump about all day."

"Well, father," he replied, "I am quite ready to earn my own living when you like, if I may only learn to shiver and shake, for I don't know how to do that at all."

His brother laughed at this speech, and said to himself: "What a simpleton my brother is! He will have to sweep the streets by and by, or else starve."

His father sighed and said: "You will never get your living by that, boy, but you will soon learn to shiver and shake, no doubt."

Just at this moment the sexton of the church came in, and the father related the trouble he was in about his youngest son, who was so silly and unable to learn. "What do you think he said to me when I told him he must learn to earn his own living?" asked the father.

"Something silly, I suppose," answered the sexton.

"Silly, indeed! he said he wished he could learn to shiver and shake."

"Oh!" cried the sexton, "let him come to me. I'll soon manage that for him; he won't be long learning to shiver and shake if I have him with me."

The father was delighted with this proposal; it was really a good beginning for his stupid son. So the sexton took the youth in hand at once, led him to the church tower, and made him help to ring the bells. For the first two days he liked it very well, but on the third at midnight the sexton roused him out of his sleep to toll the passing bell, so he had to mount to the highest part of the church tower and toll the bell.

"You will soon learn what it is to shiver and shake now, young man," thought the sexton, but he did not

go home, as we shall hear by and by. The youth walked through the churchyard and mounted the steps to the belfry without feeling the least fear, but just as he reached the bell rope, he saw a figure in white standing on the steps.

"Who's there?" he cried. But the figure neither moved nor spoke. "Answer me," he said, "or take yourself off; you have no business here."

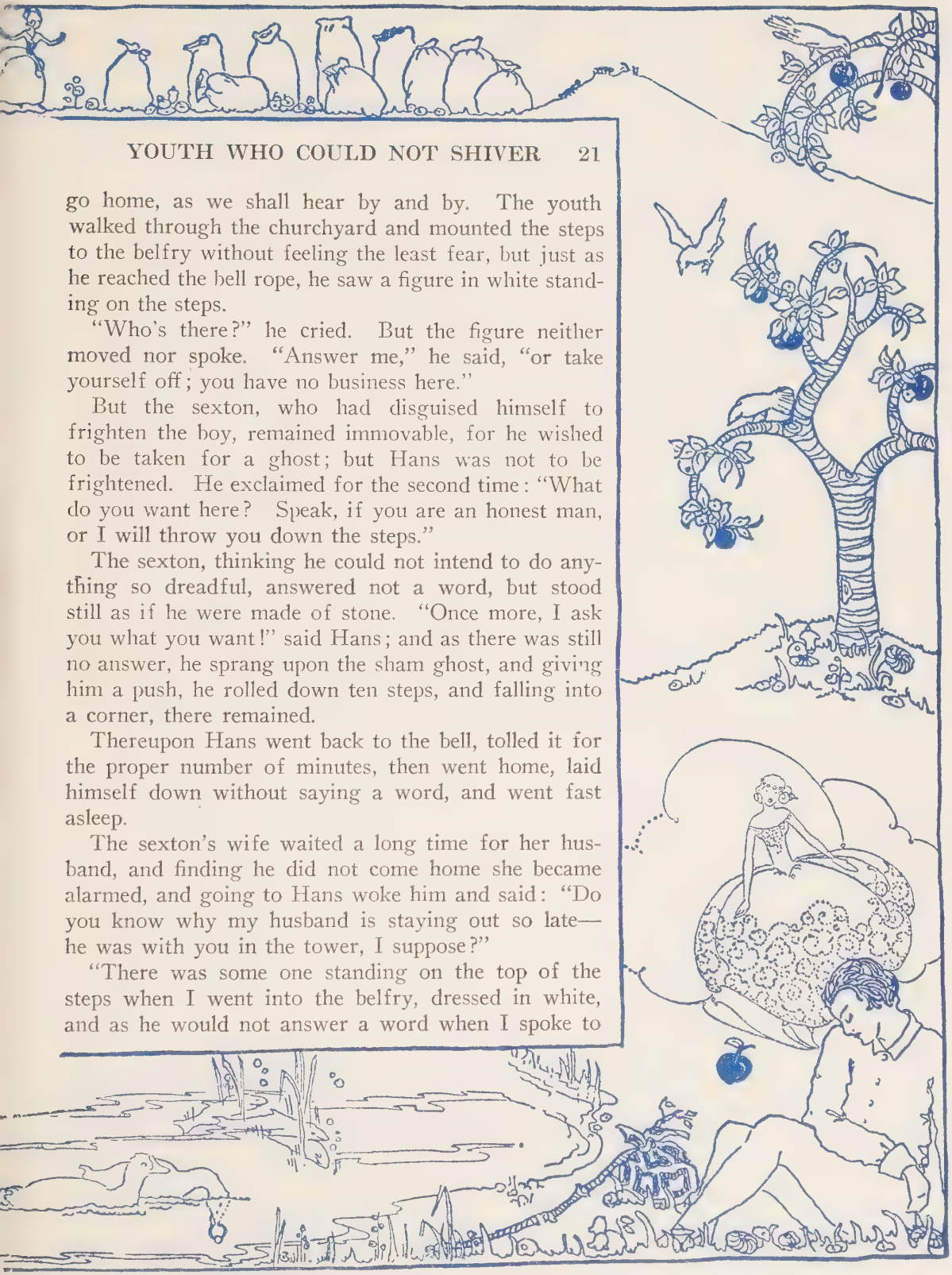
But the sexton, who had disguised himself to frighten the boy, remained immovable, for he wished to be taken for a ghost; but Hans was not to be frightened. He exclaimed for the second time: "What do you want here? Speak, if you are an honest man, or I will throw you down the steps."

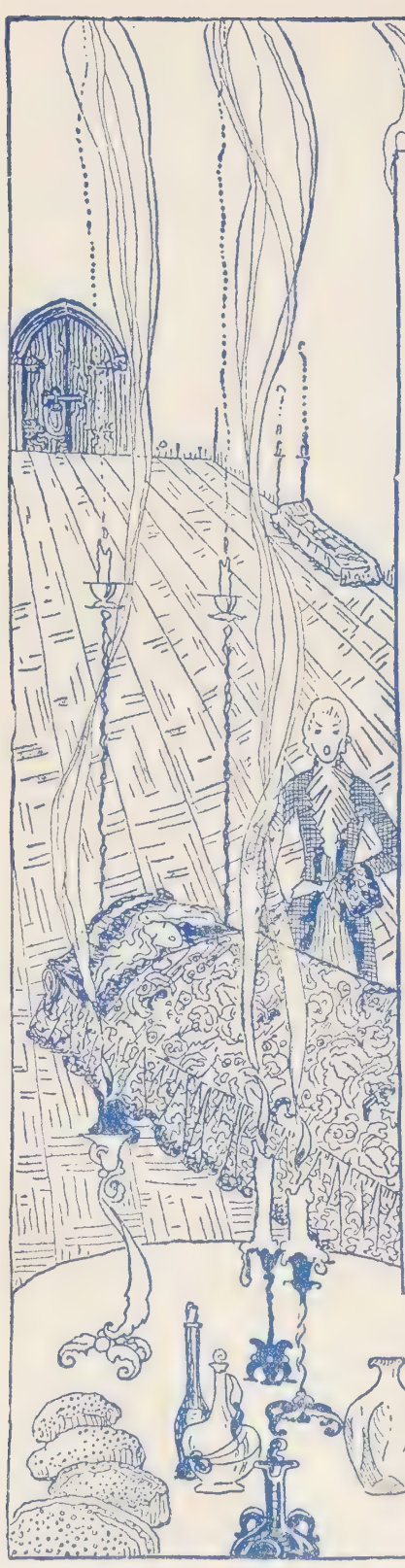
The sexton, thinking he could not intend to do anything so dreadful, answered not a word, but stood still as if he were made of stone. "Once more, I ask you what you want!" said Hans; and as there was still no answer, he sprang upon the sham ghost, and giving him a push, he rolled down ten steps, and falling into a corner, there remained.

Thereupon Hans went back to the bell, tolled it for the proper number of minutes, then went home, laid himself down without saying a word, and went fast asleep.

The sexton's wife waited a long time for her husband, and finding he did not come home she became alarmed, and going to Hans woke him and said: "Do you know why my husband is staying out so late—he was with you in the tower, I suppose?"

"There was some one standing on the top of the steps when I went into the belfry, dressed in white, and as he would not answer a word when I spoke to





him, I took him for a thief and kicked him downstairs. We will go and see who it is; if it is your husband, I am sorry, but, of course, I did not know."

The wife ran out to the tower and found her husband lying in a corner groaning, for he had broken his leg. Then she went to the father of Hans with a loud outcry against the boy. "Your son," cried she, "has brought bad luck to the house; he has thrown my husband down the steps and broken his leg; he shan't stay with us any longer; send for him to come home."

Then the father was terribly vexed, sent for his son, and scolded him. "What do you mean, you wretched boy," he said, "by these wicked tricks?"

"Father," answered the boy, "hear what I have to say. I never meant to do wrong, but when I saw a white figure standing there in the night, of course I thought it was there for some bad purpose. I did not know it was the sexton, and I warned him three times what I would do if he did not answer."

"Ah, yes! you are the plague of my life," said his father. "Now go out of my sight and never let me see you more."

"Yes, father, I will go right willingly to-morrow; and then if I learn to shiver and shake, I shall acquire knowledge that will enable me to earn my living, at all events."

"Learn what you like," said his father, "it's all the same to me. There are fifty crowns; take them and go out into the world when you please; but don't tell any one where you come from, or who is your father, for I am ashamed to own you."

"Father," said Hans, "I will do just as you tell me; your orders are very easy to perform."

At daybreak the next morning the youth put the fifty crowns into his pocket, and went out into the high-road, saying to himself as he walked on: "When shall I learn to shiver and shake—when shall I learn to be afraid?"

Presently a man met him on the road, overheard what he said, and saw at once that the young man was fearless. He quickly joined him, and they walked a little way together till they came to a spot where they could see a gallows.

"Look," he said, "there is a tree where seven men have been married with the rope maker's daughter, and have learned how to swing; if you only sit down here and watch them till night comes on, I'll answer for it you will shiver and shake before morning."

"I never had a better opportunity," answered the youth.

"That is very easily done. You come to me again early to-morrow morning, and if it teaches me to shiver and shake, you shall have my fifty crowns."

Then the young man went and seated himself under the gallows and waited till the evening, and feeling cold he lighted a fire; but at midnight the wind rose and blew so fiercely and chill that even a large fire could not warm him.

The high wind, as well as being cold, made the bodies of the murderers swing to and fro, and he thought to himself, "If I am so cold down here by the fire, they must be frozen up there," and after pitying them for some time he climbed up, untied the ropes, and brought down all the seven bodies, stirred the fire into a blaze, and seated them around it so close that their clothes caught fire. Finding they did not move,

he said to them: "Sit further back, will you, or I will hang you up again." But the dead could not hear him; they only sat silent and let their rags burn.

Then Hans became angry, and said: "If you will not move, there is no help for it; I must not let you burn; I must hang you up." So he hung the seven bodies up again all in a row, then laid himself down by the fire and fell fast asleep.

In the morning the man came according to his promise, hoping to get the fifty crowns. "Well, I suppose you know now what it is to shiver and shake?" he said.

"No, indeed," he replied. "Why should I? Those up there have not opened their mouths once; and when I seated them round the fire, they allowed their old rags to burn without moving, and if I had not hung the bodies up again they would have been burned also." The man looked quite scared when he heard this and went away without attempting to ask for the fifty crowns.

Then Hans continued his journey, and again said aloud to himself: "I wonder what this shivering and shaking can be."

A wagoner walking along the road by his horses overtook him, and asked who he was.

"I don't know," he replied.

The wagoner asked again: "Why are you here?"

"I can't tell," said Hans.

"Who is your father?"

"I dare not say."

"What were you grumbling about just now, when I came up with you?"

"I want to learn to shiver and shake," said Hans.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the wagoner. "Come with me; I will show you a little of the world, and find you something to do better than that."

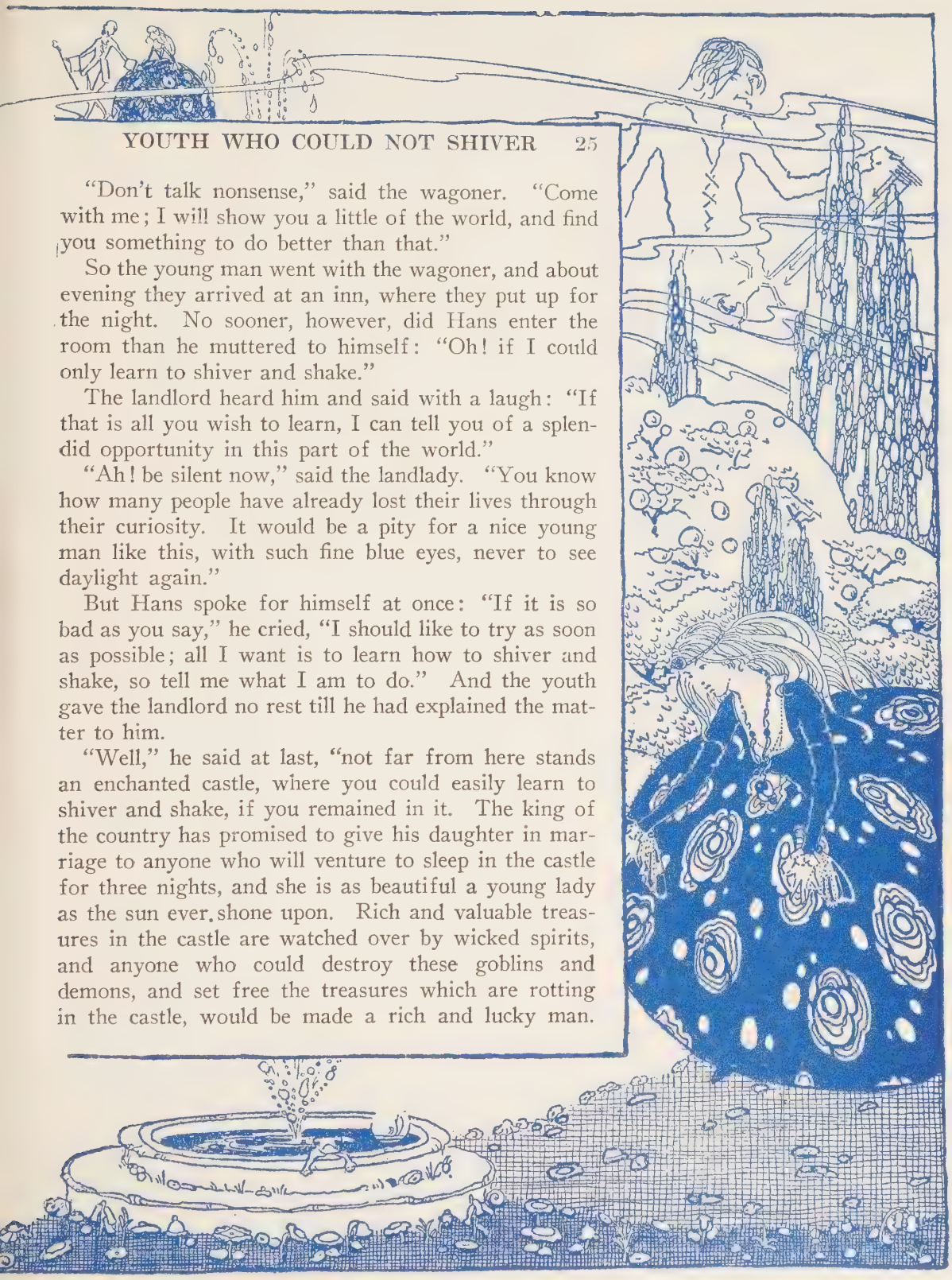
So the young man went with the wagoner, and about evening they arrived at an inn, where they put up for the night. No sooner, however, did Hans enter the room than he muttered to himself: "Oh! if I could only learn to shiver and shake."

The landlord heard him and said with a laugh: "If that is all you wish to learn, I can tell you of a splendid opportunity in this part of the world."

"Ah! be silent now," said the landlady. "You know how many people have already lost their lives through their curiosity. It would be a pity for a nice young man like this, with such fine blue eyes, never to see daylight again."

But Hans spoke for himself at once: "If it is so bad as you say," he cried, "I should like to try as soon as possible; all I want is to learn how to shiver and shake, so tell me what I am to do." And the youth gave the landlord no rest till he had explained the matter to him.

"Well," he said at last, "not far from here stands an enchanted castle, where you could easily learn to shiver and shake, if you remained in it. The king of the country has promised to give his daughter in marriage to anyone who will venture to sleep in the castle for three nights, and she is as beautiful a young lady as the sun ever shone upon. Rich and valuable treasures in the castle are watched over by wicked spirits, and anyone who could destroy these goblins and demons, and set free the treasures which are rotting in the castle, would be made a rich and lucky man.



Numbers of persons have gone into the castle full of hope that they should succeed, but they have not been heard of since."

Hans was not in the least alarmed by this account, and the next morning he started off early to visit the king.

When he was admitted to the palace, the king looked at him earnestly, and seemed much pleased with his appearance; then he said: "Do you really wish to be allowed to remain for three nights in the enchanted castle?"

"Yes," replied Hans, "I do request it."

"You can take no living creature with you," said the king; "what else will you have?"

"I only ask for a fire, a turning lathe, a cutting board and a knife," he replied.

To this the king readily agreed, and these articles he was permitted to take into the castle during the day. When night came he took up his abode in one of the rooms, lighted a fire which soon burned brightly, placed the turning lathe and the cutting board near it, and sat down on the cutting board, determined to make himself comfortable. Presently he exclaimed: "Oh, when shall I learn to shiver and shake? Not here, I am certain, for I am feeling too comfortable."

But at midnight, just as he had stirred the fire into a blaze, he suddenly heard in a corner the cry of a cat: "Meow, meow; how cold it is!"

"What a fool you must be, then," cried Hans, "to stay out there in the cold! Come and seat yourself by the fire and get warm if you will."

As he spoke two very large black cats sprang forward furiously, seated themselves on each side of the

fire, and stared at him with wild, fiery eyes. After awhile, when the cats became thoroughly warm, they spoke and said: "Comrade, will you have a game of cards?"

"With all my heart," answered Hans; "but first stretch out your feet and let me examine your claws."

The cats stretched out their paws. "Ah!" said he, "what long nails you have, and now that I have seen your fingers, I would rather be excused from playing cards with you."

Then he killed them both and threw them out of the window into the moat. As soon as he had settled these two intruders, he seated himself again by the fire, hoping to have a little rest; but in a few moments there rushed out from every corner of the room black cats and black dogs in a fiery chain one after another, till there seemed no end of them. They mewed and barked and growled, and at length jumped on his fire and scattered it about the room as if they wished to put it out.

For awhile he watched them in silence, till at last he got angry, and seizing his cutting board, exclaimed: "Be off! you horrid creatures!" and then rushing after them, he chased them round the room. Some few escaped in the clamor, but the rest he killed with his cutting board and threw into the moat.

As soon as he cleared the room, he rekindled his fire by gathering the sparks together, and sat down to warm himself in the blaze. After a time he began to feel so sleepy that his eyes would not keep open any longer; so he looked around the room and espied in a corner a large bed. "That is the very place for me," he said, rising and laying himself upon it; but

just as he was closing his eyes to sleep, the bed began to move about the room, and at last increased its speed and went off at a gallop through the castle.

"All right," cried Hans, "now go on again." At this the bed started off as if six horses were harnessed to it, through the doorway, down the steps to the great gates of the castle, against which it came with a great bump, and tumbled legs uppermost, throwing all the pillows and blankets on Hans, who lay underneath, as if a mountain were upon him. He struggled out from the load, and said: "Anyone may travel in that fashion who likes, but I don't." So he laid himself down again by the fire and slept till daybreak.

In the morning the king came to the castle, and as he caught sight of Hans lying by the fire asleep, he thought the evil spirits had killed him, and that he was dead. "Alas!" said the king, "I am very sorry; it is a great pity that such a fine youth should lose his life in this manner."

But Hans, who heard, sprang up in a moment and exclaimed: "No, king, I am not dead yet." The king, quite astonished and joyful at finding him unhurt, asked him how he had passed the night.

"Oh, very pleasantly indeed," replied Hans, and then he related to the king all that had passed, which amused him very much.

On returning to the inn, the landlord stared at him with wide-open eyes: "I never expected to see you again alive; but I suppose you have learned to shiver and shake by this time."

"Not I," he replied; "I believe it is useless for me to try, for I never shall learn to be afraid."

The second night came, and he again went up to

the old castle and seated himself by the fire, singing the burden of his old song, "When shall I learn to shiver and shake?"

At midnight he heard a noise as of something falling. It came nearer; then for a little while all was quiet; at last, with a tremendous scream, half the body of a man came tumbling down the chimney and fell right in front of Hans.

"Halloo!" he cried, "all that noise, and only half a man? where's the other half?" At this the noise and tumult began again, and, amid yellings and howlings, the other half of the man fell on the hearth.

"Wait," said Hans, rising; "I will stir the fire into a blaze first." But when he turned to sit down again, he found that the two halves of the man had joined, and there sat an ugly looking object in his place. "Stay," cried the young man; "I did not bargain for this; that seat is mine."

The ugly man tried to push Hans away; but he was too quick for him, and putting out all his strength, he dislodged the creature from his seat, and placed himself again upon it.

Immediately there came tumbling down the chimney nine more of these horrid men, one after the other; each of them held a human thigh bone in his hand, and the first who appeared brought out two skulls, and presently they set up the nine bones like skittles, and began to play, with the skulls for balls.

"Shall I play with you?" asked Hans, after he had looked on for some time.

"Yes," they replied, "if you have any money."

"Plenty," he said; "but your balls are not quite round." So he took the skulls and turned them on his

lathe. "Now they will roll better; come on, let us set to work."

The strange men played with great spirit, and won a few of his crowns; but all at once the cock crew, and they vanished from his eyes. After they were gone he laid himself down and slept peacefully till the king arrived, and asked him what had happened, and how it had fared with him during the night.

"Well," said Hans, "I played a game of skittles with some horrid-looking fellows who had bones and skulls for skittles and balls; I won sometimes, and I lost a couple of crowns."

"Did you not shiver and shake?" asked the king in surprise.

"Not I, indeed! I wish I could! Oh, if I only knew how to shiver and shake!"

The third night came and found our hero once more seated on his bench by the fire, and saying quite mournfully: "When shall I ever learn to shiver and shake?"

As he spoke there came into the room six tall men bearing a coffin containing a dead man.

"Ah!" said Hans, "I know what you have there; it is the body of my cousin. He has been dead two days." Then he beckoned with his finger, and said: "Come here, little cousin; I should like to see you!"

The men placed the coffin on the ground before him and took off the lid. Hans touched the face, and it felt as cold as ice. "Wait," he said; "I will soon warm it!" so he went to the fire, and, warming his hand, laid it on the face of the dead man, which remained as cold as ever.

At last he took him out of the coffin, carried him to the fire, and placed him on his lap, while he rubbed

his hands and chest that he might cause the blood to circulate, but all to no purpose; the body remained as cold as before. Presently he remembered that when two lie in bed together they warm each other, so he placed the dead man in bed, covered him over, and lay down beside him. After awhile this seemed to produce warmth in the body, the blood began to circulate, and at last the dead man moved and spoke.

"There now, dear cousin," said Hans; "see, I have warmed you into life again, as I said I could." But the dead man sprang up and cried: "Yes, and now I will strangle you."

"What!" cried Hans, "is that your gratitude? Then you may as well go back into your coffin again." He leaped out of bed as he spoke, and seizing the body, he threw it into the coffin and shut the lid down closely upon it.

Then the six tall men walked in, lifted up the coffin, and carried it away.

"That's over," said Hans. "Oh! I am sure nothing will ever teach me to shiver and shake."

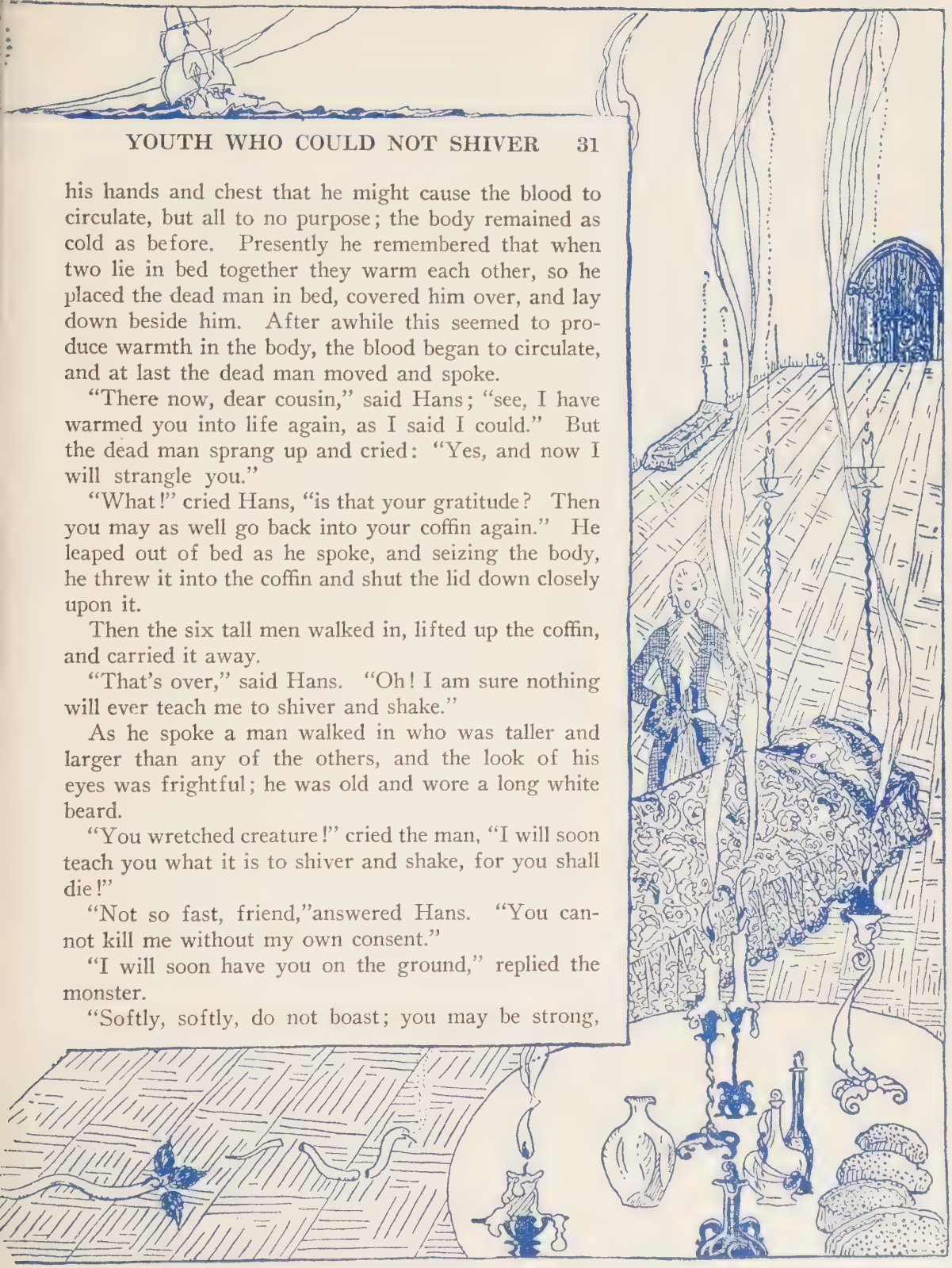
As he spoke a man walked in who was taller and larger than any of the others, and the look of his eyes was frightful; he was old and wore a long white beard.

"You wretched creature!" cried the man, "I will soon teach you what it is to shiver and shake, for you shall die!"

"Not so fast, friend,"answered Hans. "You cannot kill me without my own consent."

"I will soon have you on the ground," replied the monster.

"Softly, softly, do not boast; you may be strong,



but you will find that I am stronger than you."

"That is to be proved," said the old man; "if you are stronger than I am, I will let you go. Come, we will try."

The old man, followed by Hans, led the way through long dark passages and cellars, till they saw the reflection of a smith's fire, and presently came to a forge. Then the old man took an ax, and with one blow cut through the anvil right down to the ground.

"I can do better than that," said Hans, taking up the ax and going toward another anvil. The monster was so surprised at this daring on the part of Hans that he followed him closely, and as he leaned over to watch what the youth was going to do, his long white beard fell on the anvil. Hans raised his ax and split the anvil at one blow, wedging the old man's beard in the opening at the same time.

"Now I have got you, old fellow," cried Hans; "prepare for the death you deserve." Then he took up an iron bar and beat the old man till he cried for mercy and promised to give him all the riches that were hidden in the castle.

At this Hans drew out the ax from the anvil, and set the old man's beard free, while he watched him closely. He kept his word, however, and leading the young man back to the castle, pointed out to him a cellar in which were three immense chests full of gold.

"There is one for the poor," said he, "another for the king, and the third for yourself."

Hans was about to thank him, when the cock crew and the old man vanished, leaving the youth standing in the dark.

"I must find my way out of this place," he said,

after groping about for some time; but at last daylight penetrated into the vaults, and he succeeded in reaching his old room, and lying down by the fire, slept soundly till he was aroused by the king's arrival.

"Well," he said in a glad voice, when he saw the young man alive, "have you learned to shiver and shake yet?"

"No," replied Hans; "what was there to make me fear? My dead cousin came to see me, and a bearded old man tried to conquer me, but I managed him, and he has shown me where to find hidden treasures of gold, and how could I shiver and shake at these visitors?"

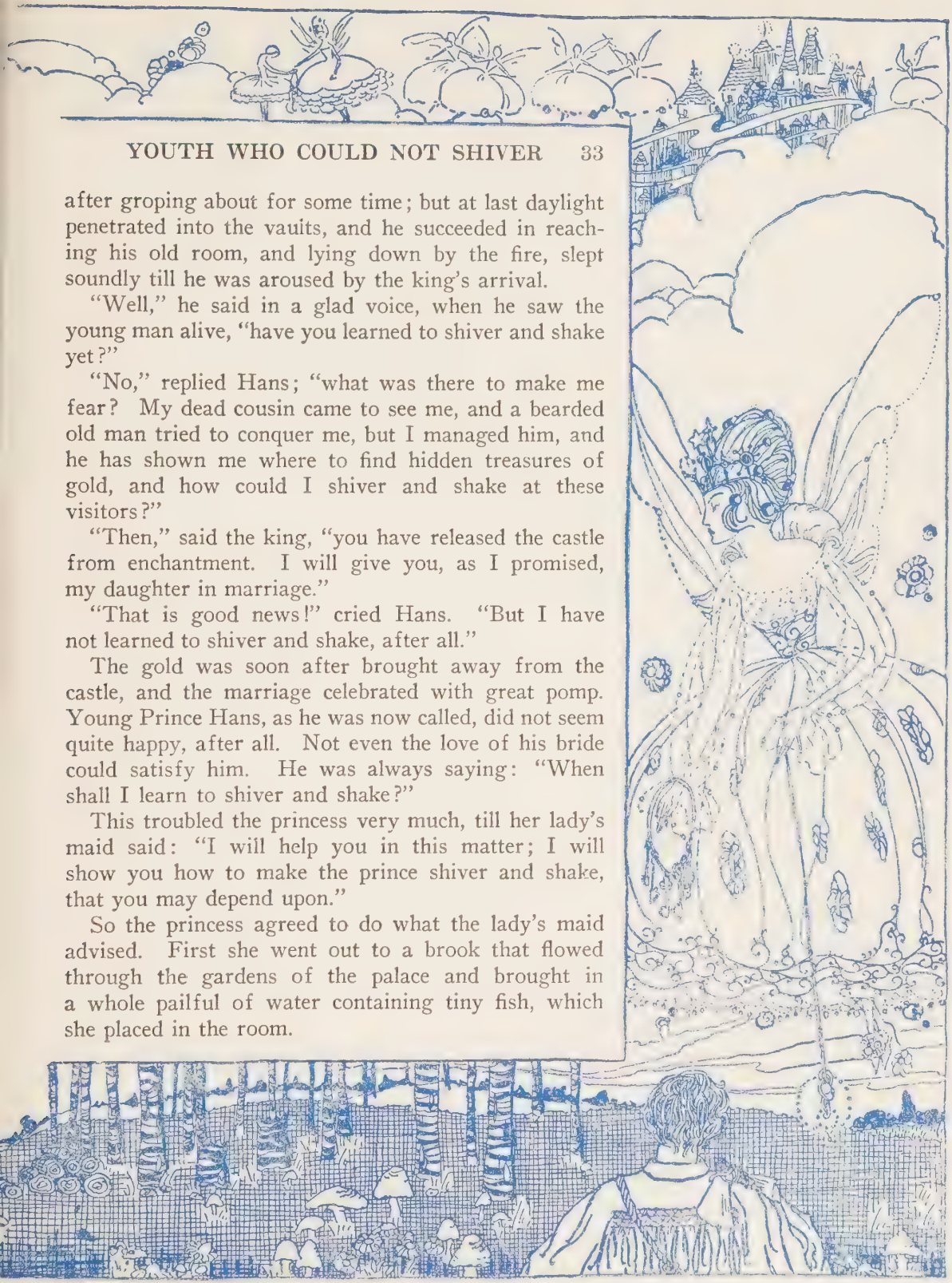
"Then," said the king, "you have released the castle from enchantment. I will give you, as I promised, my daughter in marriage."

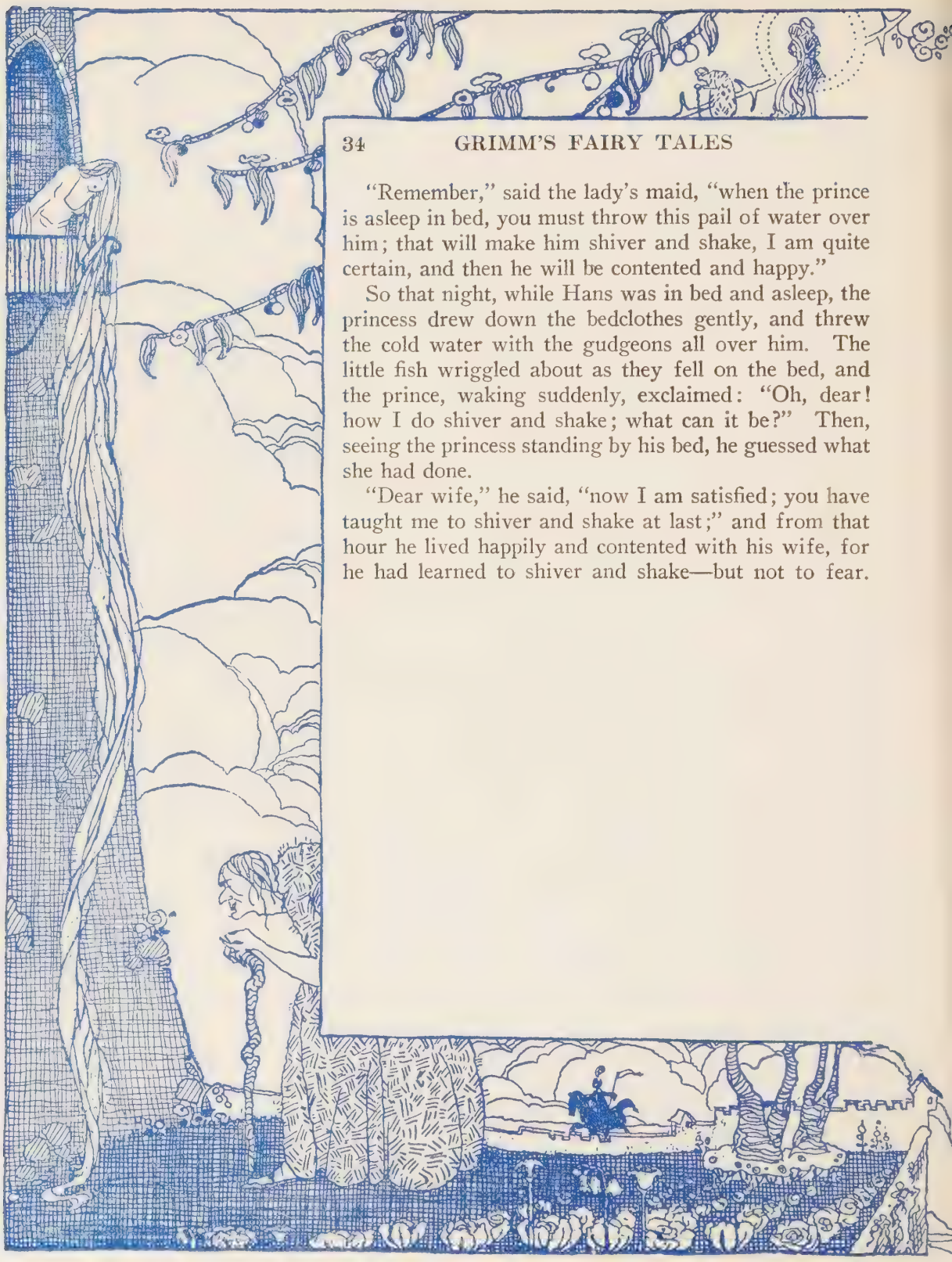
"That is good news!" cried Hans. "But I have not learned to shiver and shake, after all."

The gold was soon after brought away from the castle, and the marriage celebrated with great pomp. Young Prince Hans, as he was now called, did not seem quite happy, after all. Not even the love of his bride could satisfy him. He was always saying: "When shall I learn to shiver and shake?"

This troubled the princess very much, till her lady's maid said: "I will help you in this matter; I will show you how to make the prince shiver and shake, that you may depend upon."

So the princess agreed to do what the lady's maid advised. First she went out to a brook that flowed through the gardens of the palace and brought in a whole pailful of water containing tiny fish, which she placed in the room.

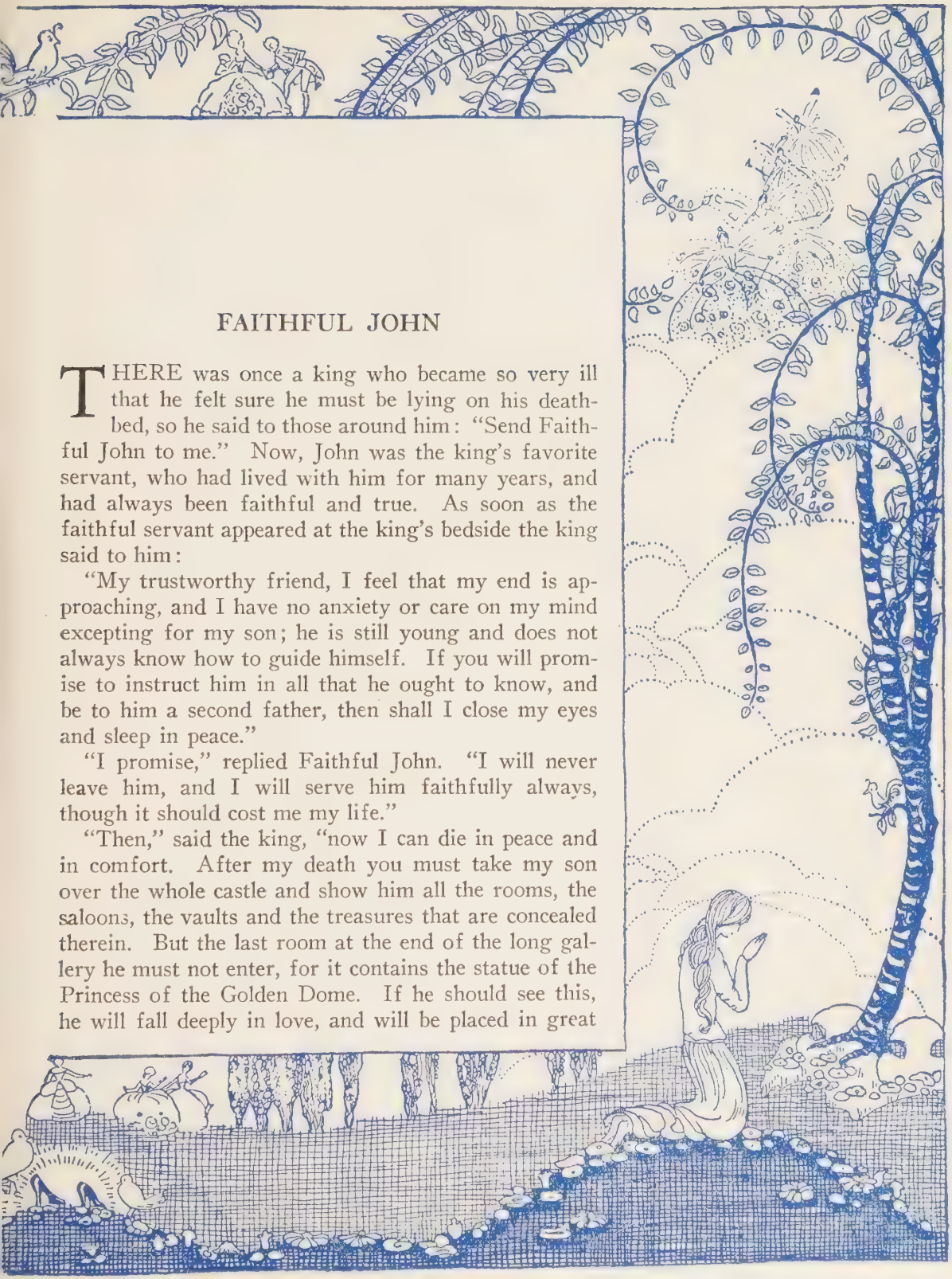




"Remember," said the lady's maid, "when the prince is asleep in bed, you must throw this pail of water over him; that will make him shiver and shake, I am quite certain, and then he will be contented and happy."

So that night, while Hans was in bed and asleep, the princess drew down the bedclothes gently, and threw the cold water with the gudgeons all over him. The little fish wriggled about as they fell on the bed, and the prince, waking suddenly, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! how I do shiver and shake; what can it be?" Then, seeing the princess standing by his bed, he guessed what she had done.

"Dear wife," he said, "now I am satisfied; you have taught me to shiver and shake at last;" and from that hour he lived happily and contented with his wife, for he had learned to shiver and shake—but not to fear.



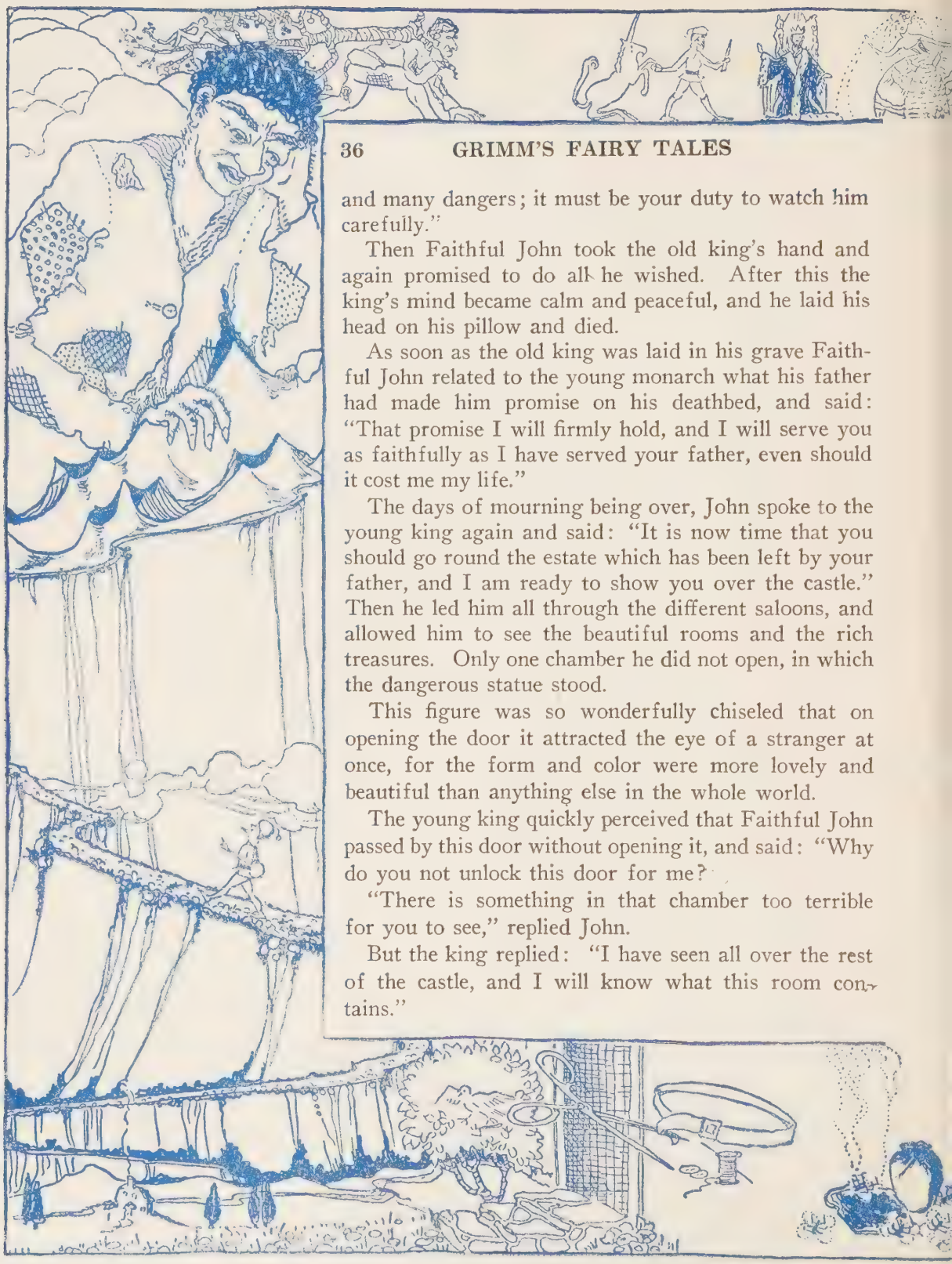
FAITHFUL JOHN

THERE was once a king who became so very ill that he felt sure he must be lying on his death-bed, so he said to those around him: "Send Faithful John to me." Now, John was the king's favorite servant, who had lived with him for many years, and had always been faithful and true. As soon as the faithful servant appeared at the king's bedside the king said to him:

"My trustworthy friend, I feel that my end is approaching, and I have no anxiety or care on my mind excepting for my son; he is still young and does not always know how to guide himself. If you will promise to instruct him in all that he ought to know, and be to him a second father, then shall I close my eyes and sleep in peace."

"I promise," replied Faithful John. "I will never leave him, and I will serve him faithfully always, though it should cost me my life."

"Then," said the king, "now I can die in peace and in comfort. After my death you must take my son over the whole castle and show him all the rooms, the saloons, the vaults and the treasures that are concealed therein. But the last room at the end of the long gallery he must not enter, for it contains the statue of the Princess of the Golden Dome. If he should see this, he will fall deeply in love, and will be placed in great



and many dangers; it must be your duty to watch him carefully."

Then Faithful John took the old king's hand and again promised to do all he wished. After this the king's mind became calm and peaceful, and he laid his head on his pillow and died.

As soon as the old king was laid in his grave Faithful John related to the young monarch what his father had made him promise on his deathbed, and said: "That promise I will firmly hold, and I will serve you as faithfully as I have served your father, even should it cost me my life."

The days of mourning being over, John spoke to the young king again and said: "It is now time that you should go round the estate which has been left by your father, and I am ready to show you over the castle." Then he led him all through the different saloons, and allowed him to see the beautiful rooms and the rich treasures. Only one chamber he did not open, in which the dangerous statue stood.

This figure was so wonderfully chiseled that on opening the door it attracted the eye of a stranger at once, for the form and color were more lovely and beautiful than anything else in the whole world.

The young king quickly perceived that Faithful John passed by this door without opening it, and said: "Why do you not unlock this door for me?"

"There is something in that chamber too terrible for you to see," replied John.

But the king replied: "I have seen all over the rest of the castle, and I will know what this room contains."

He went forward as he spoke, and tried to open the door by force. But John held him back, saying: "I promised your father on his deathbed never to allow you to see the interior of this chamber, and I know that misfortune will be the result to both if I break that promise."

"Ah, no!" he replied; "on the contrary, if I go not into that room, it will be my certain ruin; I shall have no rest day or night till I have seen it with mine eyes. Neither will I stir from this spot till you have unlocked the door."

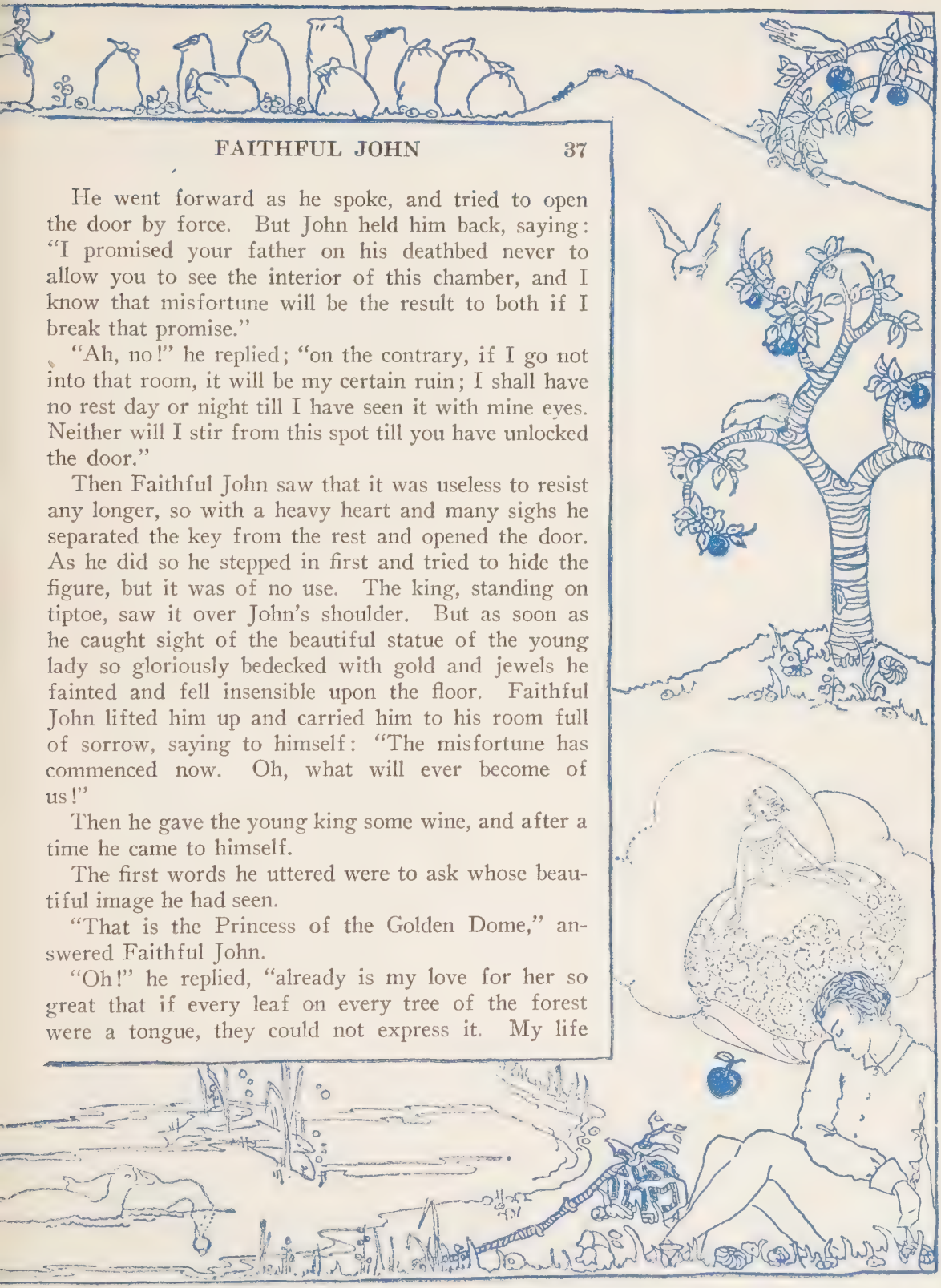
Then Faithful John saw that it was useless to resist any longer, so with a heavy heart and many sighs he separated the key from the rest and opened the door. As he did so he stepped in first and tried to hide the figure, but it was of no use. The king, standing on tiptoe, saw it over John's shoulder. But as soon as he caught sight of the beautiful statue of the young lady so gloriously bedecked with gold and jewels he fainted and fell insensible upon the floor. Faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his room full of sorrow, saying to himself: "The misfortune has commenced now. Oh, what will ever become of us!"

Then he gave the young king some wine, and after a time he came to himself.

The first words he uttered were to ask whose beautiful image he had seen.

"That is the Princess of the Golden Dome," answered Faithful John.

"Oh!" he replied, "already is my love for her so great that if every leaf on every tree of the forest were a tongue, they could not express it. My life



depends upon obtaining her hand. You are my faithful John, and you must help me."

The faithful servant reflected for a long time on the best way to find the young princess for his master, or even to get a glimpse of her countenance. At last he thought of a plan, and spoke to the king about it. "Everything surrounding the beautiful statue of the princess," said Faithful John, "is of gold—the tables, the chairs, the dishes, the cups, the goblets and even the furniture. In the castle you have five tons of golden treasures. All these you must place in the hands of the goldsmiths to be formed into various and beautiful articles, such as vases and curious ornaments in the forms of birds, beasts and wild animals. As soon as these are ready we will set out on our travels and seek our fortunes.

On hearing this the king summoned all the goldsmiths in his kingdom, and desired them to work night and day to get the articles ready as quickly as possible.

The goldsmiths worked day and night to get these beautiful things finished, and Faithful John having engaged a ship, they were carried on board and stowed away carefully. The king and his faithful servant both arrayed themselves in the dress of a merchant that they might not be recognized. As soon as everything was ready they started, and, after a long and prosperous voyage, reached the city where the "Princess of the Golden Dome" dwelt.

Faithful John left the king on board and landed by himself, carrying with him in his pocket several beautiful little ornaments of gold. "Very likely I shall bring the princess back with me to visit you on board

ship," he said, before he went. "Have the golden vases placed where they can be seen, and let the ship be dressed with flags and banners as if for a grand fête." The young king promised obedience, and then Faithful John went ashore and found his way to the castle in which the princess lived.

When he entered the courtyard of the palace, he saw, standing by a fountain, a beautiful maiden who was drawing water in a golden vessel. As she turned to go with the sparkling water in her hands, she caught sight of a strange man and inquired who he was. "I am a merchant," he replied, and opening his case he showed her some of its contents.

"Oh, what beautiful things!" she exclaimed, setting down her pitcher and examining them one by one. "The princess must see these," she continued; "she is so fond of golden trinkets that I am sure she will buy them all!" Then she took him by the hand and led him into the castle, for she was the princess' maid.

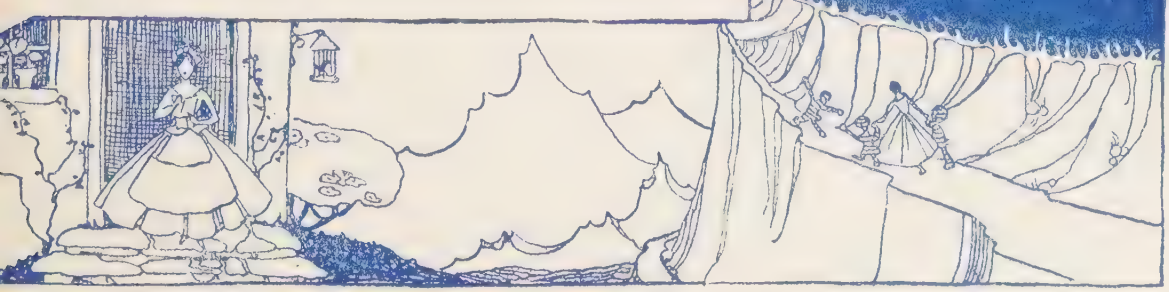
As soon as the princess saw the beautiful merchandise she was delighted, and said: "The workmanship is so exquisite that I should like to buy all you have."

But Faithful John replied: "I am only the servant of a rich merchant who owns these articles, and these are nothing to what my master has with him on board ship; there you would see most costly golden trinkets and far more precious."

"Can you not bring them to me?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it would occupy many days to do so, and there are more than your palace would hold."

This only renewed her anxiety and wish to see them, so at last she said: "Conduct me to the ship; I will



go myself and see what your master's treasures really are."

In a very short time Faithful John was joyfully leading the beautiful princess to the ship, and into the presence of the king, who, as soon as he beheld her, saw that her beauty was far greater than that of the beautiful statue of her in his own palace, and his heart bounded with joy. He offered her his hand to lead her on deck, and as soon as she was safely on board Faithful John went over quietly to the captain and told him to weigh anchor and spread all sail immediately. His orders were obeyed, and in a few minutes the ship was flying before the wind like a bird. Meanwhile the king was showing the beautiful princess in the cabin and all over the ship the various and rich cups and vessels, vases and other wonderful things it contained. He was so kind and gentle to her, and the golden curiosities were so delightful, that she did not observe that the ship was leaving the shore. At last, after giving the supposed merchant a large order, and thanking him for his politeness, she requested to be put on shore. But when she reached the deck and saw that the ship in full sail had left the land and was far out at sea, she became terribly alarmed, and cried out: "I am betrayed! I am in the power of a merchant who has carried me off; rather let me die!"

Then the king seized her by the hand, and said: "No, I am not a merchant; I am a king, and as well born as yourself. Nothing but my great love for you would have induced me to carry you away by stratagem; indeed, it is so overpowering that when I first glanced at your statue I fainted and fell to the earth before it."

As the princess heard this she gained courage, and

in her heart was disposed to treat this bold young king graciously, and before the voyage was over she had consented to become the wife of such a handsome young prince. It was a very pleasant voyage, and the king, while sailing over the sea with the beautiful princess whom he loved so fondly, felt very happy. One evening, however, when they were seated together in the stern of the vessel, and Faithful John sat playing on the lute near them, three crows flew over the ship and rested for awhile on the rigging. Faithful John saw them, and stopped his playing to hear what they said to each other, for he understood their language well.

"Ah!" said one, "there sails the Princess of the Golden Dome with the king who has carried her off."

"Yes," replied the second, "but he will not marry her."

"Well, but he has her by his side in the ship now," said the third.

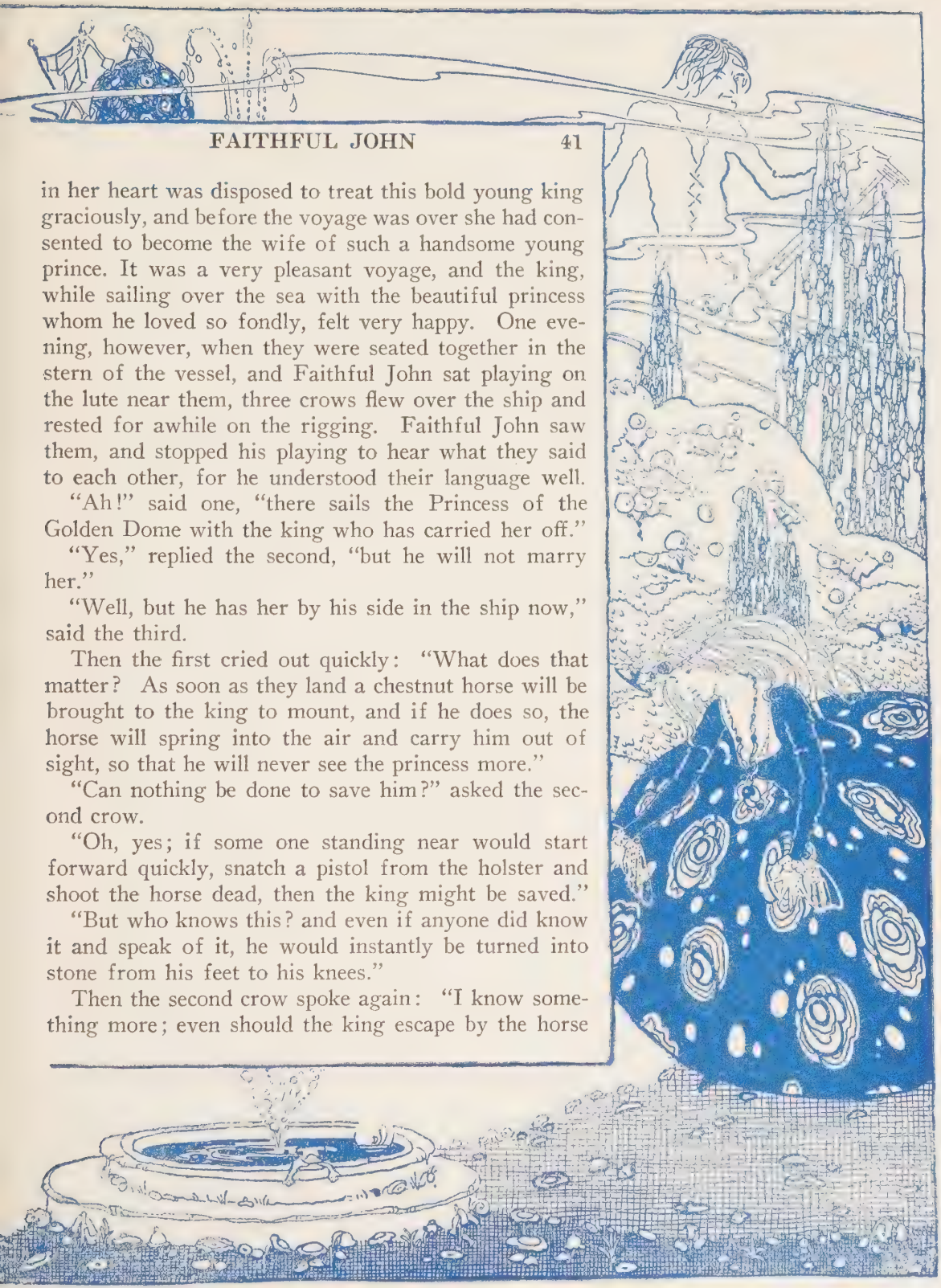
Then the first cried out quickly: "What does that matter? As soon as they land a chestnut horse will be brought to the king to mount, and if he does so, the horse will spring into the air and carry him out of sight, so that he will never see the princess more."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" asked the second crow.

"Oh, yes; if some one standing near would start forward quickly, snatch a pistol from the holster and shoot the horse dead, then the king might be saved."

"But who knows this? and even if anyone did know it and speak of it, he would instantly be turned into stone from his feet to his knees."

Then the second crow spoke again: "I know something more; even should the king escape by the horse



being killed, he will never marry his betrothed, for, as soon as they enter the palace, a splendid bridal robe will be presented to him on a silver salver, and it will appear as if woven of gold and silver thread, instead of which it will be made of sulphur and pitch, and the moment he puts it on it will burn him even to the marrow of his bones."

"And is there a remedy for this also?" asked the third crow.

"Of course there is, for if anyone with gloves on will seize the robe and throw it into the fire, the robe will be burned and the king saved. And should any person know this and speak of it, he would be turned into stone from his knees to his heart."

"Ah, well!" cried the third crow, "even supposing the king were saved from the burning robe, he would still lose his bride, for at the ball on the wedding night, while he is dancing with her, she will suddenly faint and fall down as if dead, and unless some one will immediately draw three drops of blood from her right shoulder and spit it out again, she will really die. And if anyone did know this, and spoke of it, he would be changed to stone from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot and become a statue."

As soon as the crows had finished this conversation they flew away, but Faithful John had heard and understood it all, and remained for a long time still and sad.

At last he determined to be silent and not say a word to his master of what he had heard; besides, he knew that even to hint about it to the king would cost him his own life.

"Ah, well!" he said to himself, "I will save my master. even if it should be my own ruin."

As soon as they landed John saw at once that what the crows had prophesied would take place.

There was the noble chestnut horse in readiness for the king to mount. "Hey-day," said he, "here is a splendid creature for me to ride to my castle; I will mount at once." But Faithful John started forward, and quickly drawing a pistol from the holster, shot the horse dead.

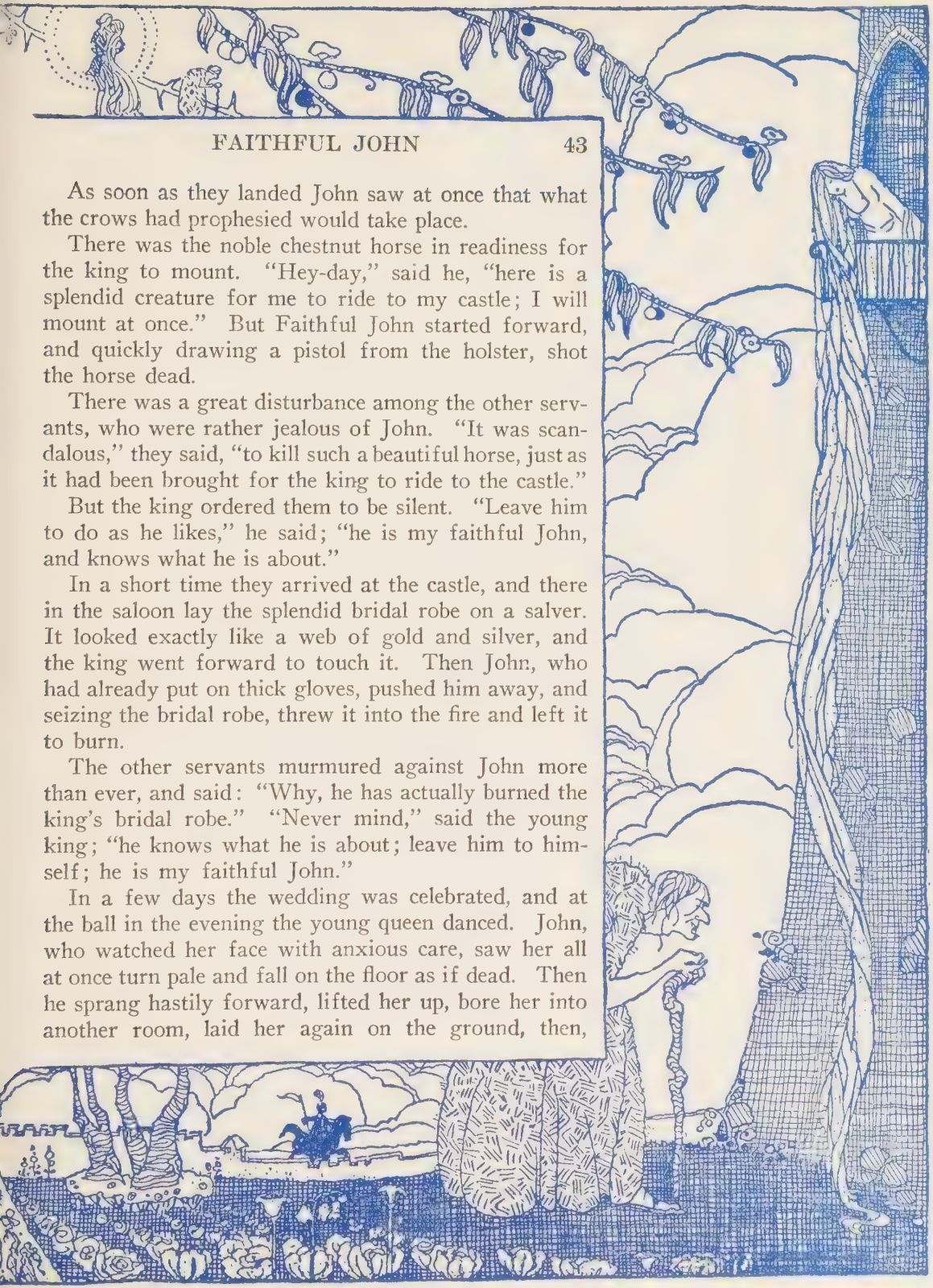
There was a great disturbance among the other servants, who were rather jealous of John. "It was scandalous," they said, "to kill such a beautiful horse, just as it had been brought for the king to ride to the castle."

But the king ordered them to be silent. "Leave him to do as he likes," he said; "he is my faithful John, and knows what he is about."

In a short time they arrived at the castle, and there in the saloon lay the splendid bridal robe on a salver. It looked exactly like a web of gold and silver, and the king went forward to touch it. Then John, who had already put on thick gloves, pushed him away, and seizing the bridal robe, threw it into the fire and left it to burn.

The other servants murmured against John more than ever, and said: "Why, he has actually burned the king's bridal robe." "Never mind," said the young king; "he knows what he is about; leave him to himself; he is my faithful John."

In a few days the wedding was celebrated, and at the ball in the evening the young queen danced. John, who watched her face with anxious care, saw her all at once turn pale and fall on the floor as if dead. Then he sprang hastily forward, lifted her up, bore her into another room, laid her again on the ground, then,



kneeling by her side, he sucked three drops of blood from her right shoulder and spat it out on the floor.

At the same instant she breathed again and raised herself from the ground; but the young king, who had seen all this with astonishment, could not in the least understand the conduct of his faithful servant, so he flew into a passion and cried: "Take him off to prison!"

Next morning John was brought before the judge and sentenced to death. As he stood in the king's presence he said: "Everyone who is about to die is allowed to speak for himself; shall I not also have that right?"

"Yes," answered the king; "I grant you permission."

"Then," said Faithful John, "I have been unjustly condemned, for in every circumstance I have proved myself true and faithful to my king." And then he related what he had heard of the conversation of the crows while at sea, and how all he had done had been necessary for the safety of the king and queen.

"Then," cried the king, "oh, my faithful John! pardon me, pardon me! Bring him here; he must be saved." But it was too late, for by the last words the faithful servant had uttered in telling the king, he had incurred the consequences spoken of by the crows; he fell lifeless and was turned into stone.

Then were the king and queen greatly troubled, and the king said: "Ah, my faithful John, how badly have I repaid thy devotion!" and he commanded that the stone statue should be carried to his sleeping room and placed near his bed, and whenever he looked at it he

said: "Oh, if I could only restore thee to life again, my faithful John!"

And so time passed on, and the queen had twin sons, who, as they grew up, were the joy and delight of their parents. One day, while the queen was at church, the two children were amusing themselves in the room with their father; he cast his eyes on the statue, and feeling full of sorrow, he sighed and said: "Oh, if I could restore thee to life, my most faithful John!"

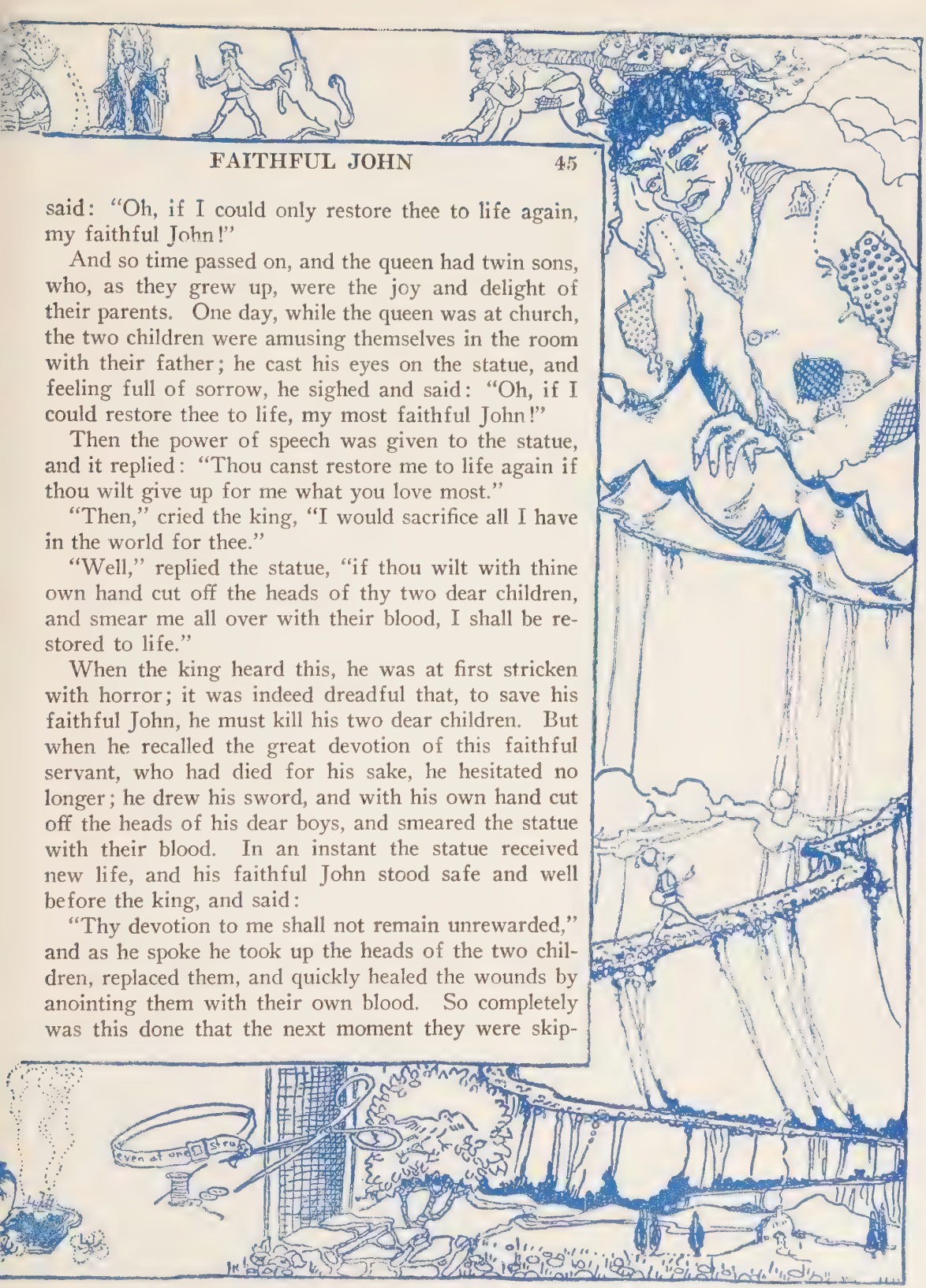
Then the power of speech was given to the statue, and it replied: "Thou canst restore me to life again if thou wilt give up for me what you love most."

"Then," cried the king, "I would sacrifice all I have in the world for thee."

"Well," replied the statue, "if thou wilt with thine own hand cut off the heads of thy two dear children, and smear me all over with their blood, I shall be restored to life."

When the king heard this, he was at first stricken with horror; it was indeed dreadful that, to save his faithful John, he must kill his two dear children. But when he recalled the great devotion of this faithful servant, who had died for his sake, he hesitated no longer; he drew his sword, and with his own hand cut off the heads of his dear boys, and smeared the statue with their blood. In an instant the statue received new life, and his faithful John stood safe and well before the king, and said:

"Thy devotion to me shall not remain unrewarded," and as he spoke he took up the heads of the two children, replaced them, and quickly healed the wounds by anointing them with their own blood. So completely was this done that the next moment they were skip-



ping and jumping about the room as if nothing had happened.

Now, indeed, was the king's heart full of joy, and as soon as he heard that the queen had returned he made John and the children hide themselves in a large cupboard. Presently she entered the room, and he said: "Have you prayed at church?"

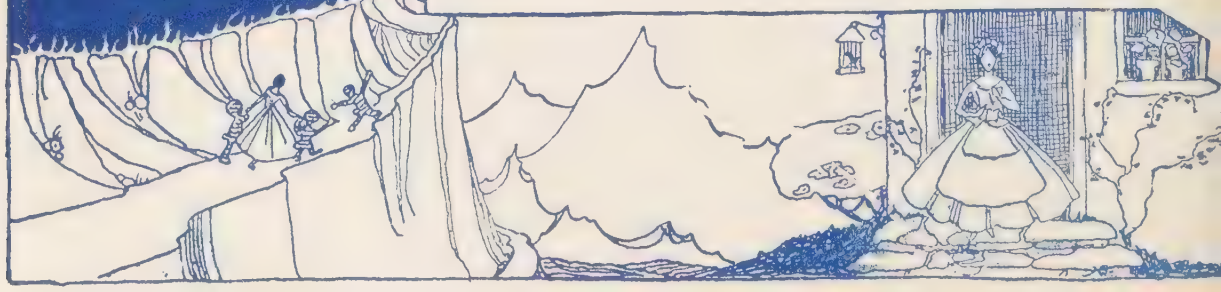
"Yes," she replied, "for I am constantly thinking of our Faithful John and what he has endured for our sakes."

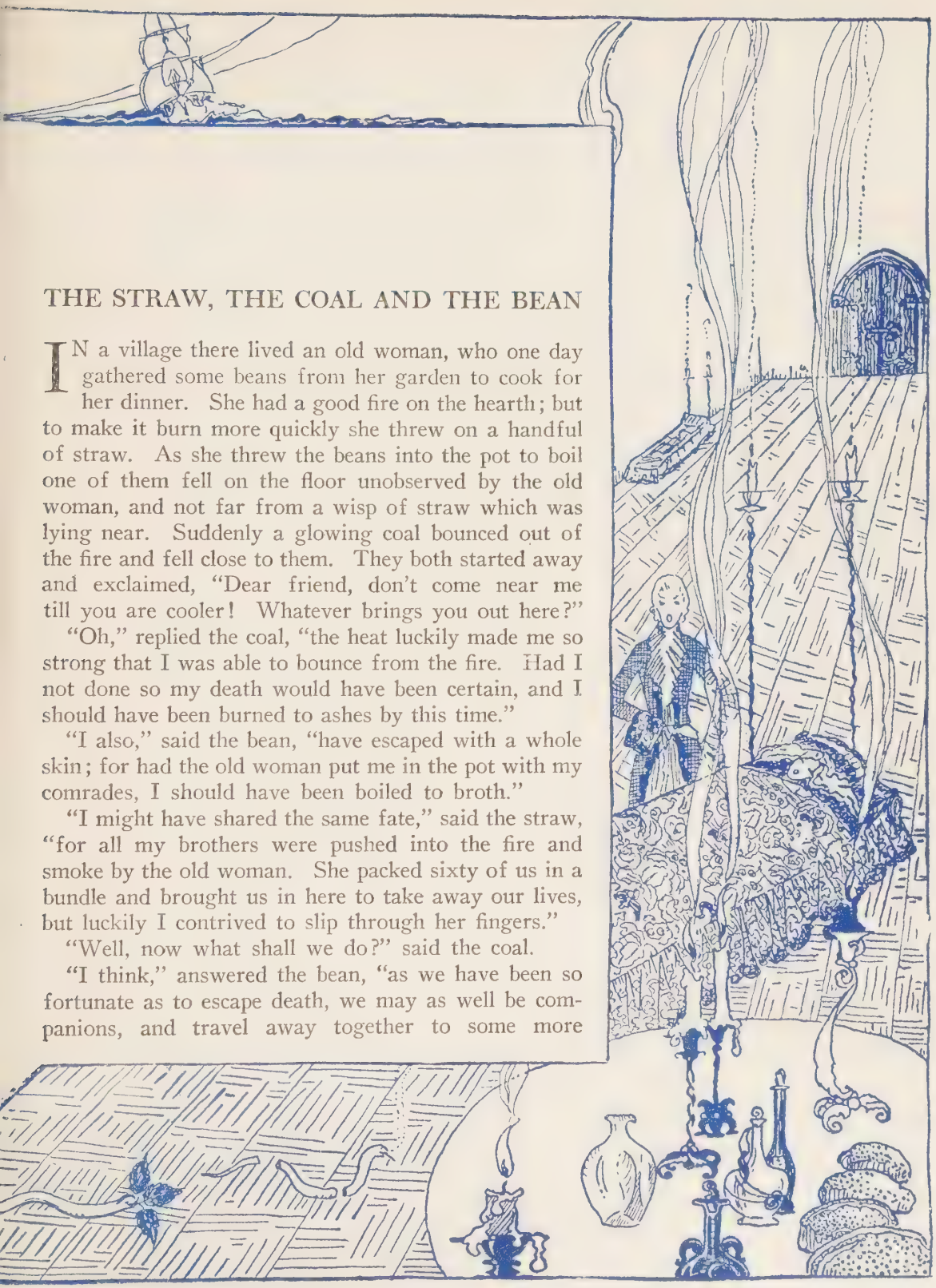
"Dear wife," he replied, "we have the power to bring him back to life, but it would cost us both of our dear little sons, whom we must sacrifice for him."

The queen turned very pale and looked terrified, and her heart seemed to stand still, yet she said: "We owe him even this sacrifice because of his great devotion to us."

Then was the king glad to find that they both thought alike on the matter, and joyfully unlocking the cupboard, called out the children and Faithful John. "See!" he said, "Heaven be praised, John is set free, and our little sons we have still with us."

Then he related to her how it had been brought about, and from that hour they lived in happiness and peace to the end of their lives.





THE STRAW, THE COAL AND THE BEAN

IN a village there lived an old woman, who one day gathered some beans from her garden to cook for her dinner. She had a good fire on the hearth; but to make it burn more quickly she threw on a handful of straw. As she threw the beans into the pot to boil one of them fell on the floor unobserved by the old woman, and not far from a wisp of straw which was lying near. Suddenly a glowing coal bounced out of the fire and fell close to them. They both started away and exclaimed, "Dear friend, don't come near me till you are cooler! Whatever brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat luckily made me so strong that I was able to bounce from the fire. Had I not done so my death would have been certain, and I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"I also," said the bean, "have escaped with a whole skin; for had the old woman put me in the pot with my comrades, I should have been boiled to broth."

"I might have shared the same fate," said the straw, "for all my brothers were pushed into the fire and smoke by the old woman. She packed sixty of us in a bundle and brought us in here to take away our lives, but luckily I contrived to slip through her fingers."

"Well, now what shall we do?" said the coal.

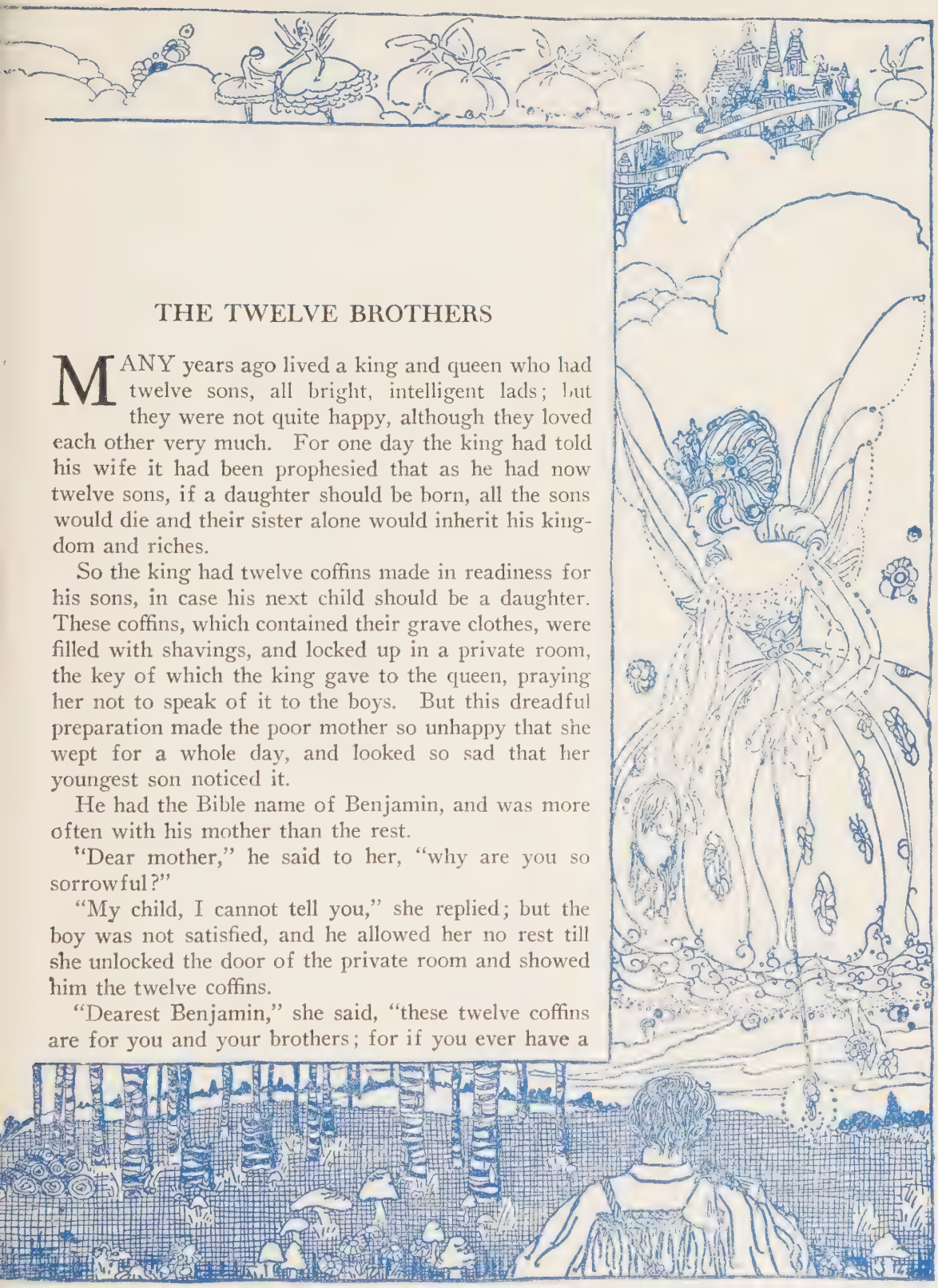
"I think," answered the bean, "as we have been so fortunate as to escape death, we may as well be companions, and travel away together to some more

friendly country, for here we may expect nothing but new misfortunes."

The proposal was gladly accepted by the two others; so they started immediately on their journey together. After traveling a little distance, they came to a stream, over which there was no bridge of any sort—not even one of wood—so they were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side. Then the straw took courage, and said, "I will lay myself across the stream, so that you can step over me, as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched himself from one shore to the other, and the coal, who from his nature is rather hot-headed, tripped out quite boldly on the newly built bridge. But when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him, he was so alarmed that he stood still and dared not move a step further. Sad were the consequences; for the straw, being slightly scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal, broke in pieces from its weight, and fell into the brook. The coal with a hiss slid after him into the water, and gave up the ghost.

The bean, who had cautiously remained behind on the shore, could not contain herself when she saw what had happened, and laughed so heatily that she burst. Now would she have been in a worse plight than her comrades; but, as good luck would have it, a tailor who was out on his travels came to rest by the brook, and noticed the bean. He was a kind-hearted man, so he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, and taking up the bean sewed her together. She thanked him very much, but unfortunately he had only black thread to sew with, and, in consequence, since that time all beans have a black mark down them.



THE TWELVE BROTHERS

MANY years ago lived a king and queen who had twelve sons, all bright, intelligent lads; but they were not quite happy, although they loved each other very much. For one day the king had told his wife it had been prophesied that as he had now twelve sons, if a daughter should be born, all the sons would die and their sister alone would inherit his kingdom and riches.

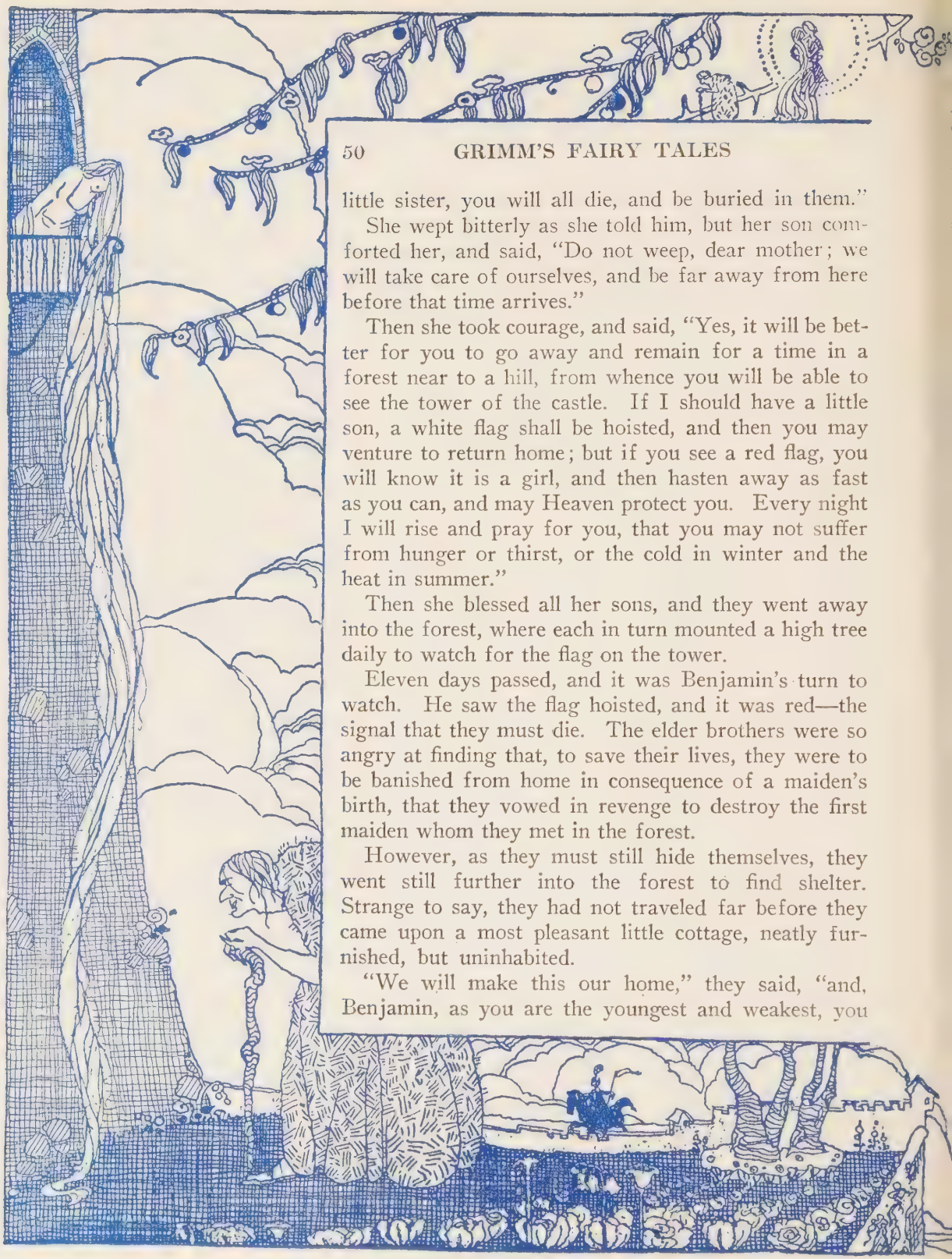
So the king had twelve coffins made in readiness for his sons, in case his next child should be a daughter. These coffins, which contained their grave clothes, were filled with shavings, and locked up in a private room, the key of which the king gave to the queen, praying her not to speak of it to the boys. But this dreadful preparation made the poor mother so unhappy that she wept for a whole day, and looked so sad that her youngest son noticed it.

He had the Bible name of Benjamin, and was more often with his mother than the rest.

"Dear mother," he said to her, "why are you so sorrowful?"

"My child, I cannot tell you," she replied; but the boy was not satisfied, and he allowed her no rest till she unlocked the door of the private room and showed him the twelve coffins.

"Dearest Benjamin," she said, "these twelve coffins are for you and your brothers; for if you ever have a



little sister, you will all die, and be buried in them."

She wept bitterly as she told him, but her son comforted her, and said, "Do not weep, dear mother; we will take care of ourselves, and be far away from here before that time arrives."

Then she took courage, and said, "Yes, it will be better for you to go away and remain for a time in a forest near to a hill, from whence you will be able to see the tower of the castle. If I should have a little son, a white flag shall be hoisted, and then you may venture to return home; but if you see a red flag, you will know it is a girl, and then hasten away as fast as you can, and may Heaven protect you. Every night I will rise and pray for you, that you may not suffer from hunger or thirst, or the cold in winter and the heat in summer."

Then she blessed all her sons, and they went away into the forest, where each in turn mounted a high tree daily to watch for the flag on the tower.

Eleven days passed, and it was Benjamin's turn to watch. He saw the flag hoisted, and it was red—the signal that they must die. The elder brothers were so angry at finding that, to save their lives, they were to be banished from home in consequence of a maiden's birth, that they vowed in revenge to destroy the first maiden whom they met in the forest.

However, as they must still hide themselves, they went still further into the forest to find shelter. Strange to say, they had not traveled far before they came upon a most pleasant little cottage, neatly furnished, but uninhabited.

"We will make this our home," they said, "and, Benjamin, as you are the youngest and weakest, you

shall stay at home and keep house while we go out and procure food."

So they wandered about the forest shooting hares, wild rabbits, pigeons and other birds, and Benjamin gathered acorns, nuts and berries, or whatever could be found for food. In this cottage they lived for ten years happily together, so that the time passed quickly, but they heard nothing from home.

During this time their little sister was growing a great girl. She had a sweet disposition, and was very beautiful to look upon. She wore rich clothes and a golden star on her forehead.

One day, when she was about ten years old, she discovered in her mother's wardrobe twelve shirts.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "whose shirts are these? They are much too small for my father."

The queen sighed deeply as she replied, "Dear child, these shirts belong to your twelve brothers."

"Twelve brothers!" cried the little maiden; "where are they? I have not even heard of them."

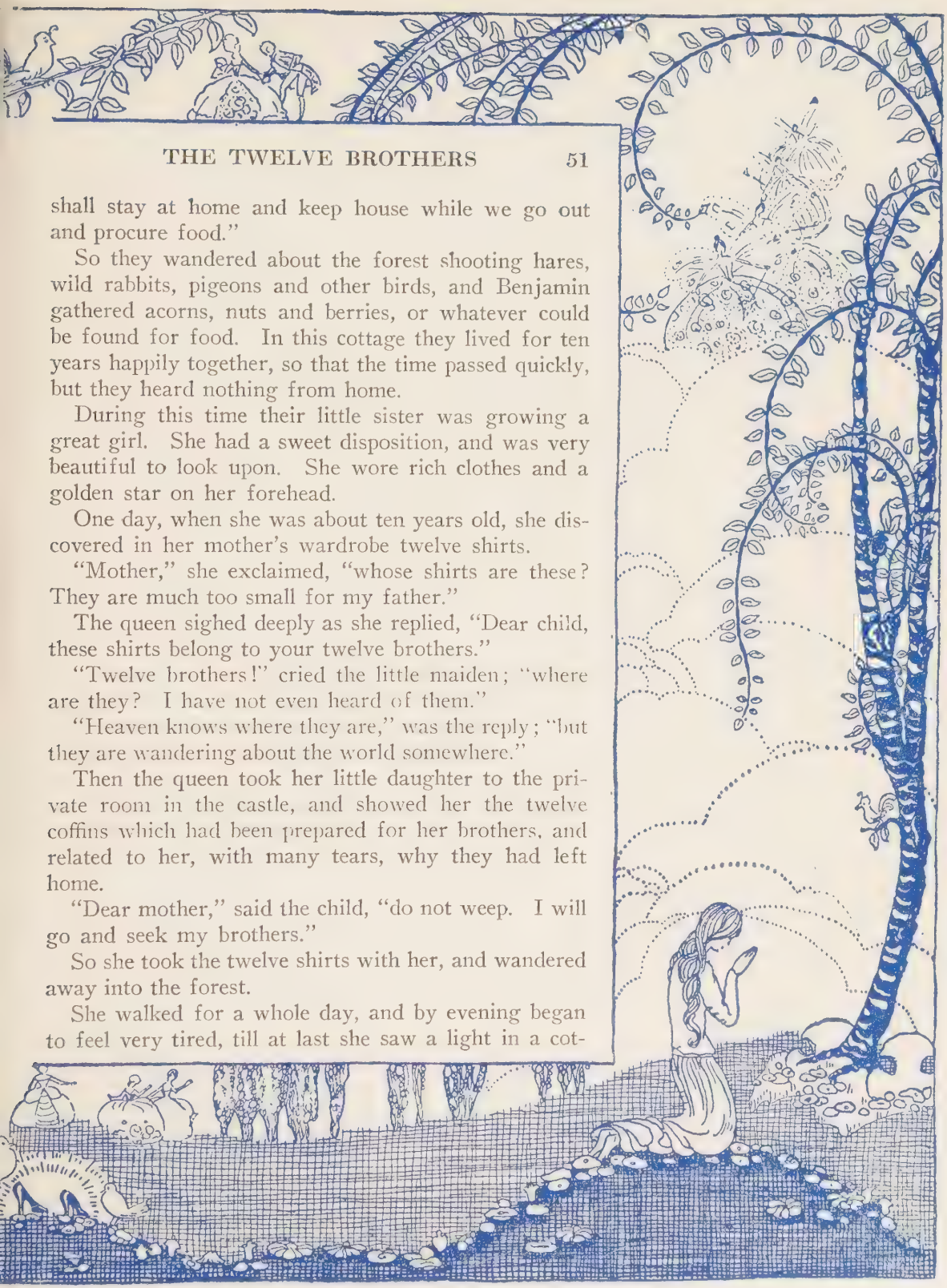
"Heaven knows where they are," was the reply; "but they are wandering about the world somewhere."

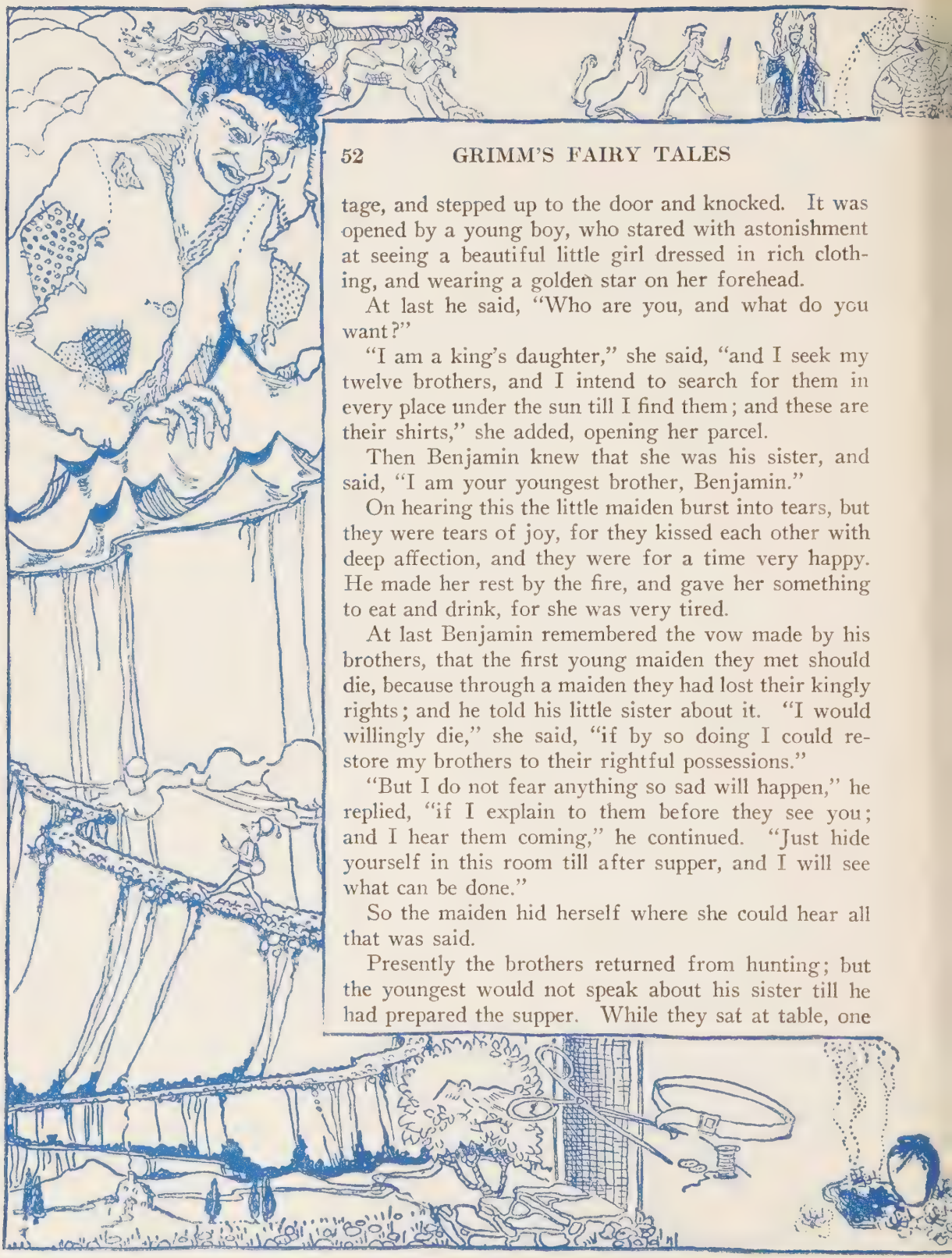
Then the queen took her little daughter to the private room in the castle, and showed her the twelve coffins which had been prepared for her brothers, and related to her, with many tears, why they had left home.

"Dear mother," said the child, "do not weep. I will go and seek my brothers."

So she took the twelve shirts with her, and wandered away into the forest.

She walked for a whole day, and by evening began to feel very tired, till at last she saw a light in a cot-





tage, and stepped up to the door and knocked. It was opened by a young boy, who stared with astonishment at seeing a beautiful little girl dressed in rich clothing, and wearing a golden star on her forehead.

At last he said, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am a king's daughter," she said, "and I seek my twelve brothers, and I intend to search for them in every place under the sun till I find them; and these are their shirts," she added, opening her parcel.

Then Benjamin knew that she was his sister, and said, "I am your youngest brother, Benjamin."

On hearing this the little maiden burst into tears, but they were tears of joy, for they kissed each other with deep affection, and they were for a time very happy. He made her rest by the fire, and gave her something to eat and drink, for she was very tired.

At last Benjamin remembered the vow made by his brothers, that the first young maiden they met should die, because through a maiden they had lost their kingly rights; and he told his little sister about it. "I would willingly die," she said, "if by so doing I could restore my brothers to their rightful possessions."

"But I do not fear anything so sad will happen," he replied, "if I explain to them before they see you; and I hear them coming," he continued. "Just hide yourself in this room till after supper, and I will see what can be done."

So the maiden hid herself where she could hear all that was said.

Presently the brothers returned from hunting; but the youngest would not speak about his sister till he had prepared the supper. While they sat at table, one

of them said, "Well, Benjamin, have you any news to tell us?"

"Perhaps I have," he said; "although it seems strange that I, who stay at home and keep house, should know more than you who have been out in the world."

"Well, tell us your news," said one, and they all looked very eager. So he said:

"I will tell you if you make one promise."

"Yes, yes," they all cried; "what is it?"

"Well, then, promise me that the first maiden you meet within the forest shall not die."

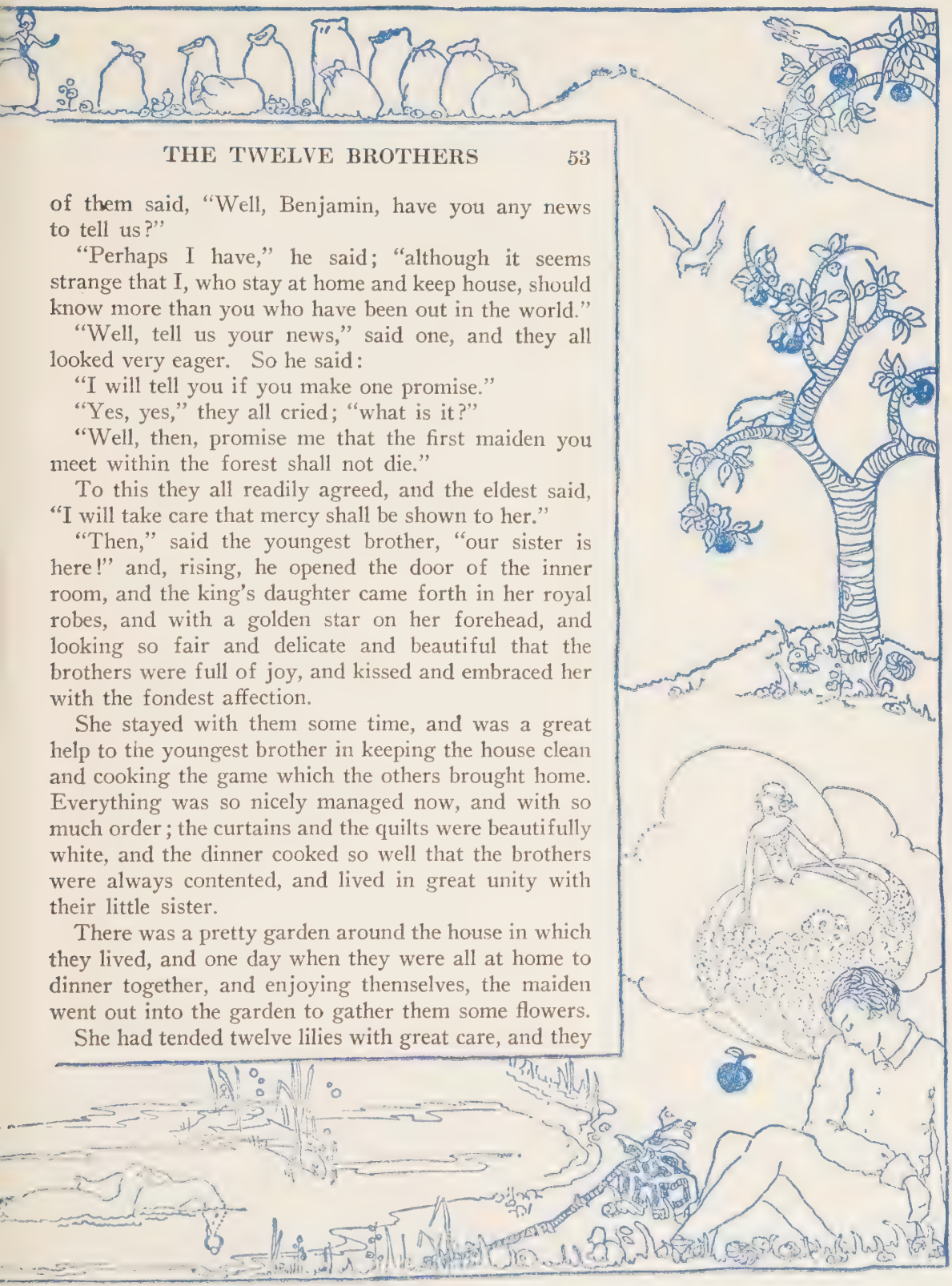
To this they all readily agreed, and the eldest said, "I will take care that mercy shall be shown to her."

"Then," said the youngest brother, "our sister is here!" and, rising, he opened the door of the inner room, and the king's daughter came forth in her royal robes, and with a golden star on her forehead, and looking so fair and delicate and beautiful that the brothers were full of joy, and kissed and embraced her with the fondest affection.

She stayed with them some time, and was a great help to the youngest brother in keeping the house clean and cooking the game which the others brought home. Everything was so nicely managed now, and with so much order; the curtains and the quilts were beautifully white, and the dinner cooked so well that the brothers were always contented, and lived in great unity with their little sister.

There was a pretty garden around the house in which they lived, and one day when they were all at home to dinner together, and enjoying themselves, the maiden went out into the garden to gather them some flowers.

She had tended twelve lilies with great care, and they



were now in such splendid bloom that she determined to pluck them for her brothers, and place one on each of their plates as a present.

But the moment she brought the lilies in from the garden her twelve brothers were changed into twelve ravens and flew away over the trees of the forest, while the charming house and garden vanished from her sight. Now was the poor little maiden left all alone in the wild wood, and knew not what to do; but on turning to go she saw a curious old woman standing near, who said to her, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave those white flowers to grow on their stems? They were thy twelve brothers, and now they will always remain ravens."

"Is there no way to set them free?" asked the maiden, weeping.

"No way in the world," she replied, "but one, and that is far too difficult for thee to perform; yet it would break the spell, and set them free."

"Tell me! tell me!" she cried. "I know I can do it, only tell me what it is!"

On hearing this the old woman replied: "Hast thou firmness enough to remain dumb seven years, and not speak to anyone, or even laugh? For if ever you utter a single word, or fail only once in the seven years, all you have done before will be vain, and at this one word your brothers will die."

"Yes," said the maiden, and she spoke from her heart; "I can do this to set my brothers free."

The old woman left her, after hearing her determination, and the maiden climbed into a tree, for she had no home now, and seating herself in the branches, began to knit.

For three days she remained there, living on the fruit that grew on the tree, and without laughing or uttering a word.

At the end of three days, as she sat in her tree, she saw the hunters pass near; and the king, who was hunting with them, had a favorite hound, who very soon discovered her, ran to the tree on which the maiden sat, sprang up to it, and bayed and barked at her violently.

The king, on this, came nearer and saw with surprise the beautiful king's daughter with the golden star on her forehead sitting among the branches. He was so struck with her beauty that he begged her to come down, and asked her to be his bride. She did not speak a word, but merely nodded her head. Then the king himself climbed up into the tree and bringing her down, seated her on his own horse and galloped away with her to his home.

The marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

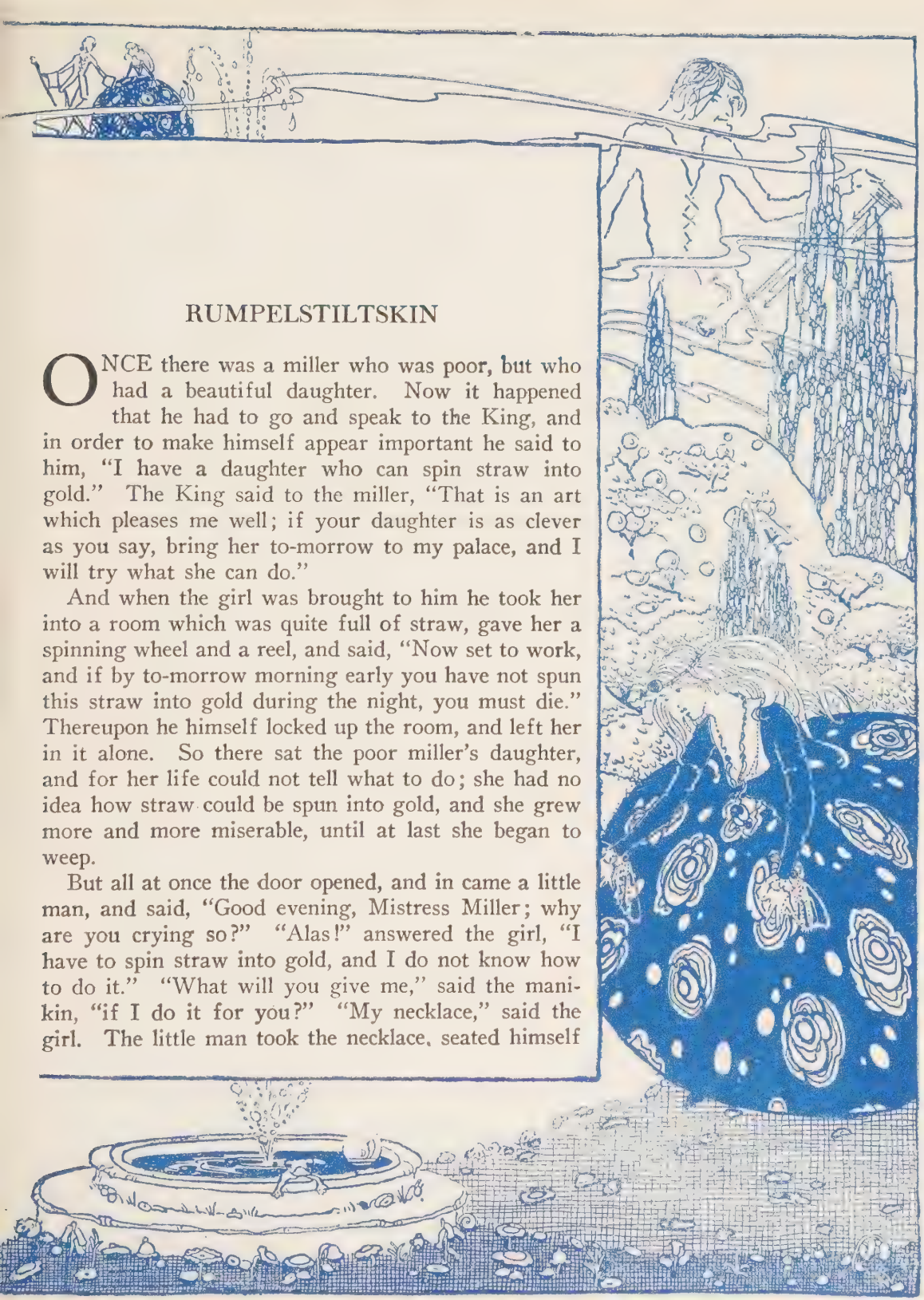
When they had lived happily together for some years the king's mother, a wicked witch, came to visit them, and she soon began to raise wicked reports about the queen, and to set her husband against her. "I dare say it is some beggar girl you have picked up," she said one day. "Who can tell in what wretched home she may have been trained? Of course she can't help being dumb; but why does she never laugh, unless she has a guilty conscience?" The king at first would listen to none of these suspicions; but she led him on by degrees, and accused the queen of such wicked conduct that at last he gave up his beautiful wife to be burned to death. If she could have spoken to defend

herself, the king might have saved her; but she remained silent to save her brothers, and so he concluded she was guilty.

On the day of the execution the king stood weeping at the window overlooking the court of the palace where the stake had been erected, for he still loved her dearly. He saw her brought forth and tied to the stake, the fire kindled, and the flames with their forked tongues creeping toward her, when suddenly a rustling noise of wings was heard in the air, twelve black ravens alighted on the earth, and instantly assumed their own forms; they were the brothers of the queen.

The last moment of the seven years had expired; the enchantment was broken, and they arrived in time to save her. The fire was quickly extinguished; the queen, when led by her brothers to the king, was able to speak to him, and to smile in joy at being allowed to explain the cause of her silence.

The delight of the king was only equaled by his anger against the wicked witch, who was brought to justice, and ordered to be thrown into a vat of oil full of poisonous snakes, where she died a dreadful death.

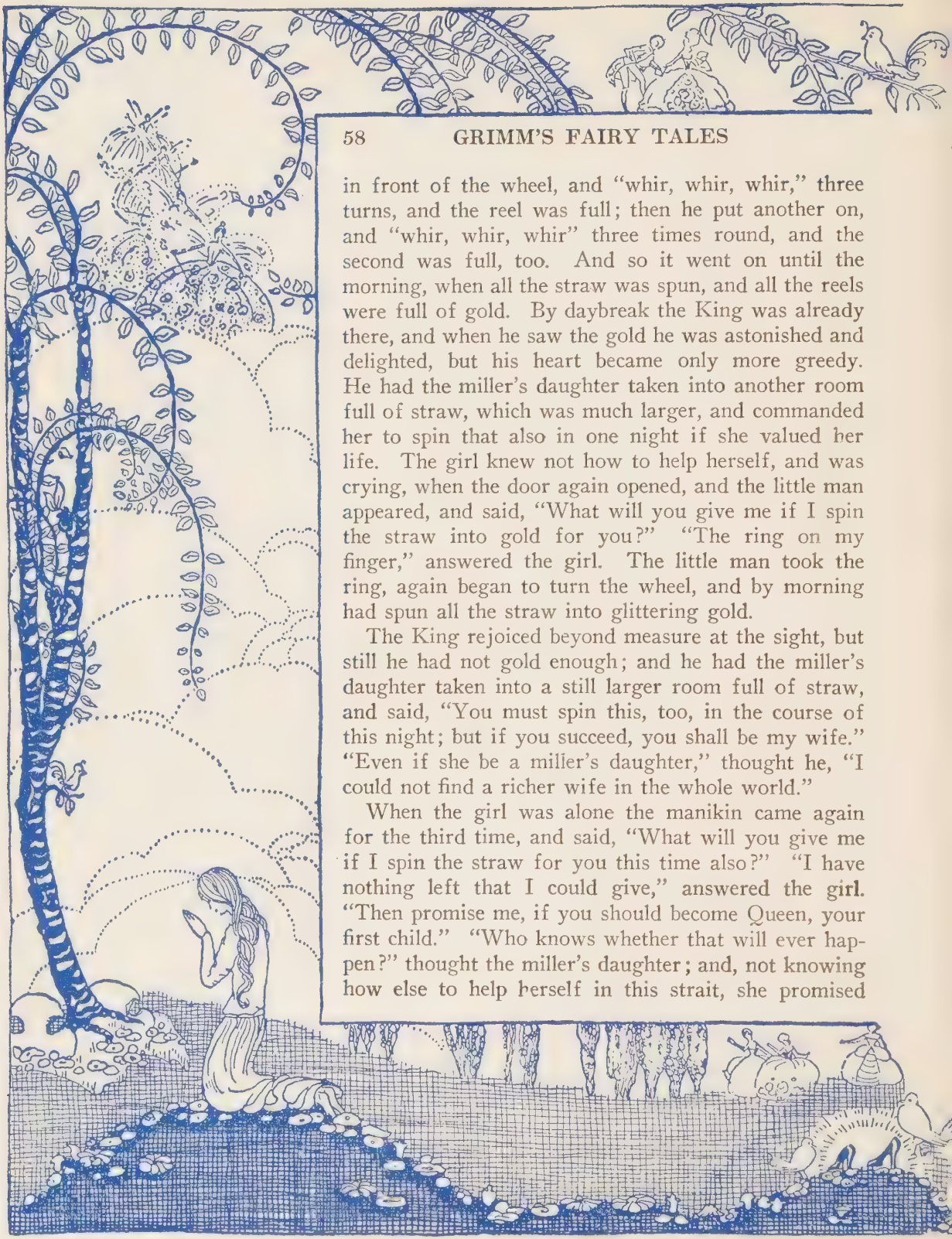


RUMPELSTILTSKIN

ONCE there was a miller who was poor, but who had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the King, and in order to make himself appear important he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold." The King said to the miller, "That is an art which pleases me well; if your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to-morrow to my palace, and I will try what she can do."

And when the girl was brought to him he took her into a room which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by to-morrow morning early you have not spun this straw into gold during the night, you must die." Thereupon he himself locked up the room, and left her in it alone. So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and for her life could not tell what to do; she had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew more and more miserable, until at last she began to weep.

But all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, and said, "Good evening, Mistress Miller; why are you crying so?" "Alas!" answered the girl, "I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it." "What will you give me," said the manikin, "if I do it for you?" "My necklace," said the girl. The little man took the necklace, seated himself



in front of the wheel, and "whir, whir, whir," three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and "whir, whir, whir" three times round, and the second was full, too. And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the reels were full of gold. By daybreak the King was already there, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart became only more greedy. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger, and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life. The girl knew not how to help herself, and was crying, when the door again opened, and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?" "The ring on my finger," answered the girl. The little man took the ring, again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough; and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "You must spin this, too, in the course of this night; but if you succeed, you shall be my wife." "Even if she be a miller's daughter," thought he, "I could not find a richer wife in the whole world."

When the girl was alone the manikin came again for the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?" "I have nothing left that I could give," answered the girl. "Then promise me, if you should become Queen, your first child." "Who knows whether that will ever happen?" thought the miller's daughter; and, not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised

the manikin what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the King came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a Queen.

A year after, she had a beautiful child, and she never gave a thought to the manikin. But suddenly he came into her room, and said, "Now give me what you promised." The Queen was horror-struck, and offered the manikin all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her the child. But the manikin said, "No, something that is living is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world." Then the Queen began to weep and cry, so that the manikin pitied her. "I will give you three days' time," said he; "if by that time you find out my name, then shall you keep your child."

So the Queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide, for any other names that there might be. When the manikin came the next day, she began with Caspar Melchior, Balthazar, and said all the names she knew, one after another; but to every one the little man said, "That is not my name." On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighborhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the manikin the most uncommon and curious. "Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg?" but he always answered, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back again, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, where the fox and the hare bid each other

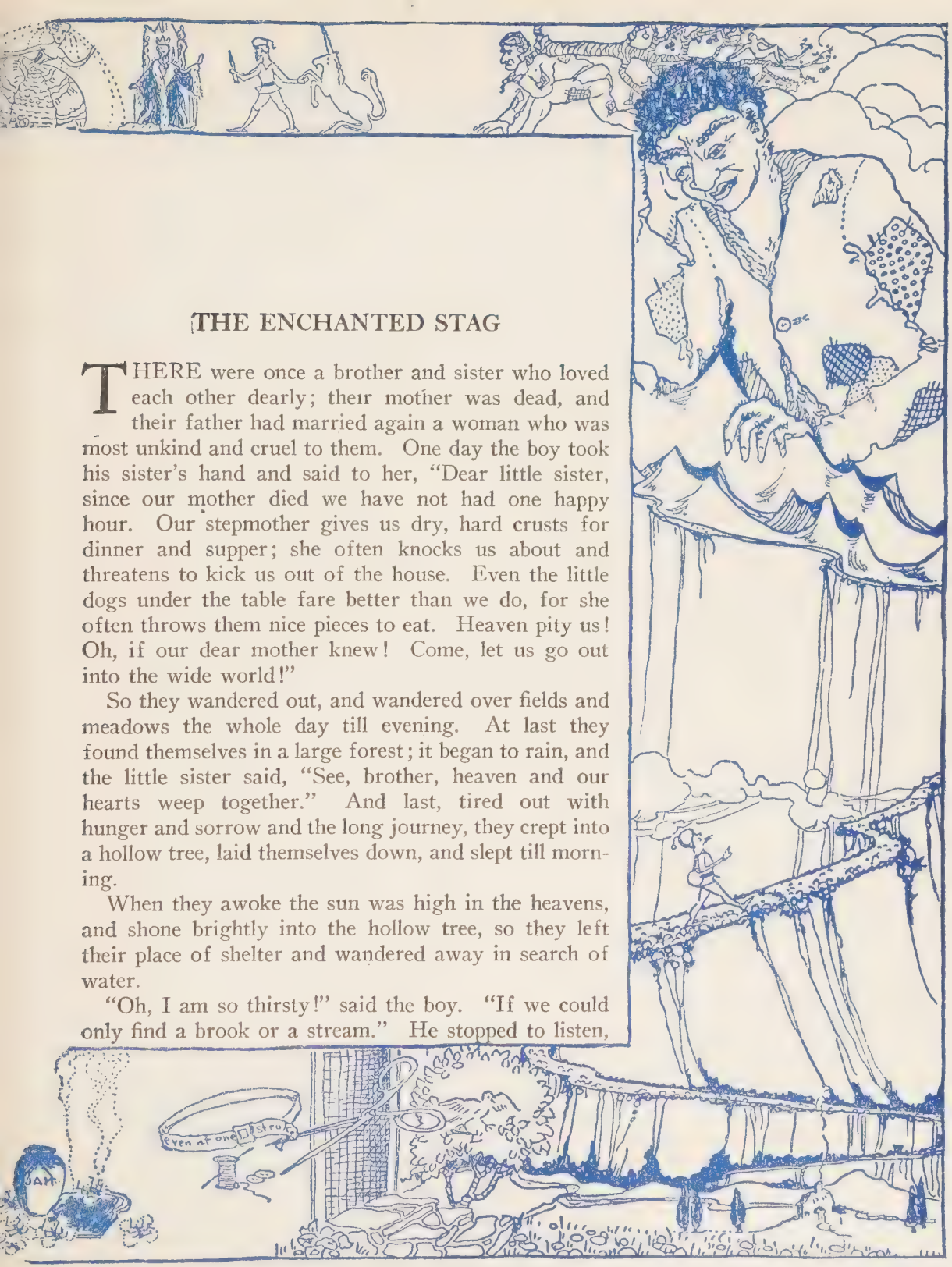
good night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping: he hopped upon one leg, and shouted—

"'To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,
The next I'll have the young Queen's child.
Ha! glad am I that no one knew
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled.'"

You may think how glad the Queen was when she heard the name! And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, "Now, Mistress Queen, what is my name?" at first she said, "Is your name Conrad?" "No." "Is your name Harry?" "No."

"Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil has told you that! the devil has told you that!" cried the little man, and in his anger he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in; and then in rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.



THE ENCHANTED STAG

THERE were once a brother and sister who loved each other dearly; their mother was dead, and their father had married again a woman who was most unkind and cruel to them. One day the boy took his sister's hand and said to her, "Dear little sister, since our mother died we have not had one happy hour. Our stepmother gives us dry, hard crusts for dinner and supper; she often knocks us about and threatens to kick us out of the house. Even the little dogs under the table fare better than we do, for she often throws them nice pieces to eat. Heaven pity us! Oh, if our dear mother knew! Come, let us go out into the wide world!"

So they wandered out, and wandered over fields and meadows the whole day till evening. At last they found themselves in a large forest; it began to rain, and the little sister said, "See, brother, heaven and our hearts weep together." And last, tired out with hunger and sorrow and the long journey, they crept into a hollow tree, laid themselves down, and slept till morning.

When they awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and shone brightly into the hollow tree, so they left their place of shelter and wandered away in search of water.

"Oh, I am so thirsty!" said the boy. "If we could only find a brook or a stream." He stopped to listen,

and said, "Stay, I think I hear a running stream." So he took his sister by the hand, and they ran together to find it.

Now, the stepmother of these poor children was a wicked witch. She had seen the children go away, and following them cautiously like a snake, had bewitched all the springs and streams in the forest. The pleasant trickling of a brook over the pebbles was heard by the children as they reached it, and the boy was just stooping to drink when the sister heard in the babbling of the brook:

"Whoever drinks of me,
A tiger soon will be."

Then she cried quickly, "Stay, brother, stay! do not drink or you will become a wild beast and tear me to pieces."

Thirsty as he was, the brother conquered his desire to drink at her words and said, "Dear sister, I will wait till we come to a spring." So they wandered further, but as they approached she heard in the bubbling spring the words:

"Who drinks of me,
A wolf will be."

Brother, I pray you do not drink of this spring; you will be changed into a wolf and devour me."

Again the brother denied himself and promised to wait; but he said, "At the next stream I must drink, say what you will, my thirst is so great."

Not far off ran a pretty streamlet, looking clear and

bright; but here also in its murmuring waters the sister heard the words:

"Who dares to drink of it
Turned to a stag will be."

"Dear brother, do not drink," she began; but she was too late, for her brother had already knelt by the stream to drink and as the first drop of water touched his lips he became a fawn. How the little sister wept over her enchanted brother, and the fawn wept also!

He did not run away, but stayed close to her; and at last she said, "Stand still, dear fawn; don't fear; I must take care of you, but I will never leave you." So she untied her little golden garter and fastened it round the neck of the fawn; then she gathered some soft green rushes and braided them into a soft string which she fastened to the fawn's golden collar and led him away into the forest.

After wandering about for some time they at last found a little deserted hut, and the sister was overjoyed, for she thought it would form a nice shelter for them both. So she led the fawn in and then went out alone to gather moss and dried leaves to make him a soft bed.

Every morning she went out to gather dried roots, nuts, and berries for her own food, and sweet fresh grass for the fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and the poor little animal went out with her and played about as happy as the day was long.

When evening came and the poor sister felt tired, she would kneel down and say her prayers, and then lay her delicate head on the fawn's back, which was a

soft, warm pillow on which she could sleep peacefully. Had this dear brother only kept his own proper form how happy they would have been together! After they had been alone in the forest for some time and the little sister had grown a lovely maiden and the fawn a large stag, a numerous hunting party came to the forest, and among them the king of the country.

The sounding horn, the barking of the dogs, the halloo of the huntsman, resounded through the forest, and were heard by the stag, who became eager to join his companions.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "do let me go and see the hunt; I cannot restrain myself." And he begged so hard that at last she reluctantly consented.

"But remember," she said, "I must lock the cottage door against those huntsmen, so when you come back in the evening and knock, I shall not admit you unless you say, 'Dear little sister, let me in.'"

He bounded off as she spoke, scarcely stopping to listen, for it was so delightful for him again to breathe the fresh air and be free.

He had not run far when the king's chief hunter caught sight of the beautiful animal, and started off in chase of him; but it was no easy matter to overtake such rapid footsteps. Once, when he thought he had him safe, the fawn sprang over the bushes and disappeared.

As it was now nearly dark he ran up to the little cottage, knocked at the door and cried, "Dear little sister, let me in!" The door was instantly opened, and oh, how glad his sister was to see him safely resting on his soft, pleasant bed!

A few days after this the huntsmen were again in

the forest; and when the fawn heard the halloo he could not rest in peace, but begged his sister again to let him go.

She opened the door, and said, "I will let you go this time; but pray do not forget to say what I told you when you return this evening."

The chief hunter very soon espied the beautiful fawn with the golden collar, pointed it out to the king, and they determined to hunt for it.

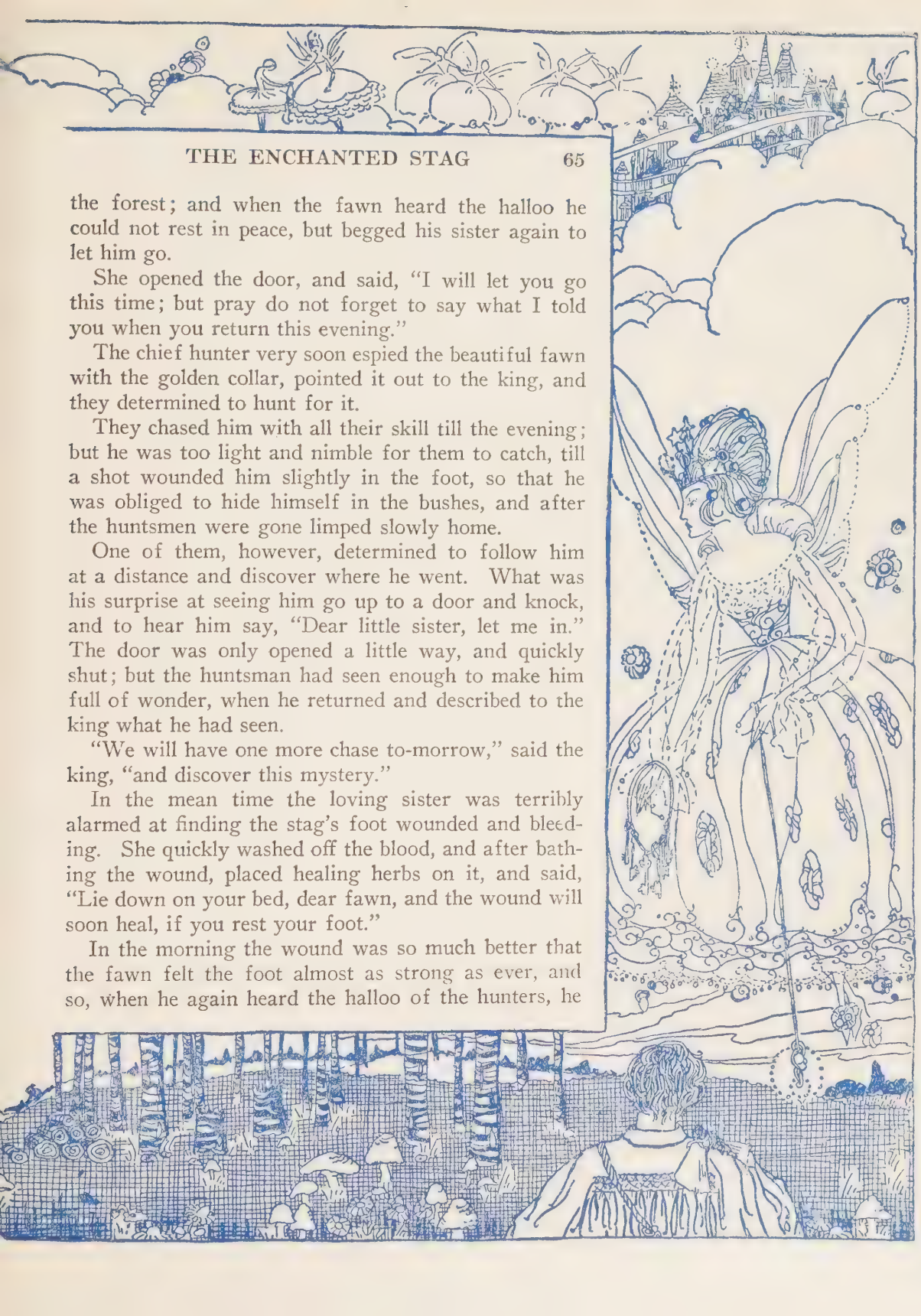
They chased him with all their skill till the evening; but he was too light and nimble for them to catch, till a shot wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he was obliged to hide himself in the bushes, and after the huntsmen were gone limped slowly home.

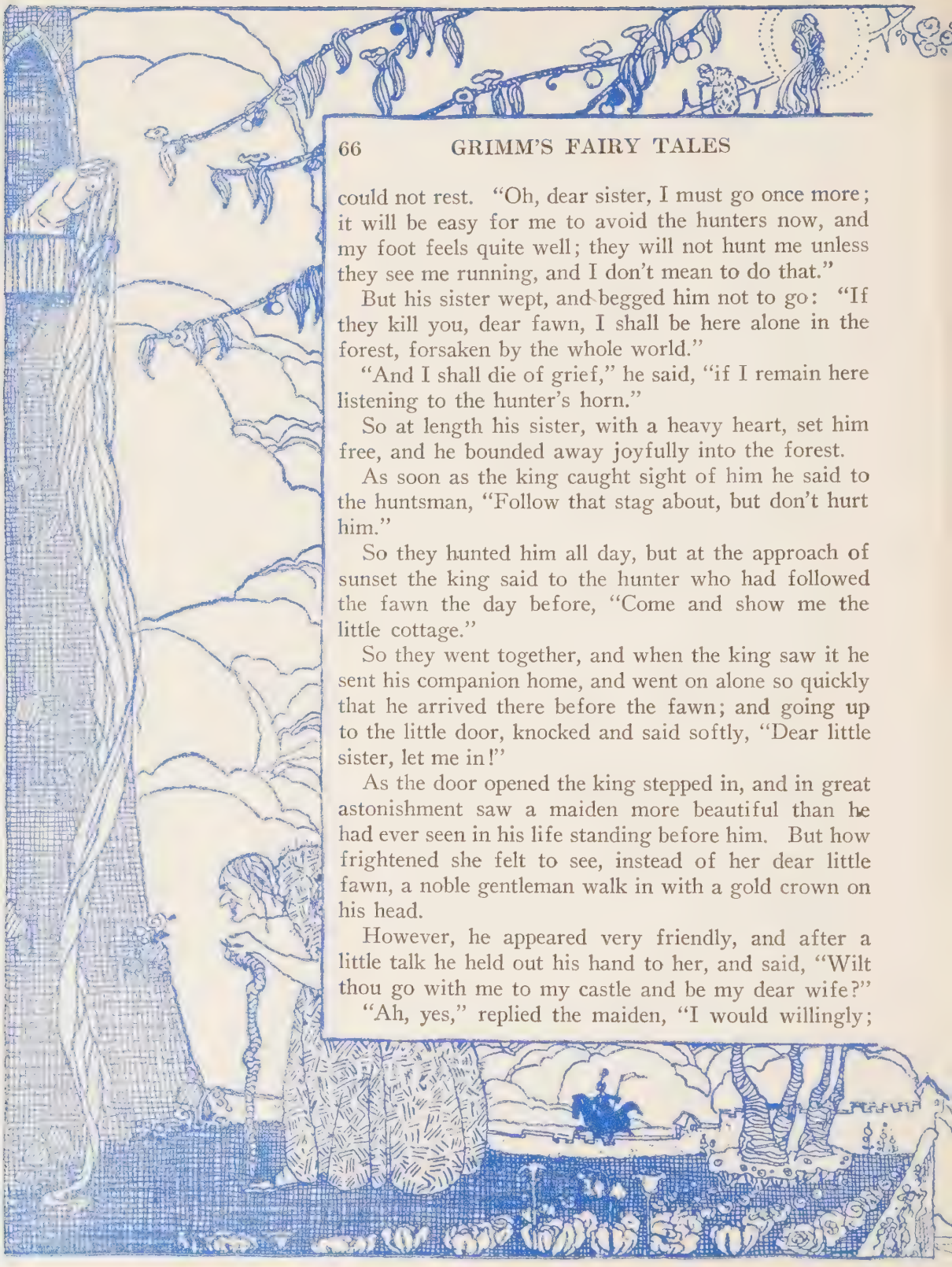
One of them, however, determined to follow him at a distance and discover where he went. What was his surprise at seeing him go up to a door and knock, and to hear him say, "Dear little sister, let me in." The door was only opened a little way, and quickly shut; but the huntsman had seen enough to make him full of wonder, when he returned and described to the king what he had seen.

"We will have one more chase to-morrow," said the king, "and discover this mystery."

In the mean time the loving sister was terribly alarmed at finding the stag's foot wounded and bleeding. She quickly washed off the blood, and after bathing the wound, placed healing herbs on it, and said, "Lie down on your bed, dear fawn, and the wound will soon heal, if you rest your foot."

In the morning the wound was so much better that the fawn felt the foot almost as strong as ever, and so, when he again heard the halloo of the hunters, he





could not rest. "Oh, dear sister, I must go once more; it will be easy for me to avoid the hunters now, and my foot feels quite well; they will not hunt me unless they see me running, and I don't mean to do that."

But his sister wept, and begged him not to go: "If they kill you, dear fawn, I shall be here alone in the forest, forsaken by the whole world."

"And I shall die of grief," he said, "if I remain here listening to the hunter's horn."

So at length his sister, with a heavy heart, set him free, and he bounded away joyfully into the forest.

As soon as the king caught sight of him he said to the huntsman, "Follow that stag about, but don't hurt him."

So they hunted him all day, but at the approach of sunset the king said to the hunter who had followed the fawn the day before, "Come and show me the little cottage."

So they went together, and when the king saw it he sent his companion home, and went on alone so quickly that he arrived there before the fawn; and going up to the little door, knocked and said softly, "Dear little sister, let me in!"

As the door opened the king stepped in, and in great astonishment saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen in his life standing before him. But how frightened she felt to see, instead of her dear little fawn, a noble gentleman walk in with a gold crown on his head.

However, he appeared very friendly, and after a little talk he held out his hand to her, and said, "Wilt thou go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?"

"Ah, yes," replied the maiden, "I would willingly;

but I cannot leave my dear fawn; he must go with me wherever I am."

"He shall remain with you as long as you live," replied the king, and "I will never ask you to forsake him."

While they were talking, the fawn came bounding in, looking quite well and happy. Then his sister fastened the string of rushes to his collar, took it in her hand, and led him away from the cottage in the wood to where the king's beautiful horse waited.

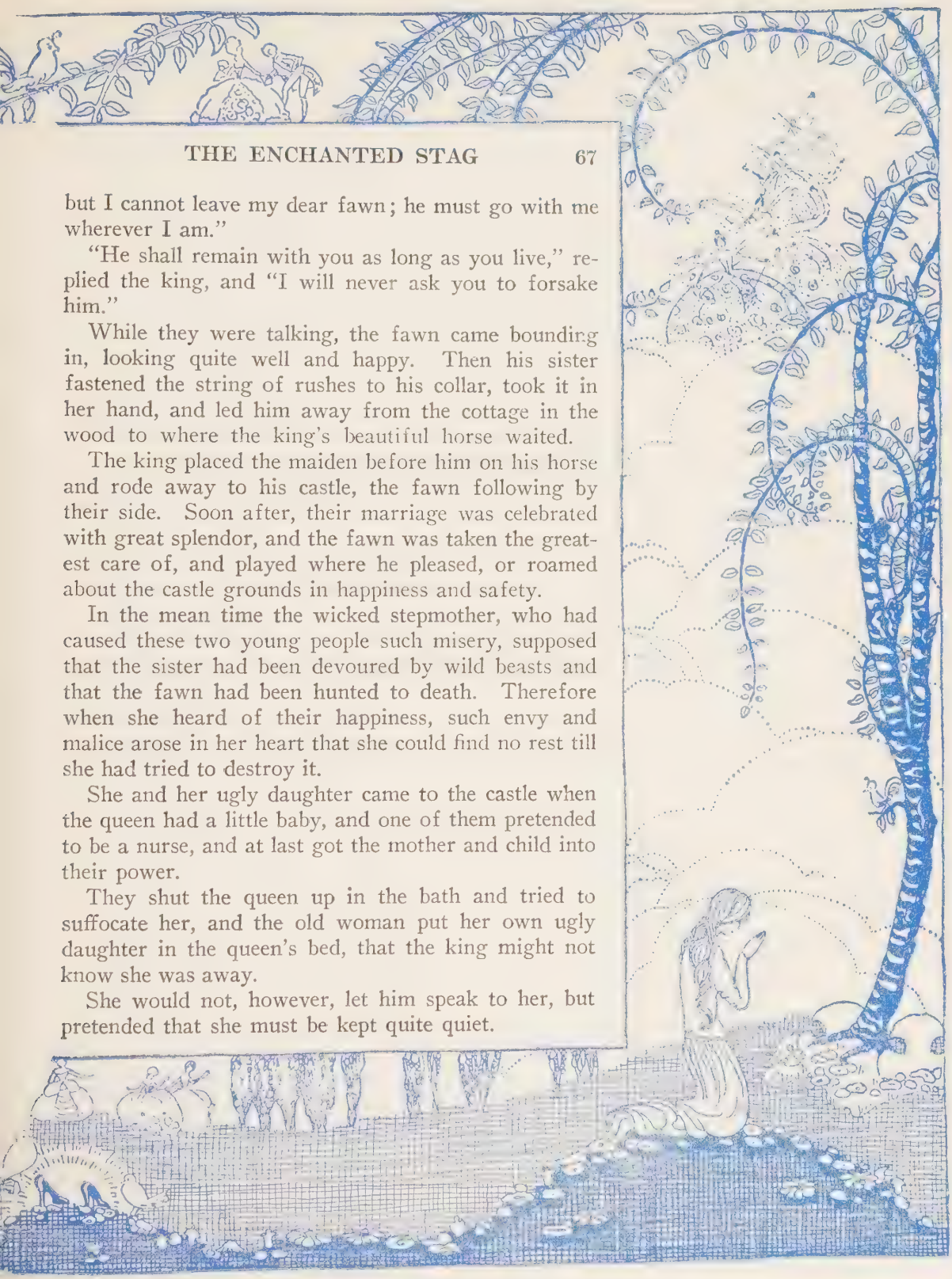
The king placed the maiden before him on his horse and rode away to his castle, the fawn following by their side. Soon after, their marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and the fawn was taken the greatest care of, and played where he pleased, or roamed about the castle grounds in happiness and safety.

In the mean time the wicked stepmother, who had caused these two young people such misery, supposed that the sister had been devoured by wild beasts and that the fawn had been hunted to death. Therefore when she heard of their happiness, such envy and malice arose in her heart that she could find no rest till she had tried to destroy it.

She and her ugly daughter came to the castle when the queen had a little baby, and one of them pretended to be a nurse, and at last got the mother and child into their power.

They shut the queen up in the bath and tried to suffocate her, and the old woman put her own ugly daughter in the queen's bed, that the king might not know she was away.

She would not, however, let him speak to her, but pretended that she must be kept quite quiet.



The queen escaped from the bathroom, where the wicked old woman had locked her up, but she did not go far, as she wanted to watch over her child and the little fawn.

For two nights the baby's nurse saw a figure of the queen come into the room and take up her baby and nurse it. Then she told the king, and he determined to watch himself. The old stepmother, who acted as nurse to her ugly daughter, whom she tried to make the king believe was his wife, had said that the queen was too weak to see him, and never left her room. "There cannot be two queens," said the king to himself, "so to-night I will watch in the nursery." As soon as the figure came in and took up her baby, he saw it was his real wife, and caught her in his arms, saying, "You are my own beloved wife, as beautiful as ever."

The wicked witch had thrown her into a trance, hoping she would die, and that the king would then marry her daughter; but on the king speaking to her, the spell was broken. The queen told the king how cruelly she had been treated by her stepmother, and on hearing this he became very angry, and had the witch and her daughter brought to justice. They were both sentenced to die; the daughter to be devoured by wild beasts, and the mother to be burned alive.

No sooner, however, was she reduced to ashes than the charm which held the queen's brother in the form of a stag was broken; he recovered his own natural shape, and appeared before them a tall, handsome young man.

After this the brother and sister lived happily and peacefully for the rest of their lives.

HÄNSEL AND GRETHEL

NEAR the borders of a large forest dwelt in olden times a poor woodcutter who had two children—a boy named Hänsel, and his sister, Grethel. They had very little to live upon, and once, when there was a dreadful season of scarcity in the land, the poor woodcutter could not earn sufficient to supply their daily food.

One evening, after the children were gone to bed, the parents sat talking together over their sorrow, and the poor husband sighed, and said to his wife, who was not the mother of his children, but their stepmother: "What will become of us, for I cannot earn enough to support myself and you, much less the children? What shall we do with them? for they must not starve."

"I know what to do, husband," she replied. "Early to-morrow morning we will take the children for a walk across the forest and leave them in the thickest part; they will never find the way home again, you may depend, and then we shall only have to work for ourselves."

"No, wife," said the man, "that I will never do; how could I have the heart to leave my children all alone in the wood, where the wild beasts would come quickly and devour them?"

"Oh, you fool!" replied the stepmother; "if you refuse to do this, you know we must all four perish with

hunger; you may as well go and cut the wood for our coffins." And after this she let him have no peace till he became quite worn out, and could not sleep for hours, but lay thinking in sorrow about his children.

The two children, who also were too hungry to sleep, heard all that their stepmother had said to their father. Poor little Grethel wept bitter tears as she listened, and said to her brother, "What is going to happen to us, Hänsel?"

"Hush, Grethel," he whispered, "don't be so unhappy; I know what to do."

Then they lay quite still till their parents were asleep.

As soon as it was quiet Hänsel got up, put on his little coat, unfastened the door, and slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebble stones which lay before the cottage door glistened like new silver money. Hänsel stooped and picked up as many of the pebbles as he could stuff in his little coat pockets. He then went back to Grethel and said: "Be comforted, dear little sister, and sleep in peace. Heaven will take care of us." Then he laid himself down again in bed and slept till the day broke.

As soon as the sun was risen the stepmother came and woke the two children, and said: "Get up, you lazybones, and come into the forest with me to gather wood for the fire." Then she gave each of them a piece of bread, and said: "You must keep that to eat for your dinner, and don't quarrel over it, for you will get nothing more."

Grethel took the bread under her charge, for Hänsel's pockets were full of pebbles. Then the stepmother led them a long way into the forest. They had gone but a very short distance when Hänsel looked

back at the house, and this he did again and again.

At last his stepmother said: "Why do you keep staying behind and looking back so?"

"Oh, mother," said the boy, "I can see my little white cat sitting on the roof of the house, and I am sure she is crying for me."

"Nonsense," she replied; "that is not your cat; it is the morning sun shining on the chimney-pot."

Hänsel had seen no cat, but he stayed behind every time to drop a white pebble from his pocket on the ground as they walked.

As soon as they reached a thick part of the wood their stepmother said:

"Come, children, gather some wood and I will make a fire, for it is very cold here."

Then Hänsel and Grethel raised quite a high heap of brushwood and fagots, which soon blazed up into a bright fire, and the woman said to them:

"Sit down here, children, and rest, while I go and find your father, who is cutting wood in the forest; when we have finished our work we will come again and fetch you."

Hänsel and Grethel seated themselves by the fire, and when noon arrived they each ate the piece of bread which their stepmother had given them for their dinner; and as long as they heard the strokes of the ax they felt safe, for they believed that their father was working near them. But it was not an ax they heard—only a branch which still hung on a withered tree, and was moved up and down by the wind. At last, when they had been sitting there a long time, the children's eyes became heavy with fatigue and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke it was dark night,

and poor Grethel began to cry, and said: "Oh, how shall we get out of the wood?"

But Hänsel comforted her. "Don't fear," he said; "let us wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we shall easily find our way home."

Very soon the full moon rose, and then Hänsel took his little sister by the hand and the white pebble stones which glittered like newly coined money in the moonlight, and which Hänsel had dropped as he walked, pointed out the way. They walked all the night through, and did not reach their father's house till break of day.

They knocked at the door, and when their stepmother opened it, she exclaimed: "You naughty children, why have you been staying so long in the forest? We thought you were never coming back." But their father was overjoyed to see them, for it grieved him to the heart to think that they had been left alone in the wood.

Not long after this there came another time of scarcity and want in every house, and the children heard their stepmother talking after they were in bed. "The times are as bad as ever," she said; "we have just half a loaf left, and when that is gone all love will be at an end. The children must go away; we will take them deeper into the forest this time, and they will not be able to find their way home as they did before; it is the only plan to save ourselves from starvation." But the husband felt heavy at heart, for he thought it was better to share the last morsel with his children.

His wife would listen to nothing he said, but continued to reproach him, and as he had given way to

her the first time, he could not refuse to do so now. The children were awake and heard all the conversation; so, as soon as their parents slept, Hänsel got up, intending to go and gather some more of the bright pebbles to let fall as he walked, that they might point out the way home; but his stepmother had locked the door and he could not open it. When he went back to bed, he told his little sister not to fret, but to go to sleep in peace, for he was sure they would be taken care of.

Early the next morning the stepmother came and pulled the children out of bed, and when they were dressed, gave them each a piece of bread for their dinners, smaller than they had had before, and then they started on their way to the wood.

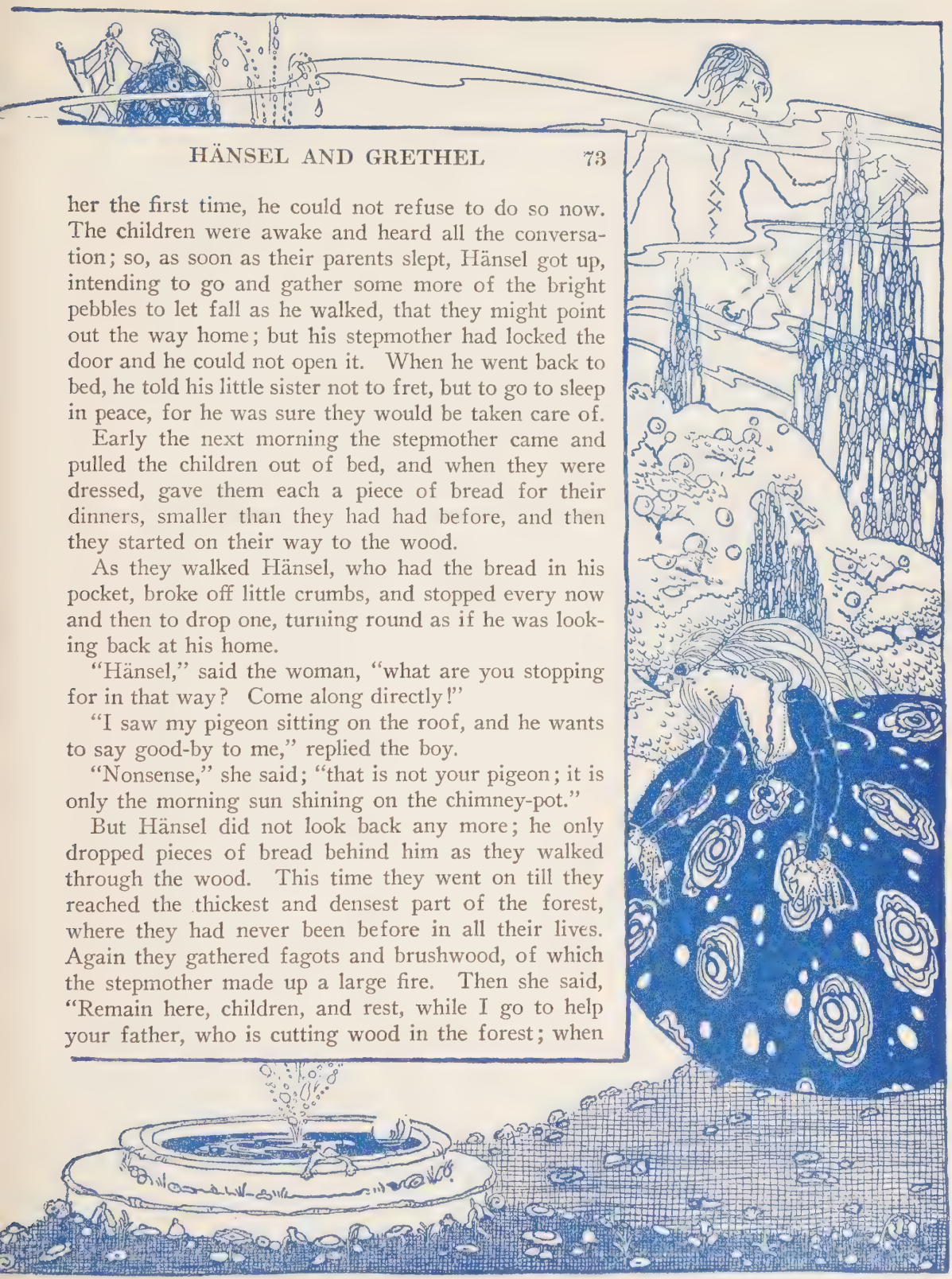
As they walked Hänsel, who had the bread in his pocket, broke off little crumbs, and stopped every now and then to drop one, turning round as if he was looking back at his home.

"Hänsel," said the woman, "what are you stopping for in that way? Come along directly!"

"I saw my pigeon sitting on the roof, and he wants to say good-by to me," replied the boy.

"Nonsense," she said; "that is not your pigeon; it is only the morning sun shining on the chimney-pot."

But Hänsel did not look back any more; he only dropped pieces of bread behind him as they walked through the wood. This time they went on till they reached the thickest and densest part of the forest, where they had never been before in all their lives. Again they gathered fagots and brushwood, of which the stepmother made up a large fire. Then she said, "Remain here, children, and rest, while I go to help your father, who is cutting wood in the forest; when



you feel tired, you can lie down and sleep for a little while, and we will come and fetch you in the evening when your father has finished his work."

So the children remained alone till midday, and then Grethel shared her piece of bread with Hänsel, for he had scattered his own all along the road as they walked. After this they slept for a while, and the evening drew on; but no one came to fetch the poor children. When they awoke it was quite dark, and poor little Grethel was afraid; but Hänsel comforted her as he had done before, by telling her they need only wait till the moon rose. "You know, little sister," he said, "that I have thrown bread crumbs all along the road we came, and they will easily point out the way home."

But when they went out of the thicket into the moonlight they found no bread crumbs, for the numerous birds which inhabited the trees of the forest had picked them all up.

Hänsel tried to hide his fear when he made this sad discovery, and said to his sister, "Cheer up, Grethel; I dare say we shall find our way home without the crumbs. Let us try." But this they found impossible. They wandered about the whole night, and the next day from morning till evening; but they could not get out of the wood, and were so hungry that had it not been for a few berries which they picked they must have starved.

At last they were so tired that their poor little legs could carry them no further; so they laid themselves down under a tree and went to sleep. When they awoke it was the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they determined to try once more to find their way home; but it was no use, they

only went still deeper into the wood, and knew that if no help came they must starve.

About noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on the branch of a tree, and singing so beautifully that they stood still to listen. When he had finished his song, he spread out his wings and flew on before them. The children followed him till at last they saw at a distance a small house; and the bird flew and perched on the roof.

But how surprised were the boy and girl, when they came nearer, to find that the house was built of gingerbread and ornamented with sweet cakes and tarts, while the window was formed of barley sugar. "Oh!" exclaimed Hänsel, "let us stop here and have a splendid feast. I will have a piece from the roof first, Grethel; and you can eat some of the barley sugar window; it tastes so nice." Hänsel reached upon tiptoe, and breaking off a piece of the gingerbread, he began to eat with all his might, for he was very hungry. Grethel seated herself on the doorstep, and began munching away at the cakes of which it was made. Presently a voice came out of the cottage:

"Munching, crunching, munching,
Who's eating up my house?"

Then answered the children,

"The wind, the wind,
Only the wind!"

and went on eating as if they never meant to leave off, without a suspicion of wrong. Hänsel, who found the cake on the roof tasted very good, broke off an-

other large piece, and Grethel had just taken out a whole pane of barley sugar from the window, and seated herself to eat it, when the door opened and a strange-looking old woman came out leaning on a stick.

Hänsel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they held in their hands. The old woman shook her head at them, and said: "Ah, you dear children, who has brought you here? Come in and stay with me for a little while, and there shall no harm happen to you." She seized them both by the hands as she spoke, and led them into the house. She gave them for supper plenty to eat and drink—milk and pancakes and sugar, apples and nuts; and when evening came, Hänsel and Grethel were shown two beautiful little beds with white curtains, and they lay down in them and thought they were in heaven.

But though the old woman pretended to be friendly, she was a wicked witch who had her house built of gingerbread on purpose to entrap children. When once they were in her power she would feed them well till they got fat and then kill them and cook them for her dinner; and this she called her feast day. Fortunately the witch had weak eyes and could not see very well; but she had a very keen scent, as wild animals have, and could easily discover when human beings were near. As Hänsel and Grethel had approached her cottage, she laughed to herself maliciously, and said with a sneer: "I have them now; they shall not escape from me again!"

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she was up, standing by their beds; and when she saw how beautiful they looked in their sleep, with

their round, rosy cheeks, she muttered to herself: "What nice tidbits they will be!" Then she laid hold of Hänsel with her rough hand, dragged him out of bed, and led him to a little cage which had a lattice door, and shut him in; he might scream as much as he would, but it was all useless.

After this she went back to Grethel, and shaking her roughly till she woke, cried: "Get up, you lazy hussy, and draw some water, that I may boil something good for your brother, who is shut up in a cage outside till he gets fat; and then I shall cook him and eat him!" When Grethel heard this she began to cry bitterly, but it was all useless; she was obliged to do as the wicked witch told her.

For poor Hänsel's breakfast the best of everything was cooked; but Grethel had nothing for herself but a crab's claw. Every morning the old woman would go out to the little cage, and say: "Hänsel, stick out your finger, that I may feel if you are fat enough for eating." But Hänsel, who knew how dim her old eyes were, always stuck a bone through the bars of his cage, which she thought was his finger, for she could not see; and when she felt how thin it was, she wondered very much why he did not get fat.

However, as the weeks went on, and Hänsel seemed not to get any fatter, she became impatient, and said she could not wait any longer. "Go, Grethel," she cried to the maiden, "be quick and draw water; Hänsel may be fat or lean, I don't care; to-morrow morning I mean to kill him and cook him!"

Oh! how the poor little sister grieved when she was forced to draw the water, and as the tears rolled down her cheeks she exclaimed: "It would have been better

to be eaten by wild beasts or to have been starved to death in the woods; then we should have died together!"

"Stop your crying!" cried the old woman; "it is not of the least use; no one will come to help you."

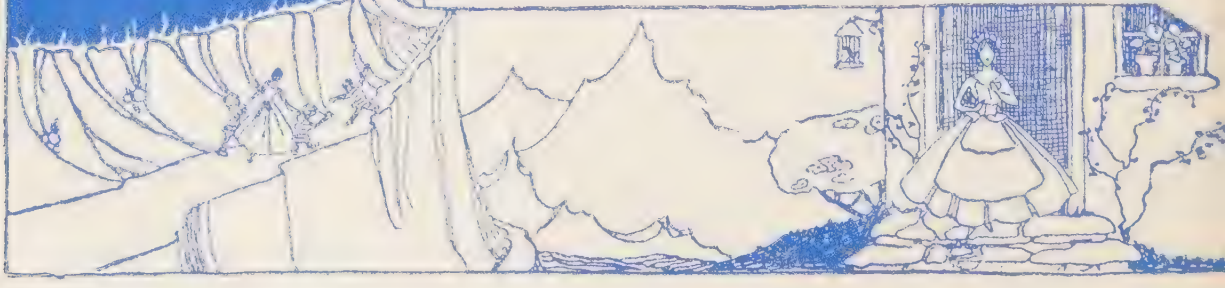
Early in the morning Grethel was obliged to go out and fill the great pot with water and hang it over the fire to boil. As soon as this was done the old woman said: "We will bake some bread first; I have made the oven hot, and the dough is already kneaded." Then she dragged poor little Grethel up to the oven door, under which the flames were burning fiercely, and said: "Creep in there and see if it is hot enough yet to bake bread." But if Grethel had obeyed her she would have shut the poor child in and baked her for dinner, instead of boiling Hänsel.

Grethel, however, guessed what she wanted to do, and said: "I don't know how to get in through that narrow door."

"Stupid goose!" said the old woman, "why, the oven door is quite large enough for me; just look, I could get in myself." As she spoke she stepped forward and pretended to put her head in the oven.

A sudden thought gave Grethel unusual strength; she started forward, gave the old woman a push which sent her right into the oven, then she shut the iron door and fastened the bolt.

Oh, how the old witch did howl! It was quite horrible to hear her. But Grethel ran away, and therefore she was left to burn, just as she had left many poor little children to burn. And how quickly Grethel ran to Hänsel, opened the door of his cage, and cried, "Hänsel, Hänsel, we are free! the old witch is dead!"



He flew like a bird out of his cage at these words as soon as the door was opened, and the children were so overjoyed that they ran into each other's arms, and kissed each other with the greatest love.

And now that there was nothing to be afraid of, they went back into the house, and while looking round the old witch's room they saw an oak chest, which they opened, and found it full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hänsel; and he filled his pockets as full as they would hold.

"I will carry some home, too," said Grethel, and she held out her apron, which held quite as much as Hansel's pockets.

"We will go now," he said, "and get away as soon as we can from this enchanted forest."

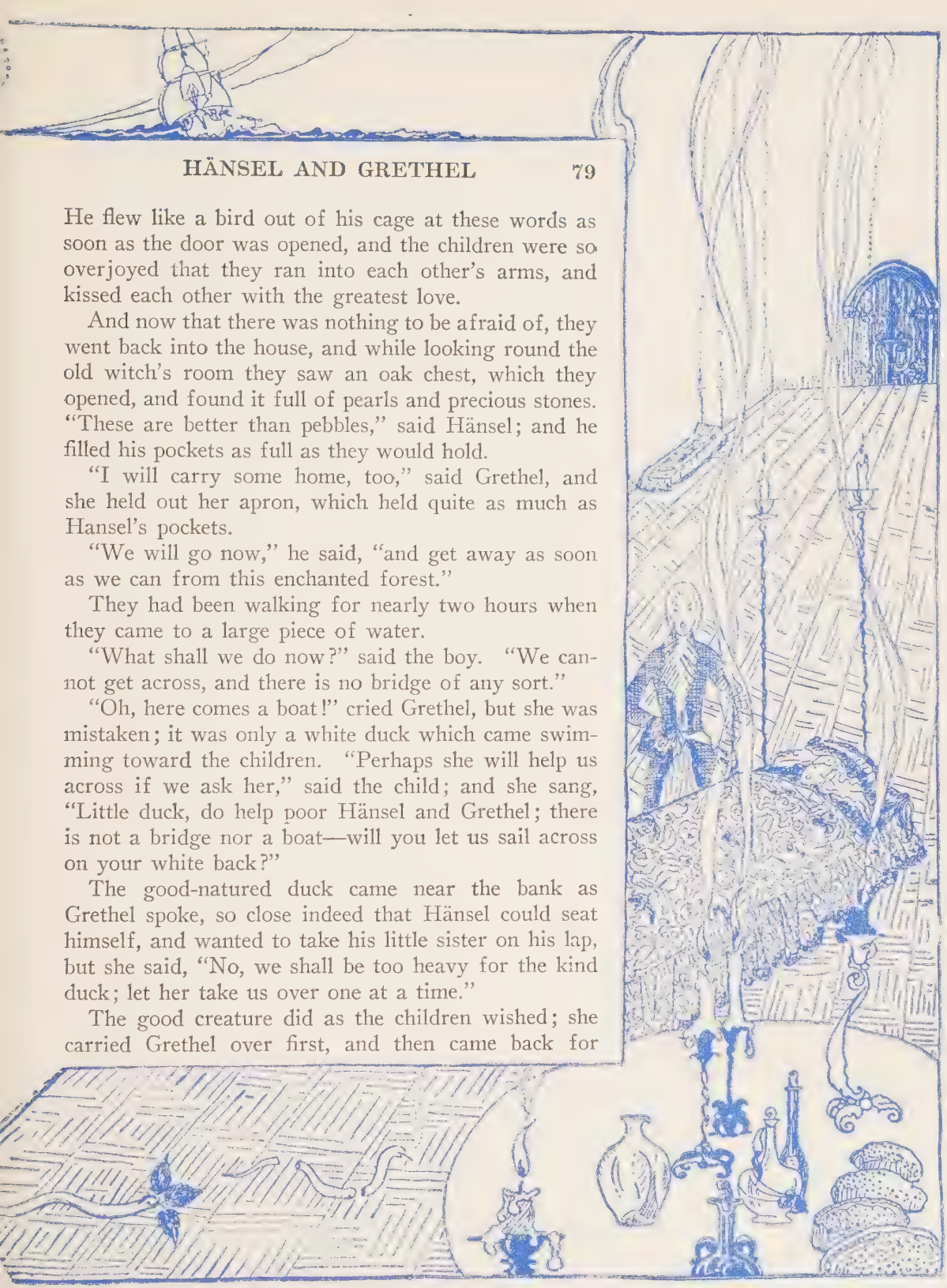
They had been walking for nearly two hours when they came to a large piece of water.

"What shall we do now?" said the boy. "We cannot get across, and there is no bridge of any sort."

"Oh, here comes a boat!" cried Grethel, but she was mistaken; it was only a white duck which came swimming toward the children. "Perhaps she will help us across if we ask her," said the child; and she sang, "Little duck, do help poor Hänsel and Grethel; there is not a bridge nor a boat—will you let us sail across on your white back?"

The good-natured duck came near the bank as Grethel spoke, so close indeed that Hänsel could seat himself, and wanted to take his little sister on his lap, but she said, "No, we shall be too heavy for the kind duck; let her take us over one at a time."

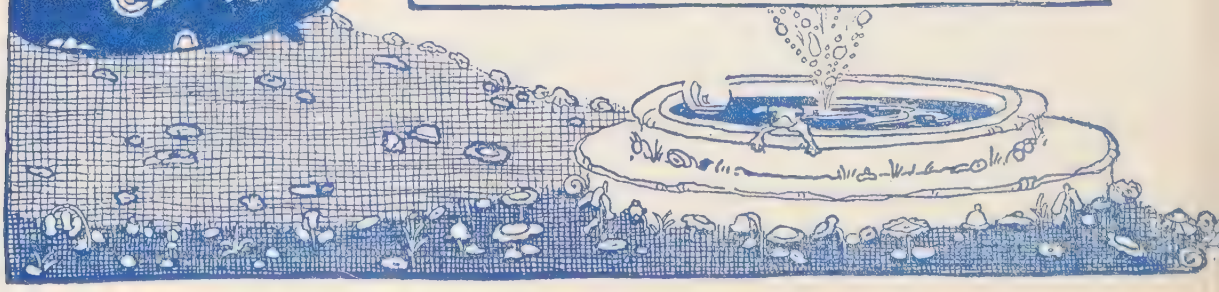
The good creature did as the children wished; she carried Grethel over first, and then came back for

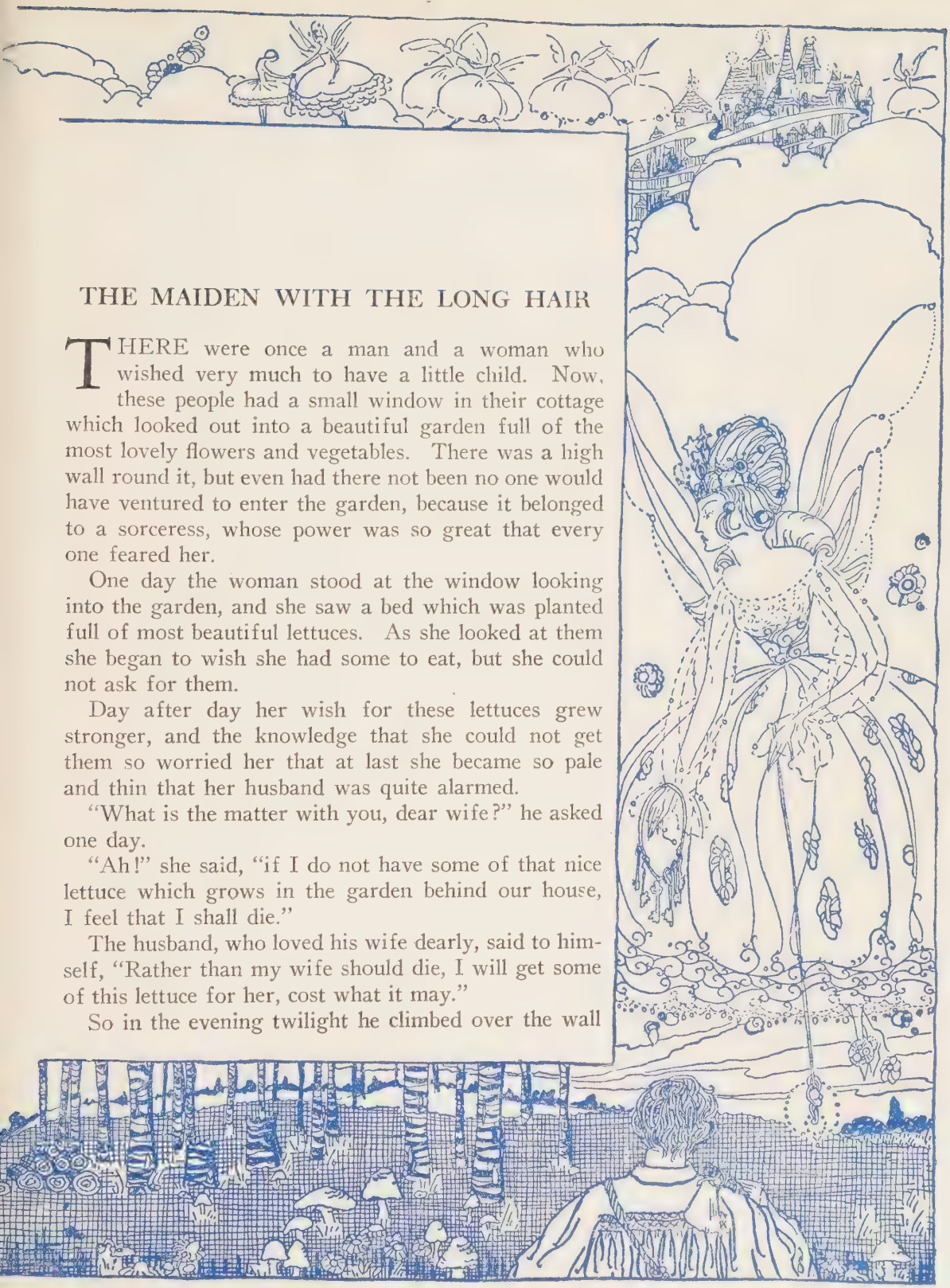


Hänsel. And then how happy the children were to find themselves in a part of the wood which they remembered quite well, and as they walked on the more familiar it became, till at last they caught sight of their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the room, threw themselves into their father's arms.

Poor man, he had not had a moment's peace since the children had been left alone in the forest; he was full of joy at finding them safe and well again, and now they had nothing to fear, for their wicked stepmother was dead.

But how surprised the poor woodcutter was when Grethel opened and shook her little apron to see the glittering pearls and precious stones scattered about the room, while Hänsel drew handful after handful from his pockets. From this moment all his care and sorrow were at an end, and the father lived in happiness with his children till his death.





THE MAIDEN WITH THE LONG HAIR

THERE were once a man and a woman who wished very much to have a little child. Now, these people had a small window in their cottage which looked out into a beautiful garden full of the most lovely flowers and vegetables. There was a high wall round it, but even had there not been no one would have ventured to enter the garden, because it belonged to a sorceress, whose power was so great that every one feared her.

One day the woman stood at the window looking into the garden, and she saw a bed which was planted full of most beautiful lettuces. As she looked at them she began to wish she had some to eat, but she could not ask for them.

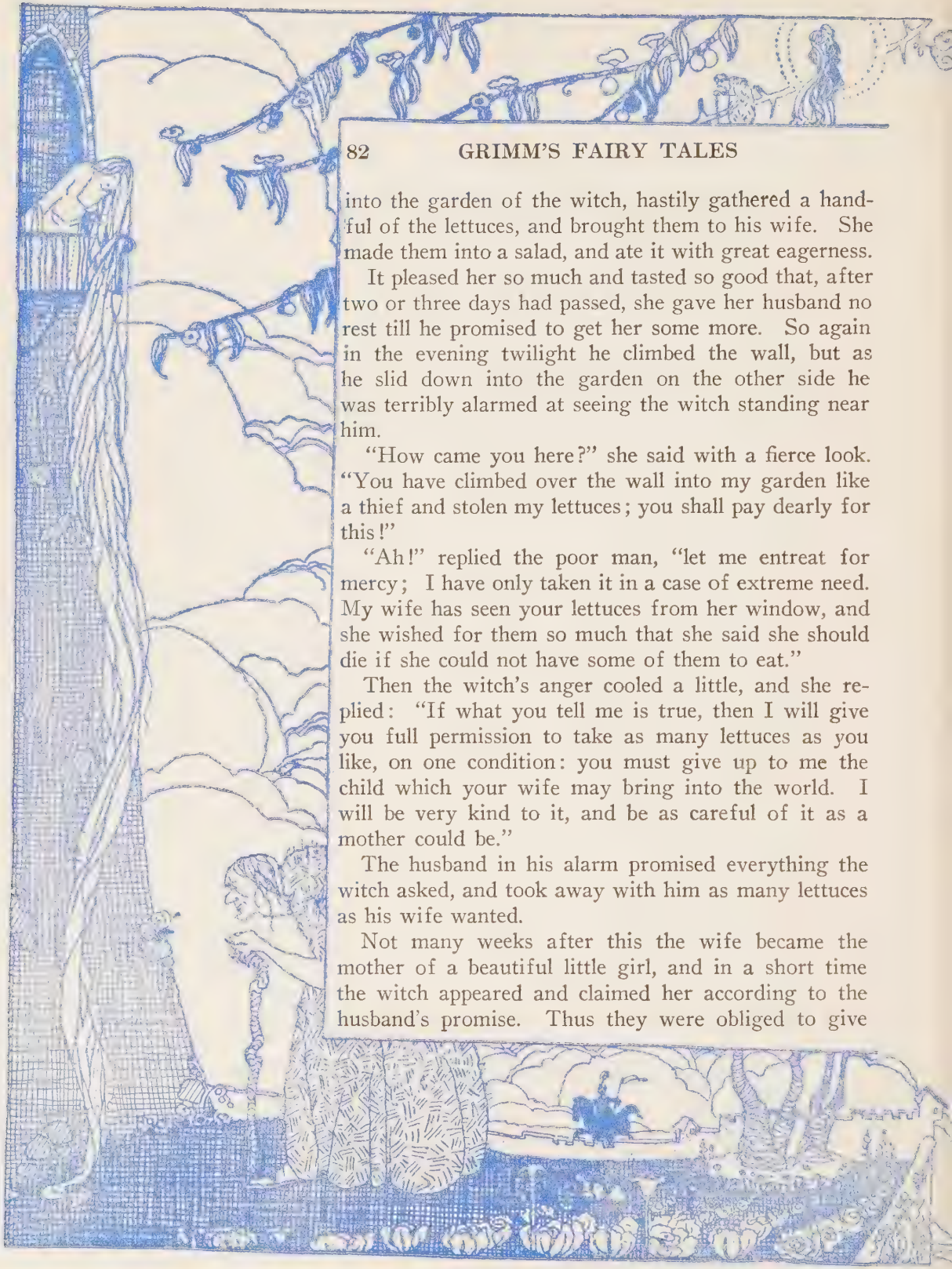
Day after day her wish for these lettuces grew stronger, and the knowledge that she could not get them so worried her that at last she became so pale and thin that her husband was quite alarmed.

"What is the matter with you, dear wife?" he asked one day.

"Ah!" she said, "if I do not have some of that nice lettuce which grows in the garden behind our house, I feel that I shall die."

The husband, who loved his wife dearly, said to himself, "Rather than my wife should die, I will get some of this lettuce for her, cost what it may."

So in the evening twilight he climbed over the wall



into the garden of the witch, hastily gathered a handful of the lettuces, and brought them to his wife. She made them into a salad, and ate it with great eagerness.

It pleased her so much and tasted so good that, after two or three days had passed, she gave her husband no rest till he promised to get her some more. So again in the evening twilight he climbed the wall, but as he slid down into the garden on the other side he was terribly alarmed at seeing the witch standing near him.

"How came you here?" she said with a fierce look. "You have climbed over the wall into my garden like a thief and stolen my lettuces; you shall pay dearly for this!"

"Ah!" replied the poor man, "let me entreat for mercy; I have only taken it in a case of extreme need. My wife has seen your lettuces from her window, and she wished for them so much that she said she should die if she could not have some of them to eat."

Then the witch's anger cooled a little, and she replied: "If what you tell me is true, then I will give you full permission to take as many lettuces as you like, on one condition: you must give up to me the child which your wife may bring into the world. I will be very kind to it, and be as careful of it as a mother could be."

The husband in his alarm promised everything the witch asked, and took away with him as many lettuces as his wife wanted.

Not many weeks after this the wife became the mother of a beautiful little girl, and in a short time the witch appeared and claimed her according to the husband's promise. Thus they were obliged to give

up the child, which she took away with her directly, and gave her the name of Letitia, but she was always called Lettice, after the name of the vegetable which grew in the garden.

Lettice was the most beautiful child under the sun, and as soon as she reached the age of twelve years the witch locked her up in a tower that stood in a forest, and this tower had no steps, nor any entrance, excepting a little window. When the witch wished to visit Lettice, she would place herself under this window and sing:

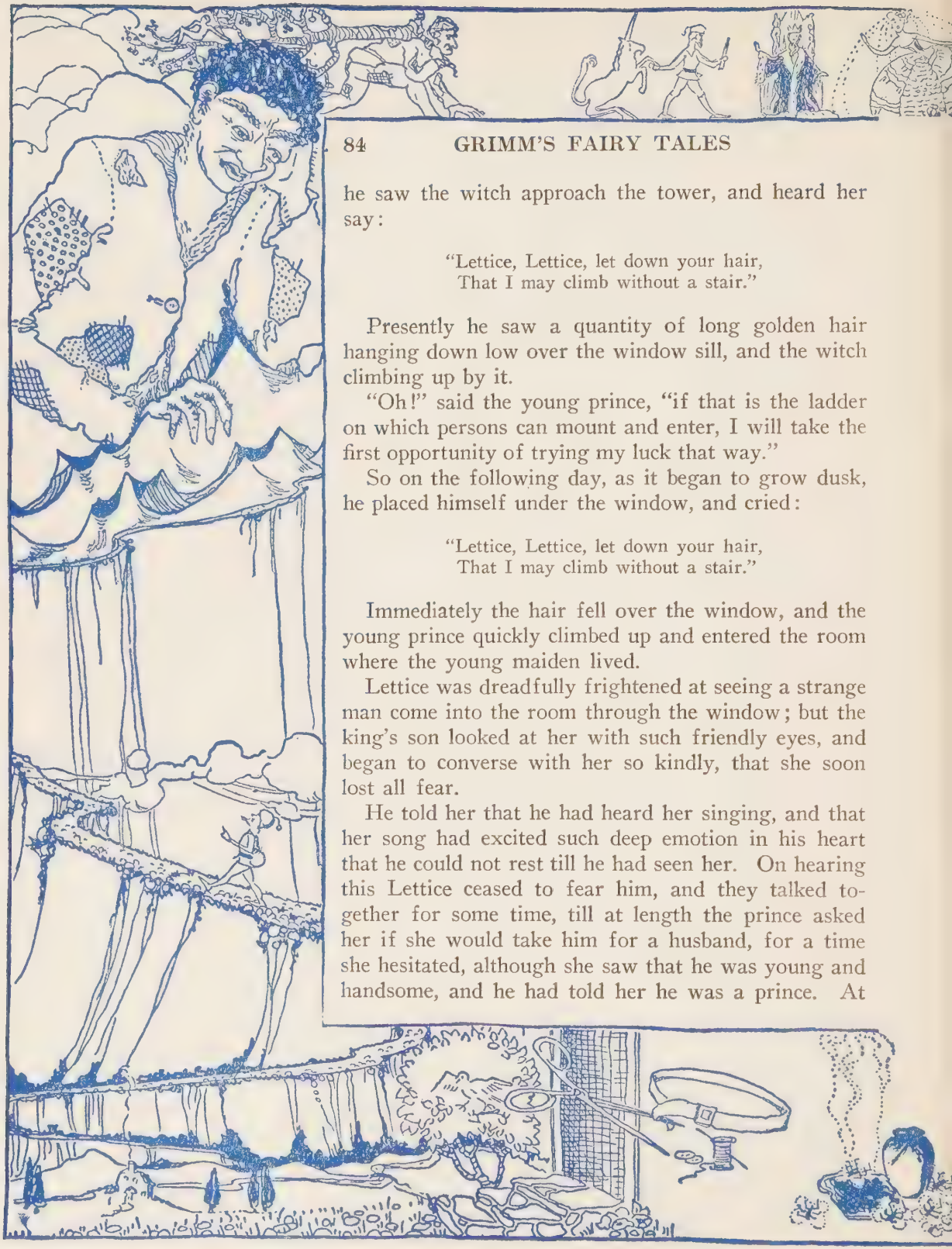
"Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair."

Lettice had most long and beautiful hair like spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the witch she would unbind her golden locks and let them fall loose over the window sill, from which they hung down to such a length that the witch could draw herself up by them into the tower.

Two years passed in this manner, when it happened one day that the king's son rode through the forest. While passing near the tower he heard such a lovely song, and could not help stopping to listen. It was Lettice, who tried to lighten her solitude by the sound of her own sweet voice.

The king's son was very eager to obtain a glimpse of the singer, but he sought in vain for a door to the tower; there was not one to be found.

So he rode home, but the song had made such an impression on his heart that he went daily into the forest to listen. Once, while he stood behind a tree,



he saw the witch approach the tower, and heard her say:

"Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair."

Presently he saw a quantity of long golden hair hanging down low over the window sill, and the witch climbing up by it.

"Oh!" said the young prince, "if that is the ladder on which persons can mount and enter, I will take the first opportunity of trying my luck that way."

So on the following day, as it began to grow dusk, he placed himself under the window, and cried:

"Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair."

Immediately the hair fell over the window, and the young prince quickly climbed up and entered the room where the young maiden lived.

Lettice was dreadfully frightened at seeing a strange man come into the room through the window; but the king's son looked at her with such friendly eyes, and began to converse with her so kindly, that she soon lost all fear.

He told her that he had heard her singing, and that her song had excited such deep emotion in his heart that he could not rest till he had seen her. On hearing this Lettice ceased to fear him, and they talked together for some time, till at length the prince asked her if she would take him for a husband, for a time she hesitated, although she saw that he was young and handsome, and he had told her he was a prince. At

last she said to herself, "He will certainly love me better than old Mother Grethel does." So she placed her hand in his, and said, "I would willingly go with you and be your wife, but I do not know in the least how to get away from this place. Unless," she said, after a pause, you will bring me every day some strong silken cord; then I will weave a ladder of it, and when it is finished I will descend upon it, and you shall take me away on your horse."

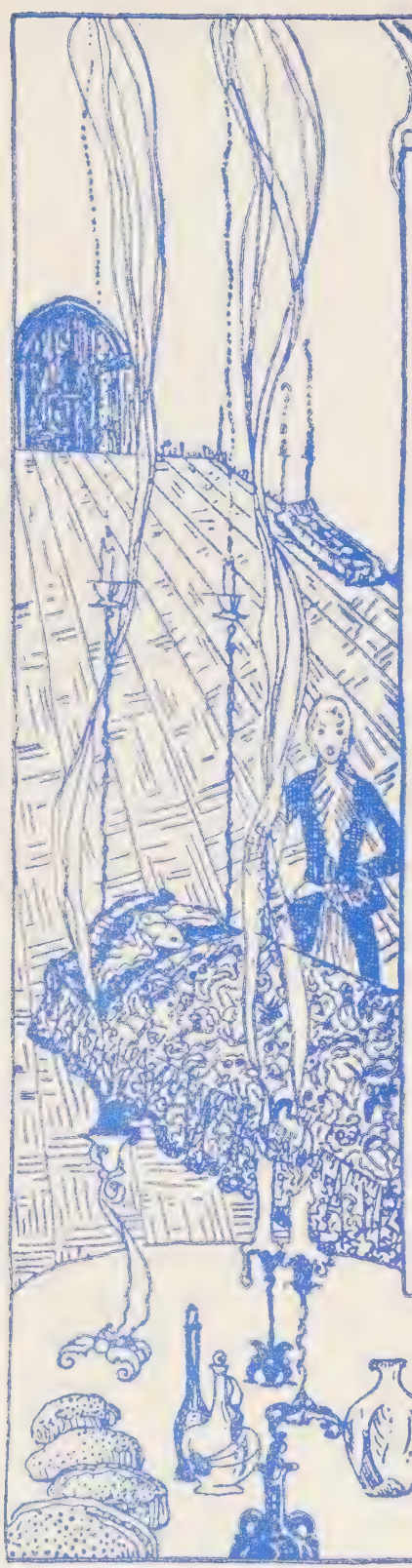
The prince readily agreed to this, and promised to come and see her every evening till the ladder was finished, for the old witch always came in the daytime.

The witch had never seen the prince; she knew nothing of his visits till one day Lettice said innocently, "I shall not have such a heavy weight as you to draw up much longer, Mother Grethel, for the king's son is coming very soon to fetch me away."

"You wicked child!" cried the witch; "what do I hear you say? I thought I had hidden you from all the world, and now you have betrayed me!" In her wrath she caught hold of Lettice's beautiful hair, and struck her several times with her left hand. Then she seized a pair of scissors and cut Lettice's hair, while the beautiful locks, glistening like gold, fell on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted after this that she dragged poor Lettice out into the forest, to a wild and desert place, and left her there in sorrow and woe.

On the same day on which the poor maiden had been exiled the witch tied the locks of hair which she had cut off poor Lettice's golden head into a kind of tail, and hung it over the window sill.

In the evening the prince came and cried:



"Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb without a stair."

Then the witch let the hair down, and the king's son climbed up; but at the open window he found not his dear Lettice, but a wicked witch who looked at him with cruel and malicious eyes.

"Ah!" she cried with a sneer, "you are come to fetch your loving bride, I suppose; but the beautiful bird has flown from the nest, and will never sing any more. The cat has fetched it away, and she intends also to scratch your eyes out. To thee is Lettice lost; thou wilt never behold her again!"

The prince went almost out of his mind with grief as he heard this, and in his despair he sprang out of the tower window and fell among the thorns and brambles beneath. He certainly escaped with his life, but the thorns stuck into his eyes and blinded them. After this he wandered about the wood for days, eating only wild roots and berries, and did nothing but lament and weep for the loss of his beloved bride.

So wandered he for a whole year in misery, till at last he came upon the desert place where Lettice had been banished and lived in her sorrow. As he drew near he heard a voice which he seemed to recognize, and advancing toward the sound came within sight of Lettice, who recognized him at once, with tears. Two of her tears fell on his eyes, and so healed and cleared them of the injury done by the thorns that he could soon see as well as ever. Then he traveled with her to his kingdom, and she became his wife, and the remainder of their days were spent in happiness and content.

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD AND THE SAUSAGE

THERE were once a little mouse, a little bird, and a sausage, who formed a partnership.

They had set up housekeeping, and had lived for a long time in great harmony together. The duty of the bird was to fly every day into the forests and bring home wood; the mouse had to draw water, to light the fire, and lay the tablecloth; and the sausage was cook.

How often, when we are comfortable, we begin to long for something new! So it happened one day that the little bird had met another bird, to which he had boasted on their happiness and friendship at home.

The other bird replied scornfully, "What a poor little simpleton you are to work in the way you do, while the other two are enjoying themselves at home! When the mouse has lighted the fire and drawn the water, she can go and rest in her little room till she is called to lay the cloth. The sausage can sit by the stove while he watches that the dinner is well cooked, and when the dinner-time arrives he devours four times as much as the others of broth or vegetables till he quite shines with salt and fat."

The bird, after listening to this, came home quite discontented, and, laying down his load, seated himself at the table and ate so much and filled his crop so full that he slept till the next morning without waking, and thought this was a happy life.

The next day the little bird objected to go and fetch wood, saying that he had been their servant long enough, and that he had been a fool to work for them in this way. He intended at once to make a change and seek his living in another way.

After this, although the mouse and the sausage were both in a rage, the bird was master, and would have his own way. So he proposed that they should draw lots, and the lots fell that the sausage was to fetch the wood, the mouse to be cook, and the bird to draw the water. Now, what was the consequence of all this? The sausage went out to get wood, the bird lighted the fire, and the mouse put on the saucepan and sat down to watch it till the sausage returned home with the wood for the next day. But he stayed away so long that the bird, who wanted a breath of fresh air, went out to look for him. On his way he met a dog, who told him that, having met with the sausage and considering him as his lawful prey, he had devoured him.

The bird complained greatly against the dog for his conduct, and called him a cruel robber, but it did no good.

"For," said the dog, "the sausage had false papers with him, and therefore his life was forfeited to society."

The little bird, full of sorrow, flew home, carrying the wood with him, and related to the mouse what he had seen and heard. They were both very grieved, but quickly agreed that the best thing for them to do was to remain together.

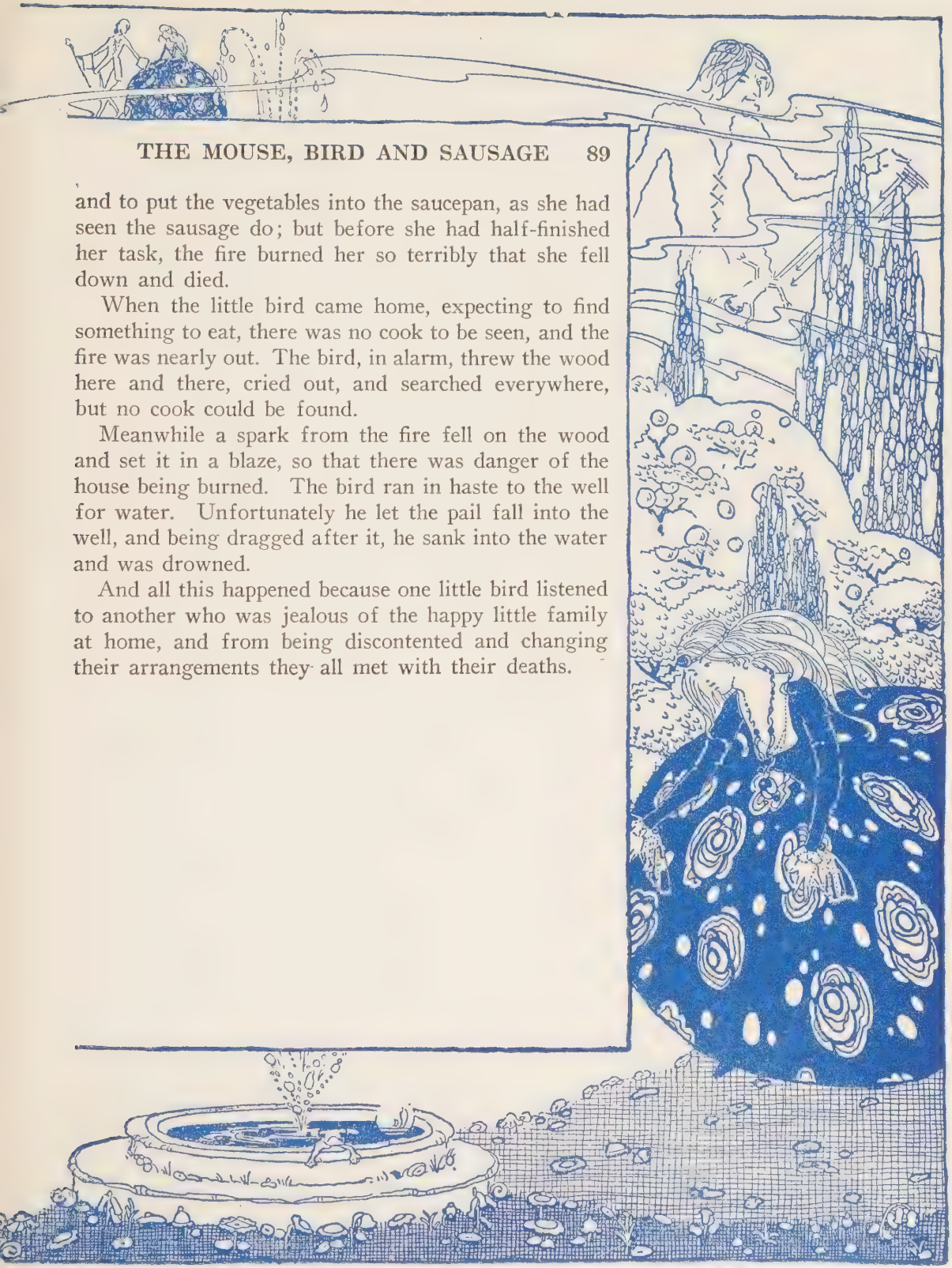
From that time the bird undertook to prepare the table, and the mouse to roast something for supper,

and to put the vegetables into the saucepan, as she had seen the sausage do; but before she had half-finished her task, the fire burned her so terribly that she fell down and died.

When the little bird came home, expecting to find something to eat, there was no cook to be seen, and the fire was nearly out. The bird, in alarm, threw the wood here and there, cried out, and searched everywhere, but no cook could be found.

Meanwhile a spark from the fire fell on the wood and set it in a blaze, so that there was danger of the house being burned. The bird ran in haste to the well for water. Unfortunately he let the pail fall into the well, and being dragged after it, he sank into the water and was drowned.

And all this happened because one little bird listened to another who was jealous of the happy little family at home, and from being discontented and changing their arrangements they all met with their deaths.



THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time a husband, who had lost his wife and had one daughter, married a widow, who also had a daughter. The maidens were brought up together, and played together as if they had been sisters.

One day the widow said to the man's daughter, "go and tell your father that I will marry him as soon as thou canst wash in milk and drink wine; but my child shall wash in water and drink water."

Then the maiden went home and told her father what the woman had said.

Then said the man, "What shall we do? This marriage would be a very happy thing, but it is also a great trouble."

He thought for awhile, and at last finding that he could make no excuse, he pulled off his boot, and said, "Take this boot—there is a hole in the sole—and go with it to the loft; then hang it on a large nail and pour water into it. If it holds the water, then I will again take a wife, but if it runs through the hole, I will not marry."

Then the maiden did as her father had told her, and the water drew the hole together so that the boot became full even to the brim, and she went to inform her father what had occurred.

As soon as he heard what had happened he rose and went himself to see the boot; and finding she had

spoken the truth, he went at once to the widow, and after a short courtship they were married.

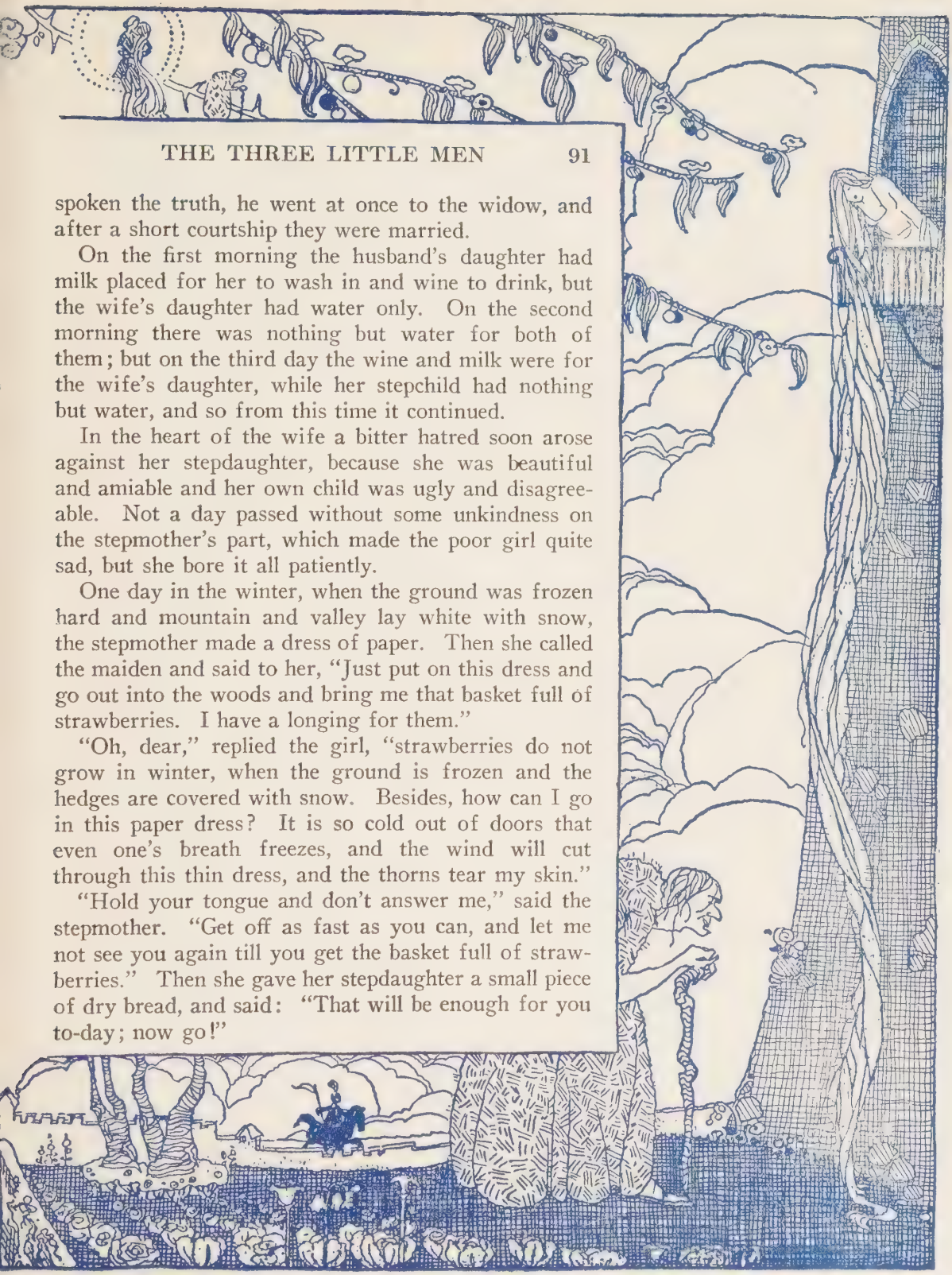
On the first morning the husband's daughter had milk placed for her to wash in and wine to drink, but the wife's daughter had water only. On the second morning there was nothing but water for both of them; but on the third day the wine and milk were for the wife's daughter, while her stepchild had nothing but water, and so from this time it continued.

In the heart of the wife a bitter hatred soon arose against her stepdaughter, because she was beautiful and amiable and her own child was ugly and disagreeable. Not a day passed without some unkindness on the stepmother's part, which made the poor girl quite sad, but she bore it all patiently.

One day in the winter, when the ground was frozen hard and mountain and valley lay white with snow, the stepmother made a dress of paper. Then she called the maiden and said to her, "Just put on this dress and go out into the woods and bring me that basket full of strawberries. I have a longing for them."

"Oh, dear," replied the girl, "strawberries do not grow in winter, when the ground is frozen and the hedges are covered with snow. Besides, how can I go in this paper dress? It is so cold out of doors that even one's breath freezes, and the wind will cut through this thin dress, and the thorns tear my skin."

"Hold your tongue and don't answer me," said the stepmother. "Get off as fast as you can, and let me not see you again till you get the basket full of strawberries." Then she gave her stepdaughter a small piece of dry bread, and said: "That will be enough for you to-day; now go!"



"Ah," thought the wicked woman, "she will be frozen, or starved with hunger, and will never come before my eyes again."

Now, as the maiden was always obedient she put on the paper dress and went out. Far and wide there could be seen nothing but snow, not even a little blade of green grass; but she walked on, and at last came to a small cottage in the wood from which peeped out three strange little men.

She wished to know what o'clock it was, so she knocked timidly at the door. "Come in!" they cried, and she stepped in and seated herself on a stool near the stove, for she wanted to get warm and eat her breakfast. Presently one of the little men said to her, "Give us some of your bread, maiden."

"Willingly," she replied. So she divided her piece of bread, and gave them half.

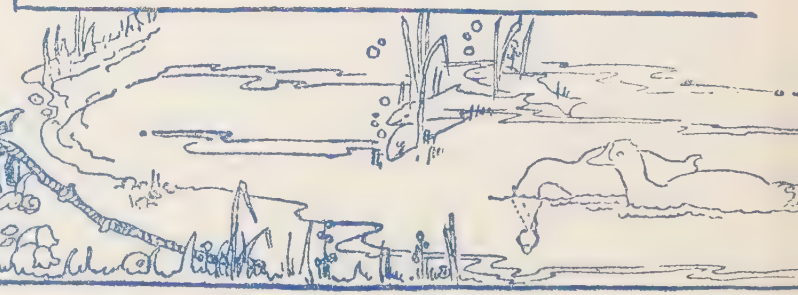
Presently they asked again: "What brought you into the forest on such a wintry day as this with only a thin dress?"

"Ah," she answered, "I was sent into the wood to fill this basket with strawberries, and I dare not go home again till I have filled it."

The tiny manikins said no more till she had eaten her bread, and then one of them gave her a broom and said: "Go and sweep the snow away from the back door."

Without a word, the maiden took the broom and went out.

As soon as she was gone the little men began to talk together about her. "She is a pretty, well behaved girl," said one; "what good fortune shall we send her?" "I will promise," said the first, "that she shall grow every



day more beautiful." "And I will endow her with a wonderful gift," said the second; "every time she opens her mouth to speak, a piece of gold shall fall out." Then the third foretold that a king's son should make her his wife.

All this while the maiden was busily employed sweeping away the snow from the pathway behind the cottage, and at last what do you think she found?—rich ripe strawberries of a deep red lying before her on the snow.

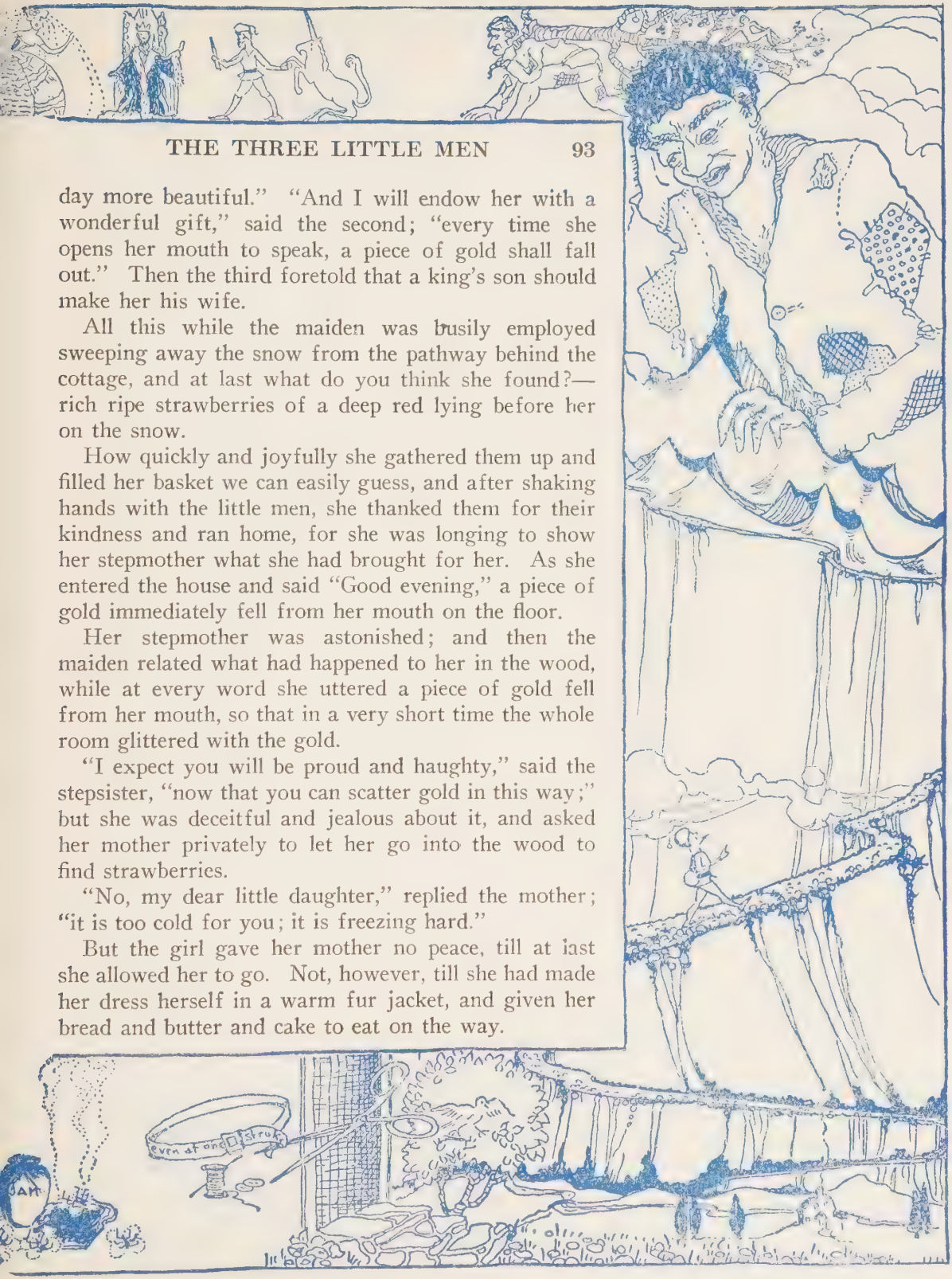
How quickly and joyfully she gathered them up and filled her basket we can easily guess, and after shaking hands with the little men, she thanked them for their kindness and ran home, for she was longing to show her stepmother what she had brought for her. As she entered the house and said "Good evening," a piece of gold immediately fell from her mouth on the floor.

Her stepmother was astonished; and then the maiden related what had happened to her in the wood, while at every word she uttered a piece of gold fell from her mouth, so that in a very short time the whole room glittered with the gold.

"I expect you will be proud and haughty," said the stepsister, "now that you can scatter gold in this way;" but she was deceitful and jealous about it, and asked her mother privately to let her go into the wood to find strawberries.

"No, my dear little daughter," replied the mother; "it is too cold for you; it is freezing hard."

But the girl gave her mother no peace, till at last she allowed her to go. Not, however, till she had made her dress herself in a warm fur jacket, and given her bread and butter and cake to eat on the way.



The maiden went to the wood and walked on till she reached the cottage. The three little men saw her coming, although she knew it not; and, without guessing or seeing anything wrong, she walked right into the room, seated herself by the stove, and began eating her bread and butter and cake.

"Give us a little of your nice breakfast," said one of the little men.

"I have not enough for myself," she replied; "how can I give you any?" So she went on eating, and they waited till she had finished.

Then they said, "There is a broom in the corner; take it and sweep the pathway at the back door."

"Go and do it yourself," she cried; "I am not your servant!"

However, when she saw that they did not move she was half afraid, and taking the broom, went out.

After she was gone the little men began to talk one to the other about her. "What shall we send her?" asked one; "for she has such a naughty, wicked and envious heart, we cannot grant her a favor." "Then," said the first, "I ordain that she shall grow more ugly every day." "I will send her such a gift," said the second, "that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth;" while the third prophesied that she should meet with a dreadful death.

After sweeping away the snow the maiden searched in vain for the strawberries, but none could she find; so she went home quite sullen and out of temper. But how terrified she was when, on opening her mouth to relate all that had happened to her in the wood, at each word a toad sprang out on the floor, so that she became disgusting to everyone.

After this the stepmother became more spiteful against her husband's daughter than ever, and thought only of the means to make her suffer pain and annoyance, for her beauty grew more and more daily.

At last, one morning, she took a kettle and set it on the fire to boil yarn. As soon as it was ready she called the poor girl, and hanging the thread on her shoulder, gave her an ax and told her to go to the frozen river, break a hole in the ice, and wash the thread.

Always obedient, she took the ax and went to break a hole in the ice. But as she struck the first blow a beautiful little carriage passed by in which sat a young king. He stopped the carriage when he saw the maiden, and said: "My child, why are you out here in the cold, and what are you doing?"

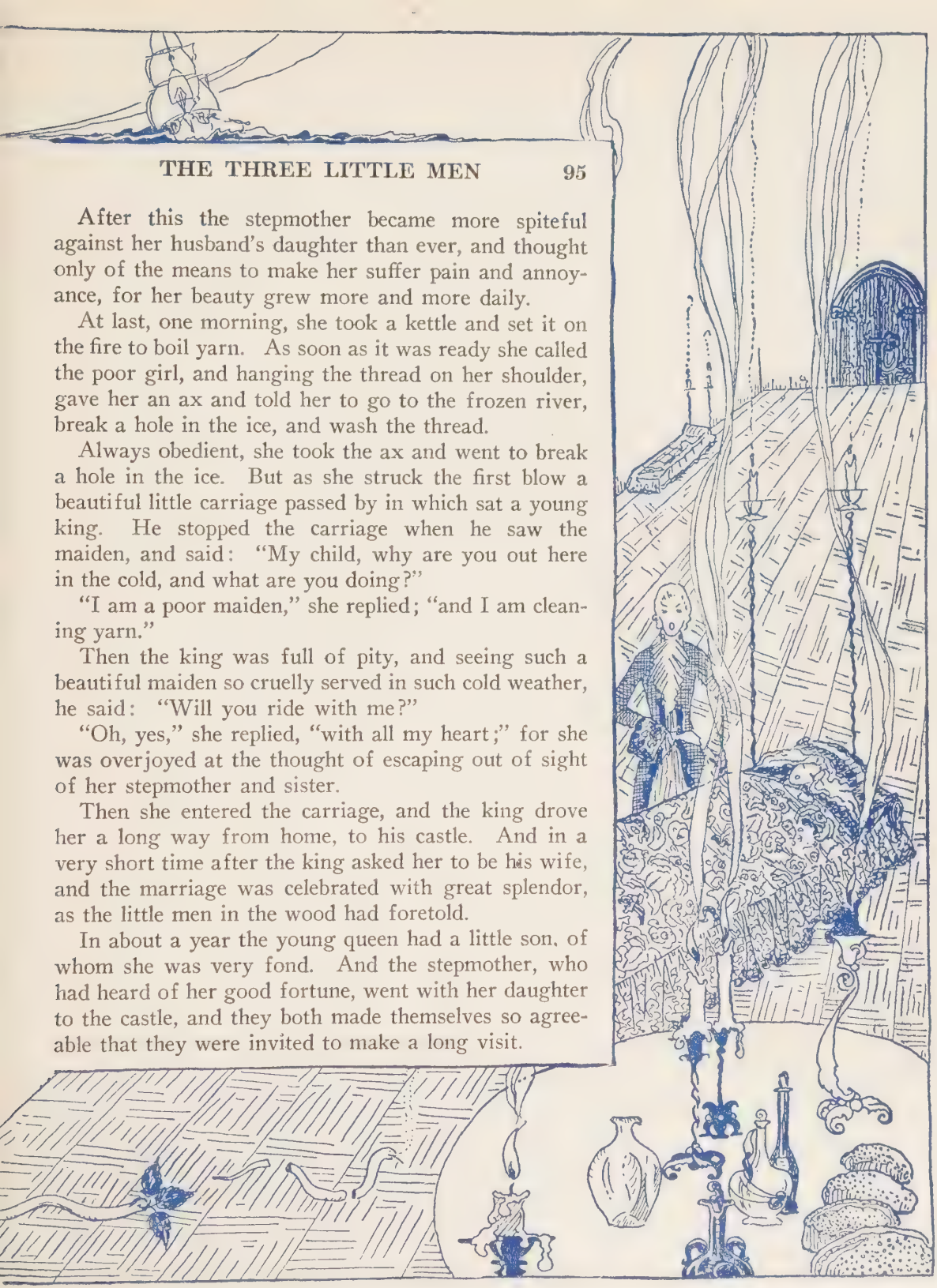
"I am a poor maiden," she replied; "and I am cleaning yarn."

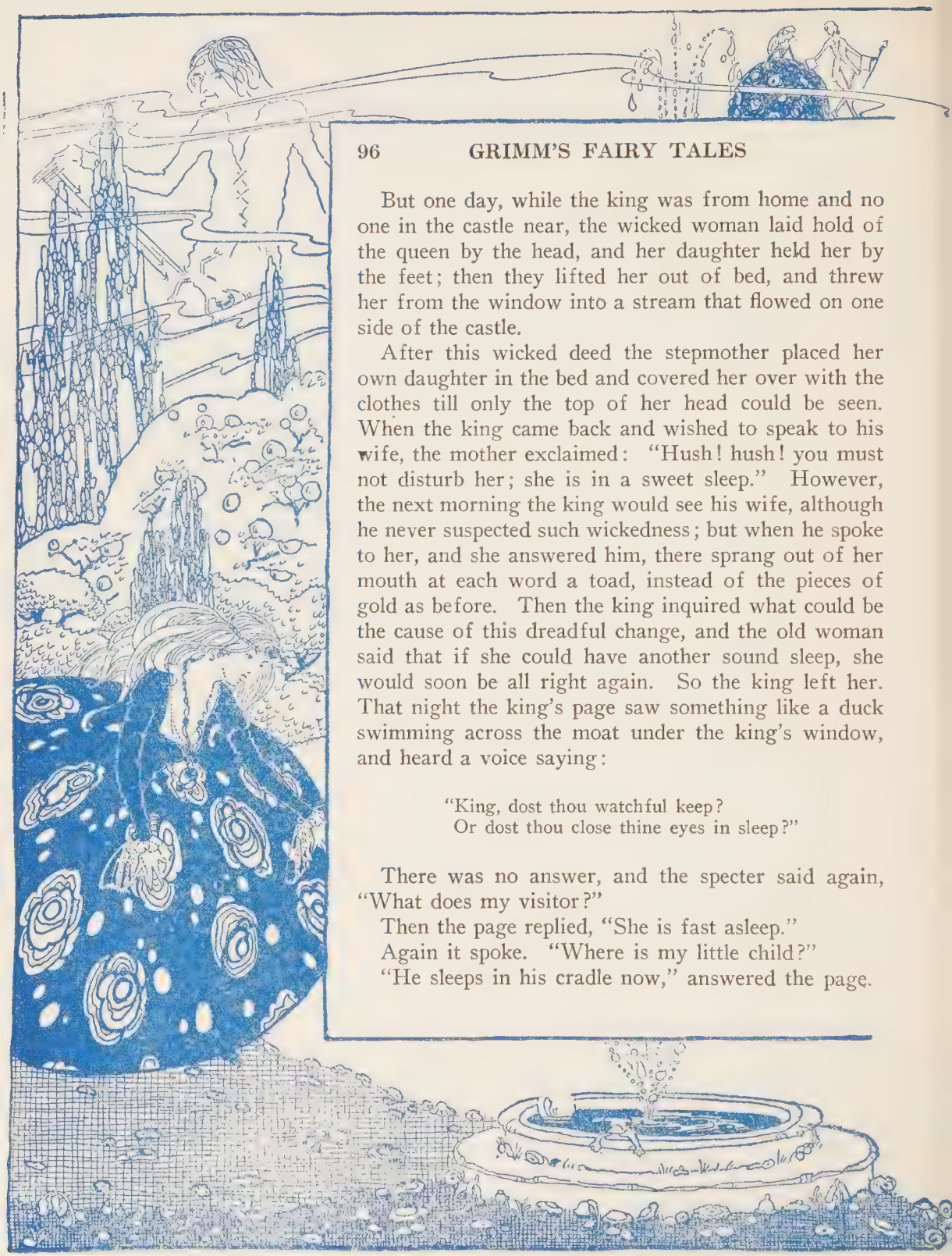
Then the king was full of pity, and seeing such a beautiful maiden so cruelly served in such cold weather, he said: "Will you ride with me?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "with all my heart;" for she was overjoyed at the thought of escaping out of sight of her stepmother and sister.

Then she entered the carriage, and the king drove her a long way from home, to his castle. And in a very short time after the king asked her to be his wife, and the marriage was celebrated with great splendor, as the little men in the wood had foretold.

In about a year the young queen had a little son, of whom she was very fond. And the stepmother, who had heard of her good fortune, went with her daughter to the castle, and they both made themselves so agreeable that they were invited to make a long visit.





But one day, while the king was from home and no one in the castle near, the wicked woman laid hold of the queen by the head, and her daughter held her by the feet; then they lifted her out of bed, and threw her from the window into a stream that flowed on one side of the castle.

After this wicked deed the stepmother placed her own daughter in the bed and covered her over with the clothes till only the top of her head could be seen. When the king came back and wished to speak to his wife, the mother exclaimed: "Hush! hush! you must not disturb her; she is in a sweet sleep." However, the next morning the king would see his wife, although he never suspected such wickedness; but when he spoke to her, and she answered him, there sprang out of her mouth at each word a toad, instead of the pieces of gold as before. Then the king inquired what could be the cause of this dreadful change, and the old woman said that if she could have another sound sleep, she would soon be all right again. So the king left her. That night the king's page saw something like a duck swimming across the moat under the king's window, and heard a voice saying:

"King, dost thou watchful keep?
Or dost thou close thine eyes in sleep?"

There was no answer, and the specter said again, "What does my visitor?"

Then the page replied, "She is fast asleep."

Again it spoke. "Where is my little child?"

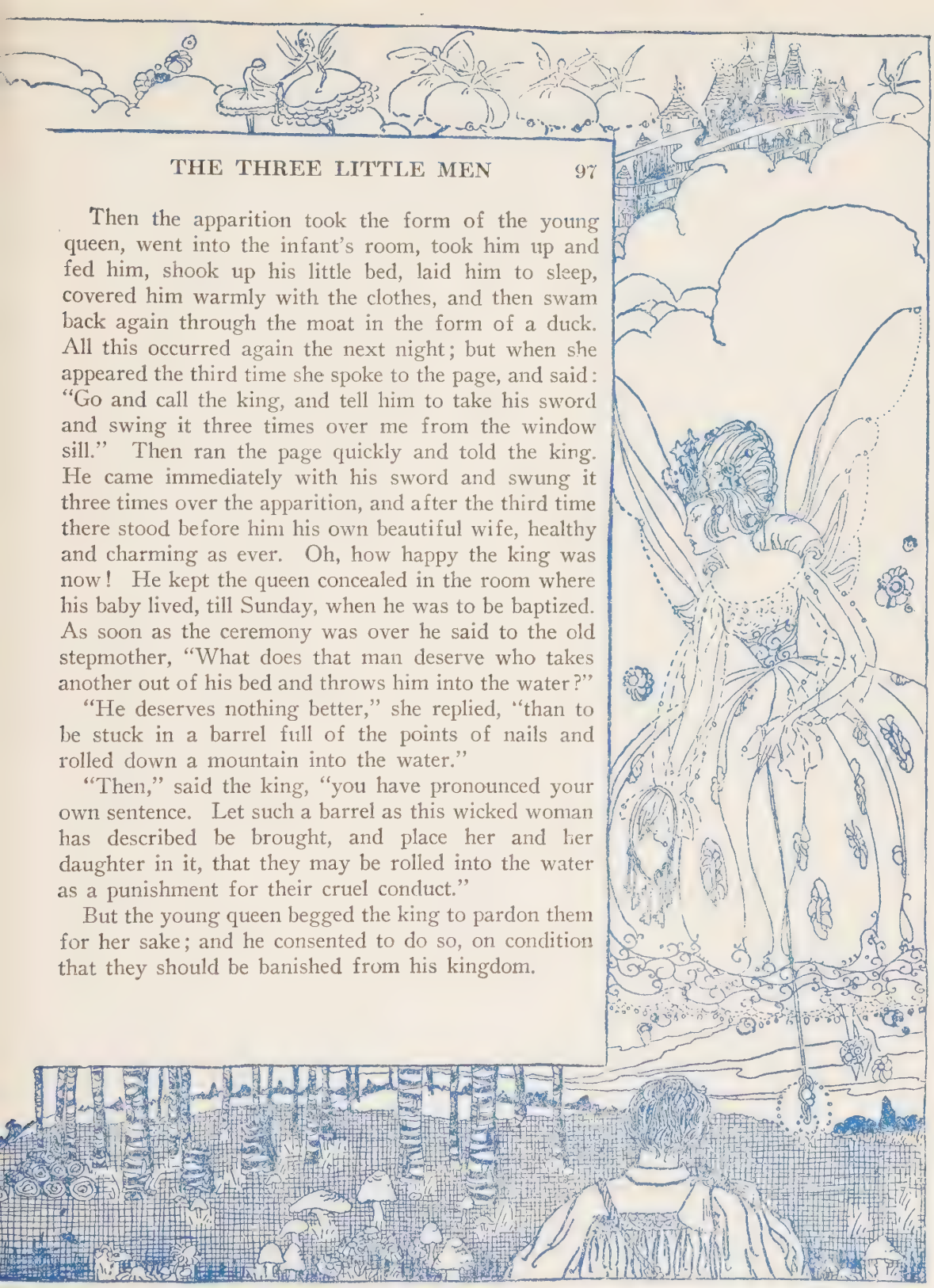
"He sleeps in his cradle now," answered the page.

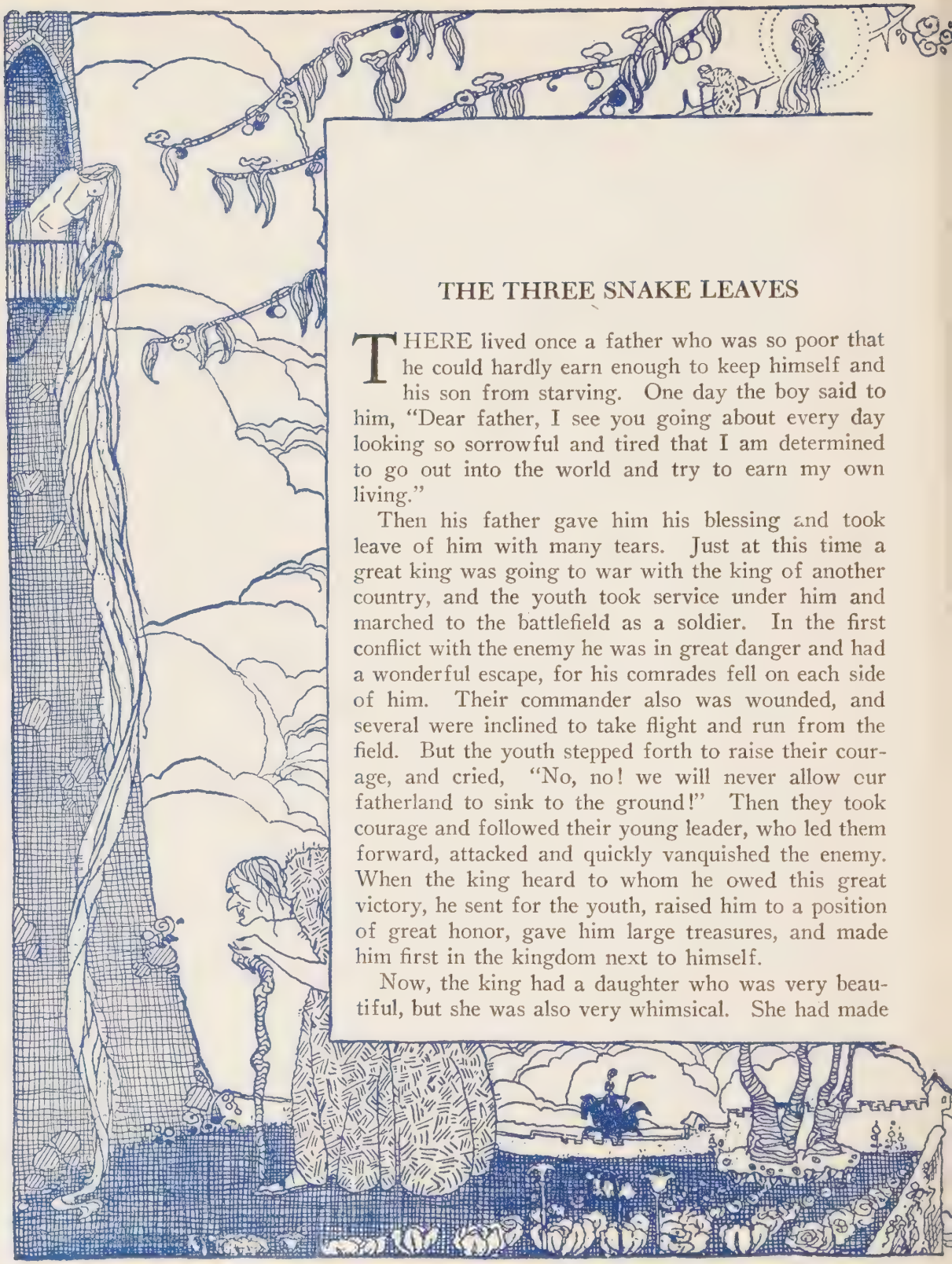
Then the apparition took the form of the young queen, went into the infant's room, took him up and fed him, shook up his little bed, laid him to sleep, covered him warmly with the clothes, and then swam back again through the moat in the form of a duck. All this occurred again the next night; but when she appeared the third time she spoke to the page, and said: "Go and call the king, and tell him to take his sword and swing it three times over me from the window sill." Then ran the page quickly and told the king. He came immediately with his sword and swung it three times over the apparition, and after the third time there stood before him his own beautiful wife, healthy and charming as ever. Oh, how happy the king was now! He kept the queen concealed in the room where his baby lived, till Sunday, when he was to be baptized. As soon as the ceremony was over he said to the old stepmother, "What does that man deserve who takes another out of his bed and throws him into the water?"

"He deserves nothing better," she replied, "than to be stuck in a barrel full of the points of nails and rolled down a mountain into the water."

"Then," said the king, "you have pronounced your own sentence. Let such a barrel as this wicked woman has described be brought, and place her and her daughter in it, that they may be rolled into the water as a punishment for their cruel conduct."

But the young queen begged the king to pardon them for her sake; and he consented to do so, on condition that they should be banished from his kingdom.





THE THREE SNAKE LEAVES

THERE lived once a father who was so poor that he could hardly earn enough to keep himself and his son from starving. One day the boy said to him, "Dear father, I see you going about every day looking so sorrowful and tired that I am determined to go out into the world and try to earn my own living."

Then his father gave him his blessing and took leave of him with many tears. Just at this time a great king was going to war with the king of another country, and the youth took service under him and marched to the battlefield as a soldier. In the first conflict with the enemy he was in great danger and had a wonderful escape, for his comrades fell on each side of him. Their commander also was wounded, and several were inclined to take flight and run from the field. But the youth stepped forth to raise their courage, and cried, "No, no! we will never allow our fatherland to sink to the ground!" Then they took courage and followed their young leader, who led them forward, attacked and quickly vanquished the enemy. When the king heard to whom he owed this great victory, he sent for the youth, raised him to a position of great honor, gave him large treasures, and made him first in the kingdom next to himself.

Now, the king had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very whimsical. She had made

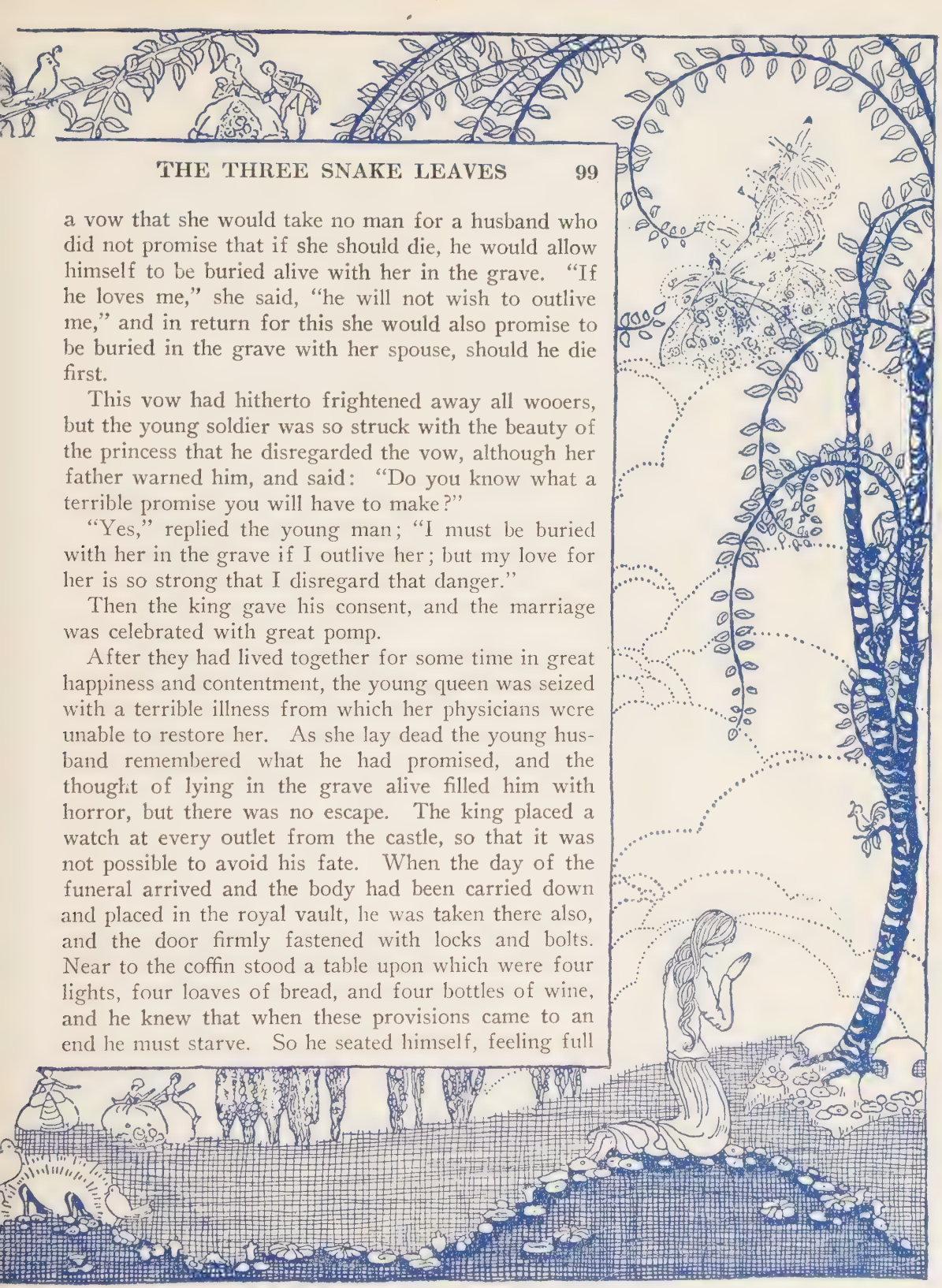
a vow that she would take no man for a husband who did not promise that if she should die, he would allow himself to be buried alive with her in the grave. "If he loves me," she said, "he will not wish to outlive me," and in return for this she would also promise to be buried in the grave with her spouse, should he die first.

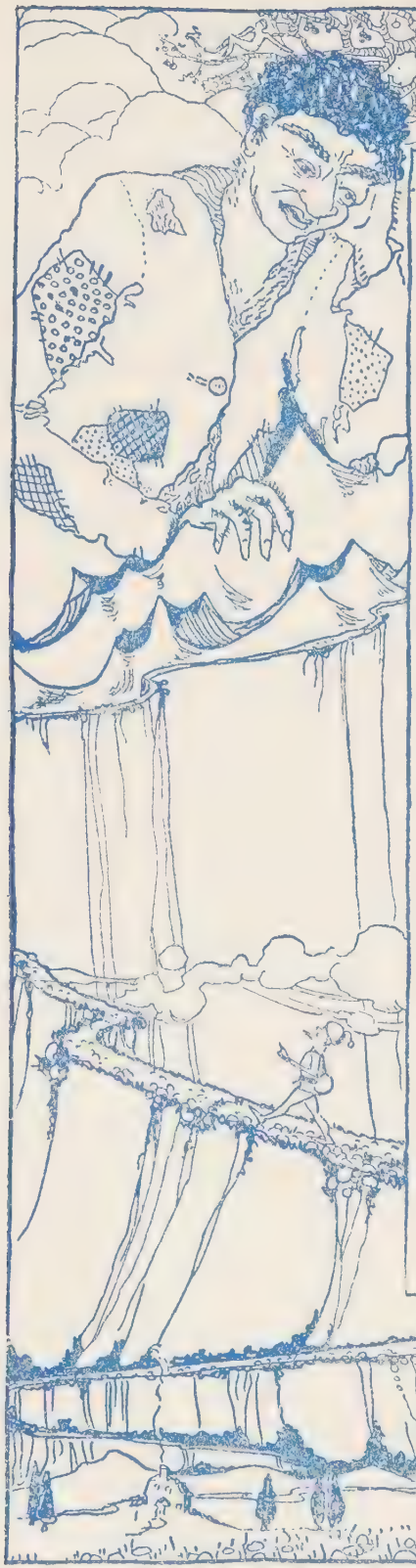
This vow had hitherto frightened away all wooers, but the young soldier was so struck with the beauty of the princess that he disregarded the vow, although her father warned him, and said: "Do you know what a terrible promise you will have to make?"

"Yes," replied the young man; "I must be buried with her in the grave if I outlive her; but my love for her is so strong that I disregard that danger."

Then the king gave his consent, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

After they had lived together for some time in great happiness and contentment, the young queen was seized with a terrible illness from which her physicians were unable to restore her. As she lay dead the young husband remembered what he had promised, and the thought of lying in the grave alive filled him with horror, but there was no escape. The king placed a watch at every outlet from the castle, so that it was not possible to avoid his fate. When the day of the funeral arrived and the body had been carried down and placed in the royal vault, he was taken there also, and the door firmly fastened with locks and bolts. Near to the coffin stood a table upon which were four lights, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine, and he knew that when these provisions came to an end he must starve. So he seated himself, feeling full





of grief and sorrow, but with a determination to take only a small piece of bread and the least drop of wine, to make them last.

One day, when death seemed nearer than ever, he saw, from a corner of the vault just opposite to where he sat, a white snake creep out and approach the body. He rose in horror, thinking it was about to gnaw it and drawing his sword, exclaimed, as with two blows he cut the snake into three pieces, "As long as I live you shall not touch that!"

After awhile a second snake crept out of the corner, but as soon as he saw the other lying dead in three pieces, he went back and quickly returned with three green leaves in his mouth. Then he took the three separate portions of the snake, placed them together and laid a leaf on each wound, and no sooner were they joined than the snake raised himself as lively as ever, and went away hastily with his companion. The leaves remained lying on the ground, and as he looked at them the thoughts of the poor unfortunate man were full of the wonderful properties they possessed, and it suddenly occurred to him that a leaf which could restore a dead snake to life might be useful to human beings. He stooped and picked up the leaves, then advancing softly toward the body he laid one on the mouth of the dead, and the others on both the eyes. In a moment he saw the effect of what he had done. The blood began to circulate in the veins, and flushed softly in the pale face and lips of his dead wife. She drew a deep breath, opened her closed eyes, and exclaimed faintly, "Where am I?"

"Thou art with me, dear wife," answered her hus-

band; and then he told her all that had happened, and how he had wakened her to life.

After taking a little of the wine and bread she became stronger, and was able to rise from the bier and walk to the door of the vault with her husband. Here they knocked and called loudly for a long time, till at last the watchman heard them, and word was sent to the king. He came himself very quickly, and ordered the door of the vault to be opened, and, oh! how astonished and joyful he was to find them both alive and uninjured, and to know that his anxiety was over, for the whole matter had been a great trouble to him.

The three leaves the young prince took with him and gave them in charge to a servant to take care of, saying, "Preserve them carefully for me, and see that they are safe every day; who knows what help they may be to us in any future trouble?"

In the wife of the young prince after this event a great change appeared; it was as if with her return to life all her love for her husband had vanished from her heart.

Not long after he wished to take a voyage across the sea to see his old father, and she accompanied him. While they were on board ship, she forgot all the true and great love he had shown for her in trying to restore her to life when she was dead, and made friends with the captain, who was as wicked as herself.

One day, when the young prince lay asleep on deck, she called the skipper to her and told him to take her husband by the feet, while she raised his head, and before he was awake enough to save himself, these two wicked people threw him overboard into the sea. As soon as this shameful deed was accomplished she said

to the skipper: "Now let us sail home again, and say that the prince has died on the voyage. I will praise and extol you so greatly to my father that I know he will readily give his consent to our marriage, and leave the crown to you after his death."

But the faithful servant to whom the prince had given the wonderful leaves to take care of saw all that his master's wife had done. Unnoticed, he lowered one of the boats from the ship's side, got on board, and very soon discovered the body of the prince. Dragging it hastily into the boat, he rowed away and soon left the traitors far behind. As soon as he felt safely out of sight, he produced the precious leaves—which he always carried about with him—and laid one on each eye and one on the mouth of the dead man, who very quickly showed signs of life, and was at last sufficiently restored to help in rowing the boat. They both rowed with all their strength day and night, and their little bark flew so swiftly over the waves that they arrived at the king's palace long before his daughter and the captain.

The king wondered greatly when he saw his son-in-law and the servant enter, and asked them what had happened. But when he heard of his daughter's wickedness, he said: "I can scarcely believe she would act so basely. For the present, I advise you both to hide yourselves in a private chamber, and make yourselves quite at home till the ship returns."

The master and servant took the king's advice, and a few days afterward the large ship made its appearance, and the king's guilty daughter appeared before her father.

"Why have you come back alone?" he asked. "Where is your husband?"

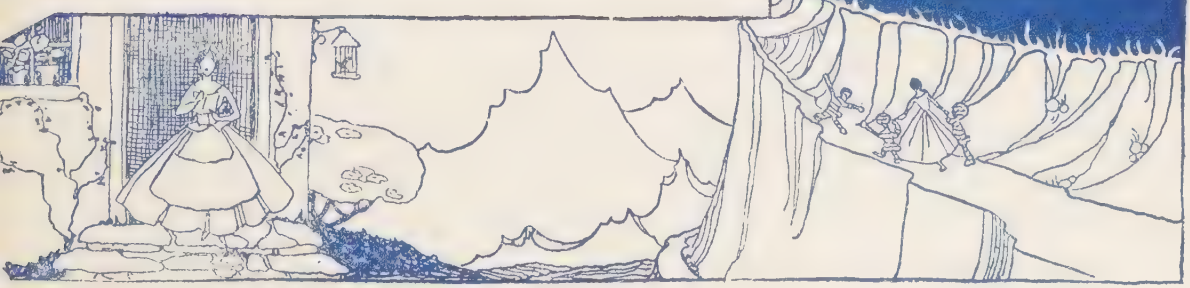
"Ah! dear father," she replied, "I am come home to you in great sorrow, for, during the voyage, my husband was taken suddenly ill and died; and if the good captain had not stood by me and conducted me home, I cannot tell what evil might have happened to me. He stood by my husband's deathbed, and he can tell you all that occurred."

"Oh!" said the king, "I can restore your dead husband to life again, so do not grieve any longer." He threw open the door of the private room as he spoke, and told his son and the servant to come out.

When the wife saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, and sank on her knees imploring mercy.

"I can show you no mercy," said the king. "Your husband was not only ready to be buried and die with you, but he used the means which restored you to life, and you have murdered him while he slept, and shall receive the reward you so truly merit."

Then was she with her accomplice placed in a boat full of holes, and driven out to sea, where they were soon overwhelmed in the waves and perished.



THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS

IN times of old there once lived a king whose wisdom was so great that the whole land depended upon his judgments. Nothing remained long unknown to him; it appeared as if intelligence of the most carefully concealed event was carried to him through the air. It was the custom of this king each day at noon, when the dinner had been removed, and no one else was present, for a trustworthy servant to bring in a large bowl, which was always covered up. Neither the servant nor anyone else knew what it contained, for the king never took off the cover to eat of the contents till he was quite alone. This had continued for a long time, but there came a day when the curiosity of the servant was too strong to be overcome, and after removing the dish from the king's table he took it to his own room. After carefully locking the door he lifted up the cover, and saw to his surprise a white snake lying at full length in the dish. He no sooner caught sight of it than he became unable to resist a desire to taste, so he cut a little piece off and put it in his mouth. Scarcely had it touched his tongue than he heard outside his window strange whisperings and soft voices. He went and listened; and he noticed two sparrows who were talking together and relating to each other all that they had seen in the woods and fields. The little piece of snake which he had so enjoyed had

given him the power to understand the language of animals.

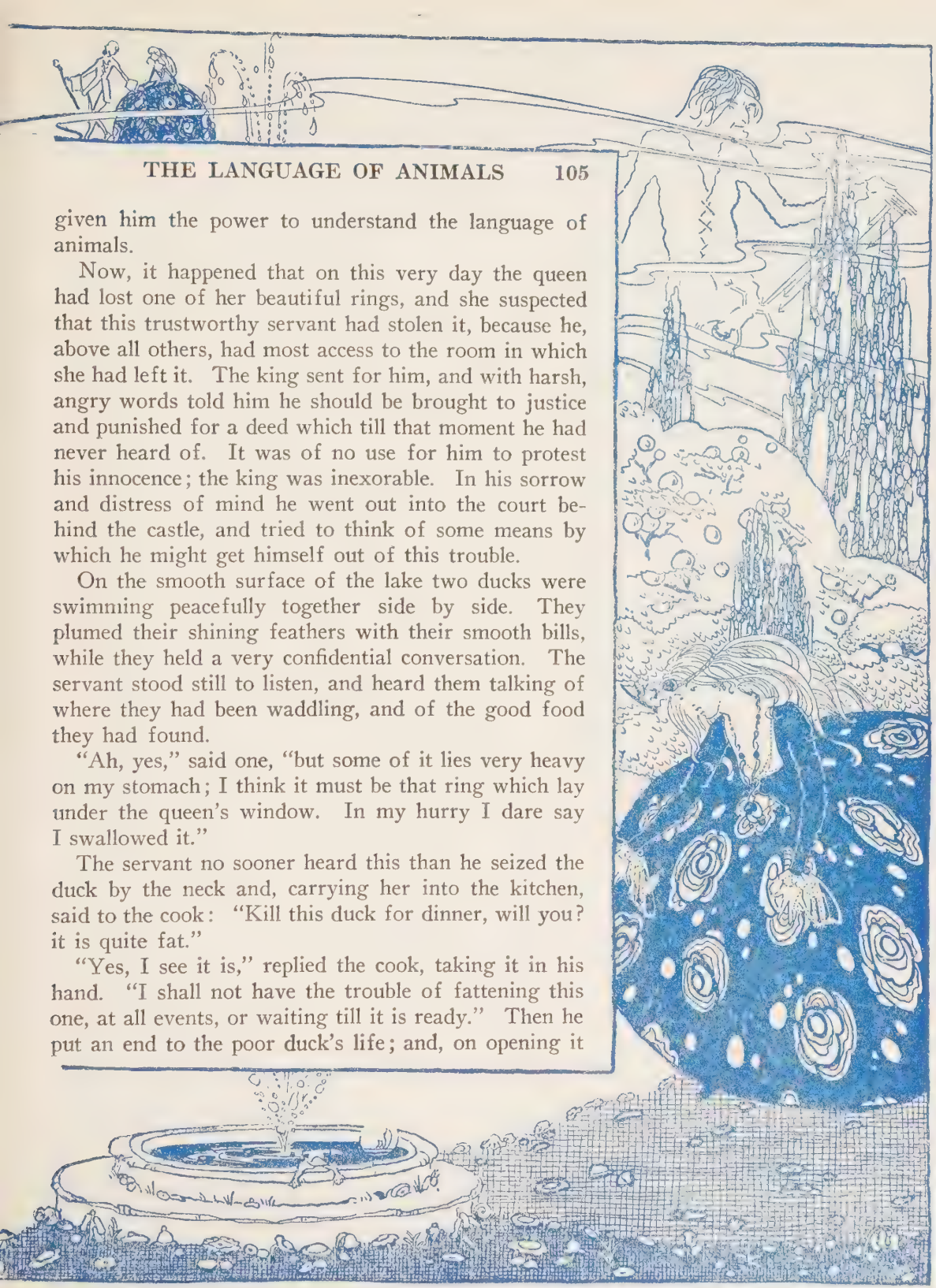
Now, it happened that on this very day the queen had lost one of her beautiful rings, and she suspected that this trustworthy servant had stolen it, because he, above all others, had most access to the room in which she had left it. The king sent for him, and with harsh, angry words told him he should be brought to justice and punished for a deed which till that moment he had never heard of. It was of no use for him to protest his innocence; the king was inexorable. In his sorrow and distress of mind he went out into the court behind the castle, and tried to think of some means by which he might get himself out of this trouble.

On the smooth surface of the lake two ducks were swimming peacefully together side by side. They plumed their shining feathers with their smooth bills, while they held a very confidential conversation. The servant stood still to listen, and heard them talking of where they had been waddling, and of the good food they had found.

"Ah, yes," said one, "but some of it lies very heavy on my stomach; I think it must be that ring which lay under the queen's window. In my hurry I dare say I swallowed it."

The servant no sooner heard this than he seized the duck by the neck and, carrying her into the kitchen, said to the cook: "Kill this duck for dinner, will you? it is quite fat."

"Yes, I see it is," replied the cook, taking it in his hand. "I shall not have the trouble of fattening this one, at all events, or waiting till it is ready." Then he put an end to the poor duck's life; and, on opening it



to prepare for roasting, he found the queen's ring in her stomach.

The servant was overjoyed when he saw the ring, for now he could easily prove his innocence to the king, who was very anxious to make amends for having so unjustly accused him. He not only gave him his friendship, but also promised him whatever high position in the court he wished. The servant readily accepted an office in which he could have a horse, and money to travel, for he had a great desire to see the world and visit the different towns of which he had heard.

All his requests were granted, and he very speedily set out to his travels.

At the end of a few days he came to a pond, in which he saw three fish which had been caught by the rushes on the bank, and were gasping for want of water. Although people say that fish are dumb, yet he understood the complaining tones well enough to know that without help they would quickly perish. He sympathized from his heart with their suffering. So he alighted from his horse and, rescuing the little fish from the rushes, placed them again in the water. They wriggled about with joy, and one of them stretched out his head and cried:

"We will always think of thee; and thou wilt be rewarded for having saved us."

He rode away, however, and presently beneath his feet a voice spoke, and he understood that the words were those of an ant-king mourning over the danger to his community. "These human beings," he said, "ride by on awkward animals without the least thought. Here's a stupid horse coming along; no

doubt with his heavy hoofs he will tread down our people unmercifully."

But the rider turned his horse aside; and the ant-king cried out:

"I will often think of thee; and thou shalt be rewarded."

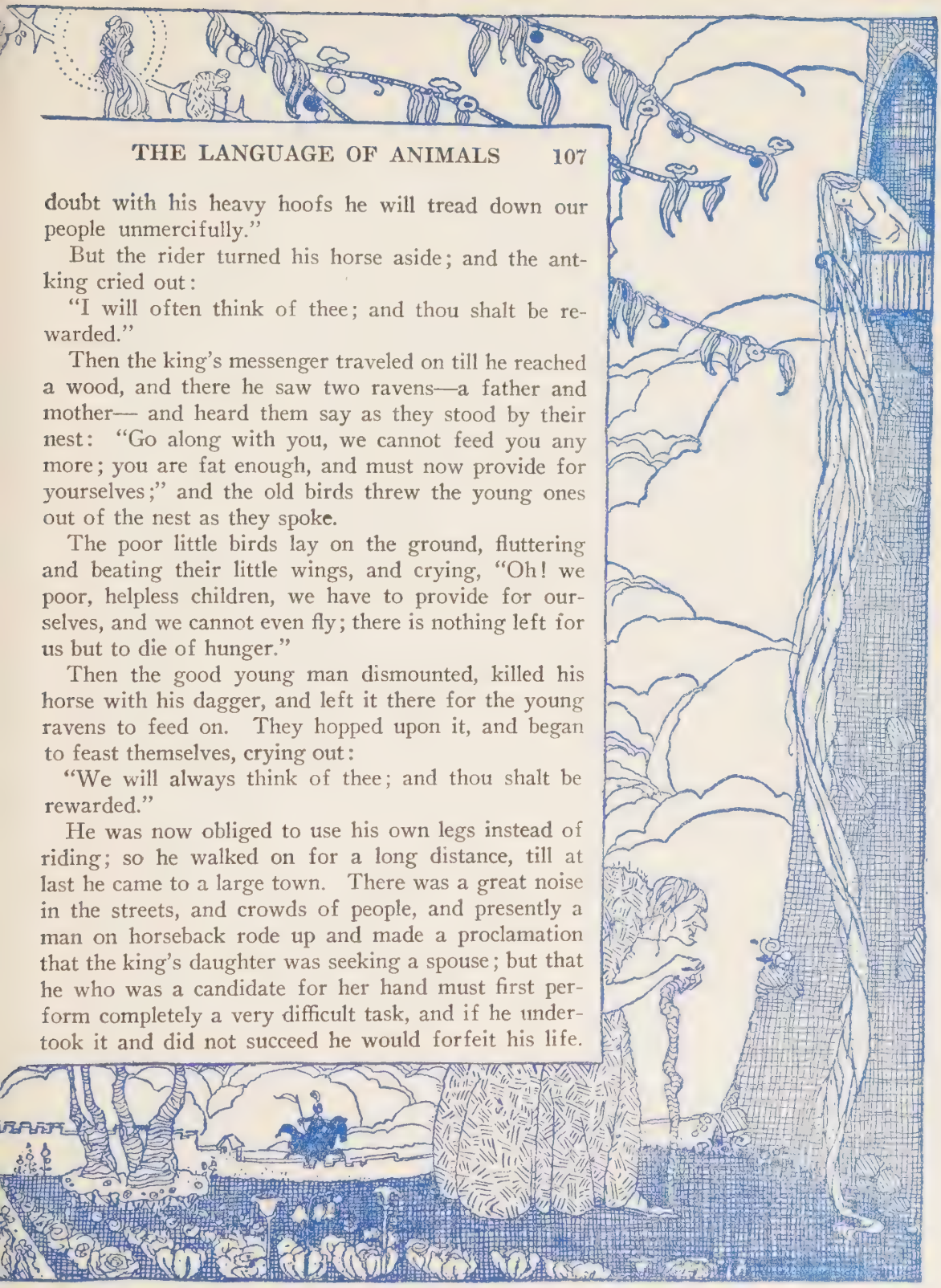
Then the king's messenger traveled on till he reached a wood, and there he saw two ravens—a father and mother— and heard them say as they stood by their nest: "Go along with you, we cannot feed you any more; you are fat enough, and must now provide for yourselves;" and the old birds threw the young ones out of the nest as they spoke.

The poor little birds lay on the ground, fluttering and beating their little wings, and crying, "Oh! we poor, helpless children, we have to provide for ourselves, and we cannot even fly; there is nothing left for us but to die of hunger."

Then the good young man dismounted, killed his horse with his dagger, and left it there for the young ravens to feed on. They hopped upon it, and began to feast themselves, crying out:

"We will always think of thee; and thou shalt be rewarded."

He was now obliged to use his own legs instead of riding; so he walked on for a long distance, till at last he came to a large town. There was a great noise in the streets, and crowds of people, and presently a man on horseback rode up and made a proclamation that the king's daughter was seeking a spouse; but that he who was a candidate for her hand must first perform completely a very difficult task, and if he undertook it and did not succeed he would forfeit his life.



The young man had at first no wish to be a suitor to such a great lady; but he had no sooner seen the young princess than he became quite dazzled with her beauty, and promised to do everything she wished.

Then he was admitted by the king as her suitor, and sailed very soon after on a voyage to enable him to accomplish the undertaking she required. One day as he was seated on deck he saw a gold ring fall before him, as if thrown by a hand. He took great care of it, and on his return gave it to the king, who at once ordered him to throw the ring back into the sea, and dive after it, adding, "Every time you come up without it, you shall be thrust back into the waves till they overwhelm you."

Every one pitied the handsome youth who was required to perform such a difficult task. He went back to the sea, and while standing mournfully on the shore, he saw three fishes swimming about, and they proved to be none other than those whose lives he had saved. One of them held a mussel in its mouth, and swimming to the shore, laid it on the strand at the young man's feet. He took up the mussel and opened it, and there lay the gold ring. Full of joy, he carried it to the king, and expected that the promised reward would be granted him.

But the king's proud daughter said disdainfully that she understood her suitor was not so well born as herself, and therefore he must have another difficult task to perform before she could consent to marry him. So she went out herself into the garden and scattered ten sackfuls of grain over the grass. Then she called her lover and showed him what she had done, saying, "These grains must all be separated from the grass

before the sun rises to-morrow morning; not the smallest grain must be overlooked."

She left him after these words, and the poor young man seated himself in the garden and thought that for him to perform such a task as this would be impossible. So he sat still in sorrowful expectation that the break of day would be the hour of his death. But when the first sunbeam fell in the garden, he saw with surprise the ten sacks of grain standing quite near each other, and not the smallest grain left behind in the grass.

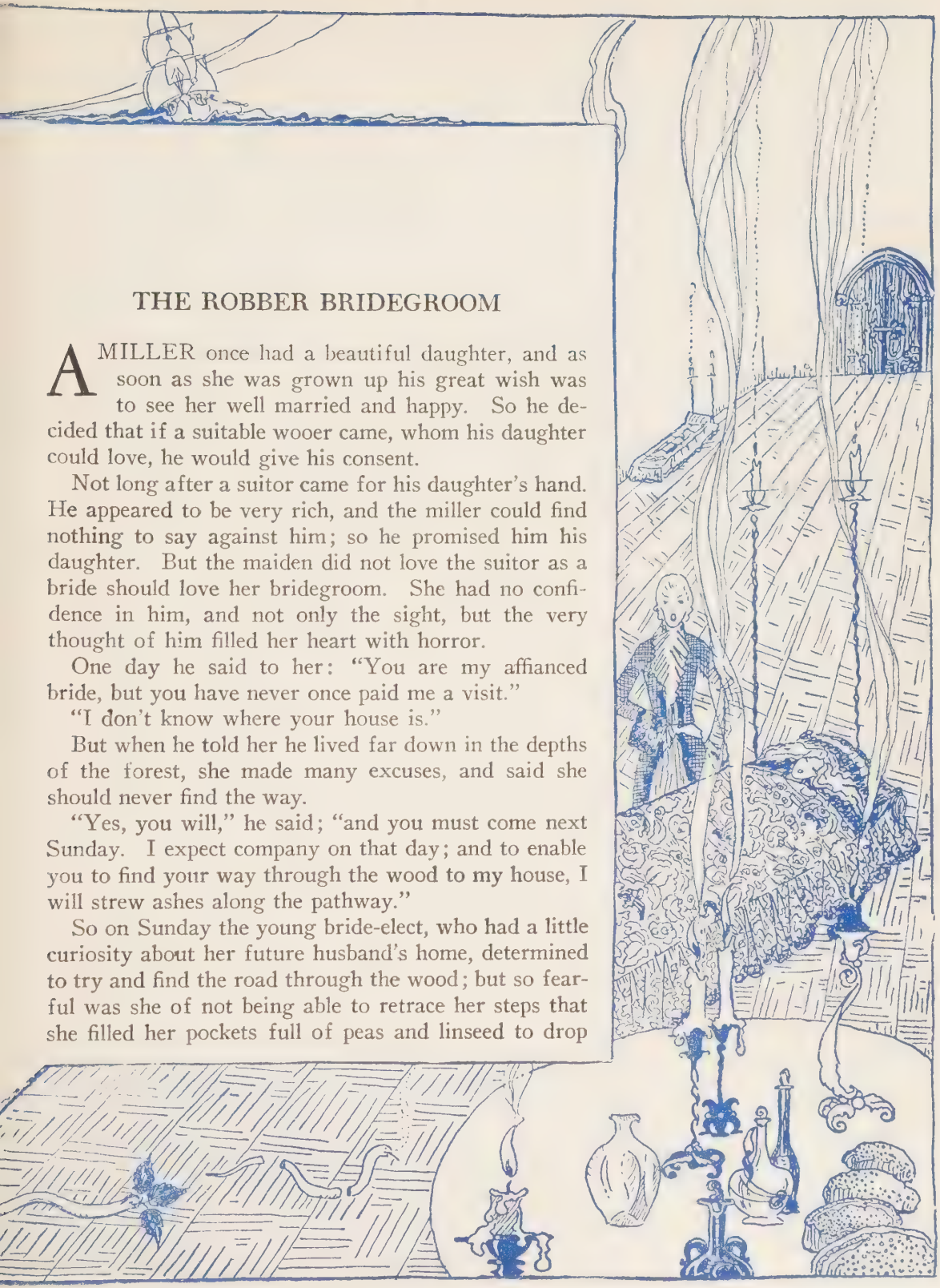
The ant-king had arrived during the night with thousands from his ant kingdom, and the grateful creatures had with great industry picked up every tiny grain and filled the sacks.

At sunrise the king's daughter came herself into the garden and saw with wonder that the young man had in every way performed the allotted task. But she could not even now conquer the pride of her heart, and therefore she said, "It is true he has accomplished two difficult tasks, but I require one more; he shall be my husband when he brings me an apple from the tree of life."

The young man knew not even where this wonderful tree grew, but he was determined to make an effort to find it, so he set out to walk as far as his legs could carry him, but he had very little hope of success. He had traveled day after day through three kingdoms without success, when one evening he wandered into a wood, and, feeling very tired, laid himself down under a tree to rest. Presently, in the branches, he heard a chattering of birds in a nest, and a golden apple fell down into his hand. Immediately three

young ravens flew down to him, perched themselves on his knee, and said, "We are the three young ravens which you saved from being starved to death with hunger. As soon as we were grown large and strong enough to fly we took our flight to distant countries, and heard that you were in search of a golden apple, so we have traveled over the sea, even to the end of the world, where the tree of life grows, and have brought away an apple for you."

Full of joy, the young man forgot his fatigue, and, returning quickly, placed before the beautiful princess the golden apple. She had not now another word to say in opposition to their marriage. They divided the golden apple between them, and ate it together. Then was the heart of the princess softened and filled with love for the brave youth, and they lived in uninterrupted happiness to a good old age.



THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM

A MILLER once had a beautiful daughter, and as soon as she was grown up his great wish was to see her well married and happy. So he decided that if a suitable wooer came, whom his daughter could love, he would give his consent.

Not long after a suitor came for his daughter's hand. He appeared to be very rich, and the miller could find nothing to say against him; so he promised him his daughter. But the maiden did not love the suitor as a bride should love her bridegroom. She had no confidence in him, and not only the sight, but the very thought of him filled her heart with horror.

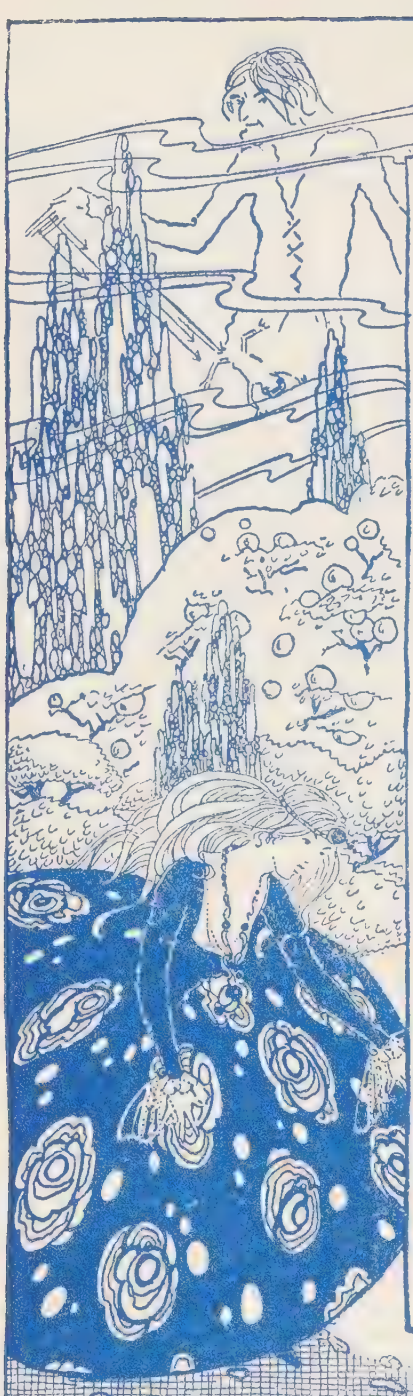
One day he said to her: "You are my affianced bride, but you have never once paid me a visit."

"I don't know where your house is."

But when he told her he lived far down in the depths of the forest, she made many excuses, and said she should never find the way.

"Yes, you will," he said; "and you must come next Sunday. I expect company on that day; and to enable you to find your way through the wood to my house, I will strew ashes along the pathway."

So on Sunday the young bride-elect, who had a little curiosity about her future husband's home, determined to try and find the road through the wood; but so fearful was she of not being able to retrace her steps that she filled her pockets full of peas and linseed to drop



on the path. And as she walked along the road which was strewn with ashes, she dropped peas right and left on the ground at every step. And thus she walked for hours in the shade of the trees, till she came to the darkest part of the forest, and there she found a solitary house, which did not please her at all—it looked gloomy, and not at all homelike. The door was open, so she walked in; but there was no one to be seen, and the deepest silence reigned. Suddenly a voice cried out:

"Return, return, thou youthful bride!
A murderers' house it is inside."

The maiden glanced up and saw that the voice came from a bird, whose cage hung on the wall. Again it cried:

"Return, thou youthful bride, return!
This is a murderers' den."

Yet still her curiosity led her on from room to room till she had been all over the house, which was quite empty—not a single human being could be seen. At last she found, in a cellar or cave behind the house, a very old woman seated, who nodded at her.

"Can you tell me," asked the maiden, "if my bridegroom resides here?"

"Alas! poor child," answered the old woman, "how did you find your way here? This is a robbers' den. You imagine that you are a bride, and that your wedding will soon take place, but there will be no marriage for you but with death. Do you see that large kettle? Well, when once the robber gets you in his power, he will cut you in pieces without mercy, and I shall have to

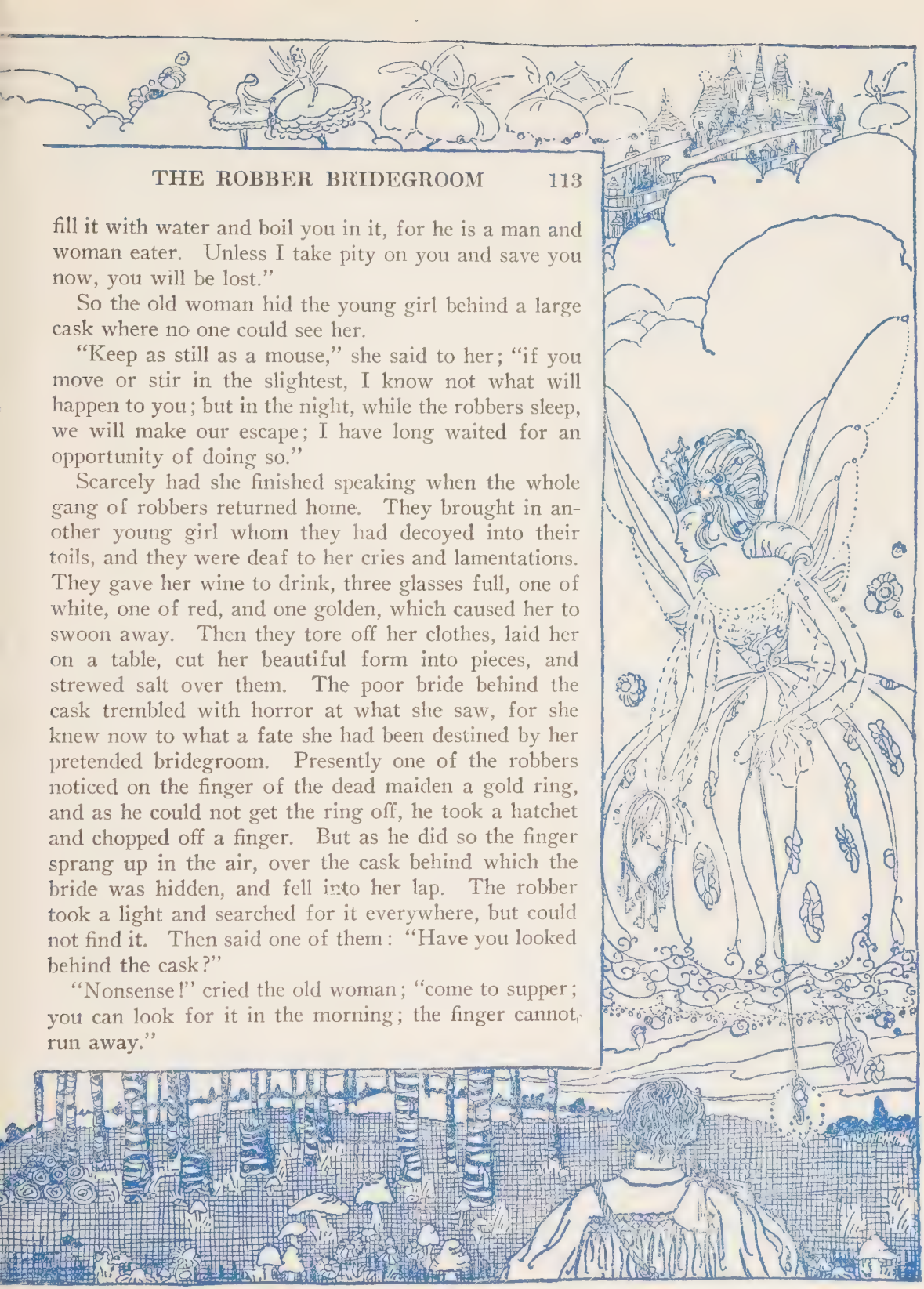
fill it with water and boil you in it, for he is a man and woman eater. Unless I take pity on you and save you now, you will be lost."

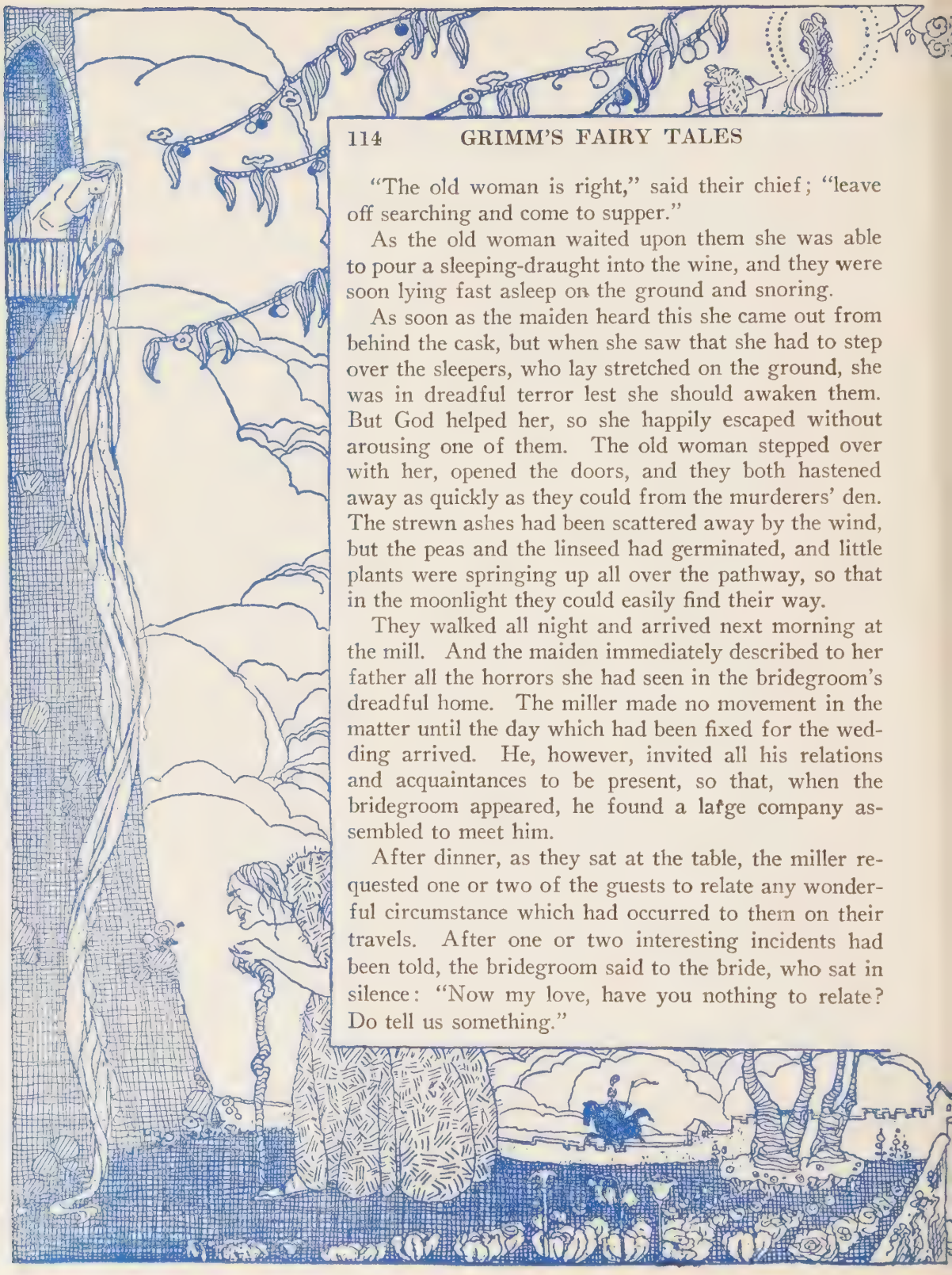
So the old woman hid the young girl behind a large cask where no one could see her.

"Keep as still as a mouse," she said to her; "if you move or stir in the slightest, I know not what will happen to you; but in the night, while the robbers sleep, we will make our escape; I have long waited for an opportunity of doing so."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the whole gang of robbers returned home. They brought in another young girl whom they had decoyed into their toils, and they were deaf to her cries and lamentations. They gave her wine to drink, three glasses full, one of white, one of red, and one golden, which caused her to swoon away. Then they tore off her clothes, laid her on a table, cut her beautiful form into pieces, and strewed salt over them. The poor bride behind the cask trembled with horror at what she saw, for she knew now to what a fate she had been destined by her pretended bridegroom. Presently one of the robbers noticed on the finger of the dead maiden a gold ring, and as he could not get the ring off, he took a hatchet and chopped off a finger. But as he did so the finger sprang up in the air, over the cask behind which the bride was hidden, and fell into her lap. The robber took a light and searched for it everywhere, but could not find it. Then said one of them: "Have you looked behind the cask?"

"Nonsense!" cried the old woman; "come to supper; you can look for it in the morning; the finger cannot run away."





"The old woman is right," said their chief; "leave off searching and come to supper."

As the old woman waited upon them she was able to pour a sleeping-draught into the wine, and they were soon lying fast asleep on the ground and snoring.

As soon as the maiden heard this she came out from behind the cask, but when she saw that she had to step over the sleepers, who lay stretched on the ground, she was in dreadful terror lest she should awaken them. But God helped her, so she happily escaped without arousing one of them. The old woman stepped over with her, opened the doors, and they both hastened away as quickly as they could from the murderers' den. The strewn ashes had been scattered away by the wind, but the peas and the linseed had germinated, and little plants were springing up all over the pathway, so that in the moonlight they could easily find their way.

They walked all night and arrived next morning at the mill. And the maiden immediately described to her father all the horrors she had seen in the bridegroom's dreadful home. The miller made no movement in the matter until the day which had been fixed for the wedding arrived. He, however, invited all his relations and acquaintances to be present, so that, when the bridegroom appeared, he found a large company assembled to meet him.

After dinner, as they sat at the table, the miller requested one or two of the guests to relate any wonderful circumstance which had occurred to them on their travels. After one or two interesting incidents had been told, the bridegroom said to the bride, who sat in silence: "Now my love, have you nothing to relate? Do tell us something."

"I will tell you a strange dream," she replied.

"Oh, yes," they all cried; "let us have it."

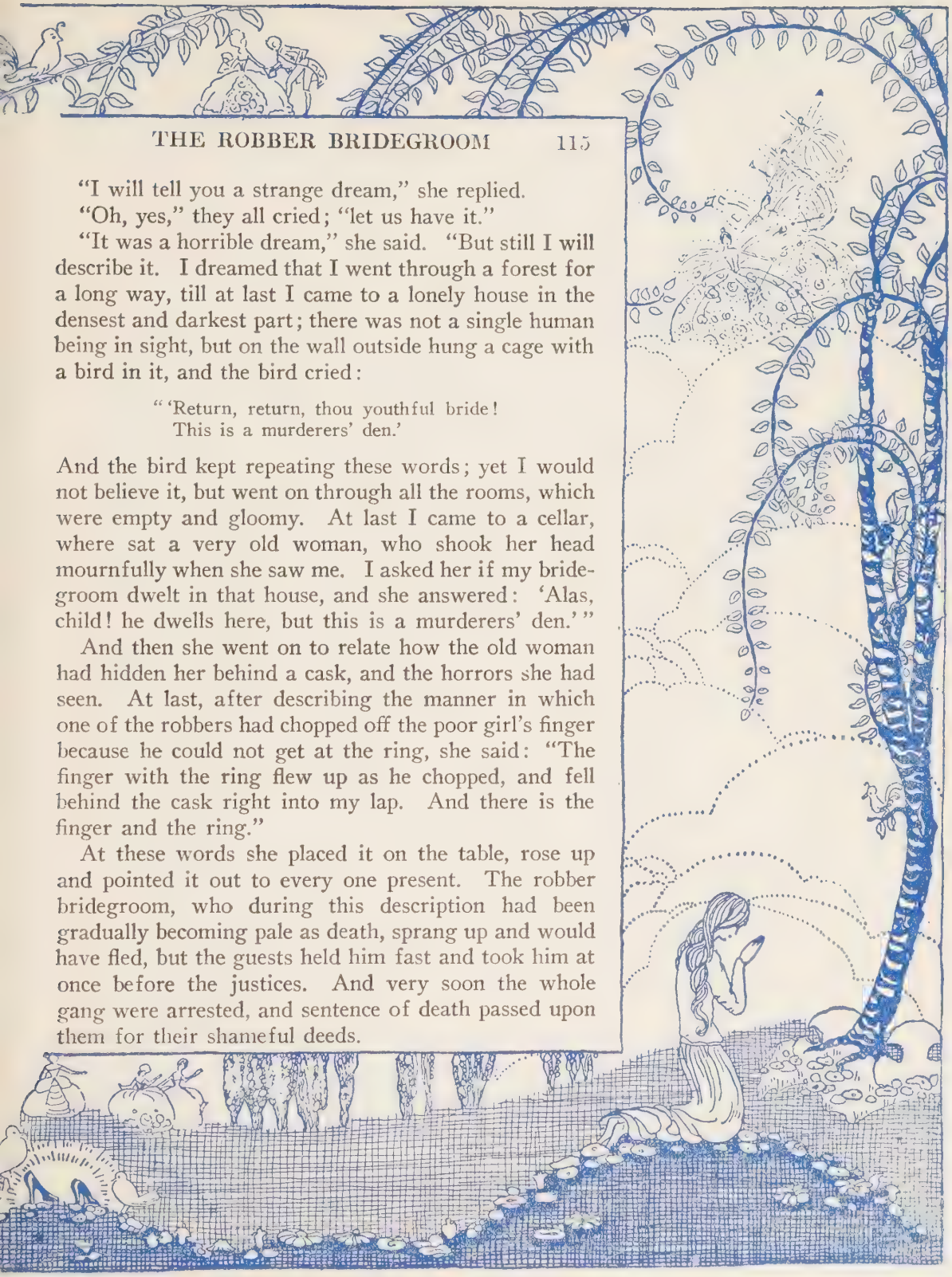
"It was a horrible dream," she said. "But still I will describe it. I dreamed that I went through a forest for a long way, till at last I came to a lonely house in the densest and darkest part; there was not a single human being in sight, but on the wall outside hung a cage with a bird in it, and the bird cried:

"'Return, return, thou youthful bride!
This is a murderers' den.'

And the bird kept repeating these words; yet I would not believe it, but went on through all the rooms, which were empty and gloomy. At last I came to a cellar, where sat a very old woman, who shook her head mournfully when she saw me. I asked her if my bridegroom dwelt in that house, and she answered: 'Alas, child! he dwells here, but this is a murderers' den.'"

And then she went on to relate how the old woman had hidden her behind a cask, and the horrors she had seen. At last, after describing the manner in which one of the robbers had chopped off the poor girl's finger because he could not get at the ring, she said: "The finger with the ring flew up as he chopped, and fell behind the cask right into my lap. And there is the finger and the ring."

At these words she placed it on the table, rose up and pointed it out to every one present. The robber bridegroom, who during this description had been gradually becoming pale as death, sprang up and would have fled, but the guests held him fast and took him at once before the justices. And very soon the whole gang were arrested, and sentence of death passed upon them for their shameful deeds.



THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

ONE fine summer morning a little tailor sat at his open window on a table at work; and many good things could he buy with the money he earned, for he was a clever little tailor.

A farmer's wife came down the street, crying: "Good jam for sale—good jam for sale!" The voice had a lively sound to the ears of the little tailor; so he put his soft head out of the window, and cried: "Come here, my good woman; this is the place to sell your goods."

The woman ascended the three steps with her heavy basket, and stood before the tailor, who asked her to uncover it and show him how much she had. As soon as he saw the contents he rose from his table, and putting down his nose to smell, he exclaimed, "This jam smells so good that I must have four ounces—that is a quarter of a pound; I cannot afford more." The woman, who had hoped to sell a large quantity, gave him what he wished for, but went away quite angry and discontented.

"Oh, how I shall enjoy this!" cried the tailor, who cared nothing for the woman's grumbling; "it will give me strength and energy for my work." Then he fetched the bread from his cupboard, cut off a piece the whole size of the loaf, and spread the jam upon it. "That will not taste bitter," he said; "but before I take even a bite I must finish this waistcoat." Then he

placed the bread on a chair near, and seating himself, sewed and stitched away with a spirit full of joy.

In the meantime the smell of the jam rose to the wall, where numbers of flies were clustered together; so tempting was it that they flew down in swarms just to taste.

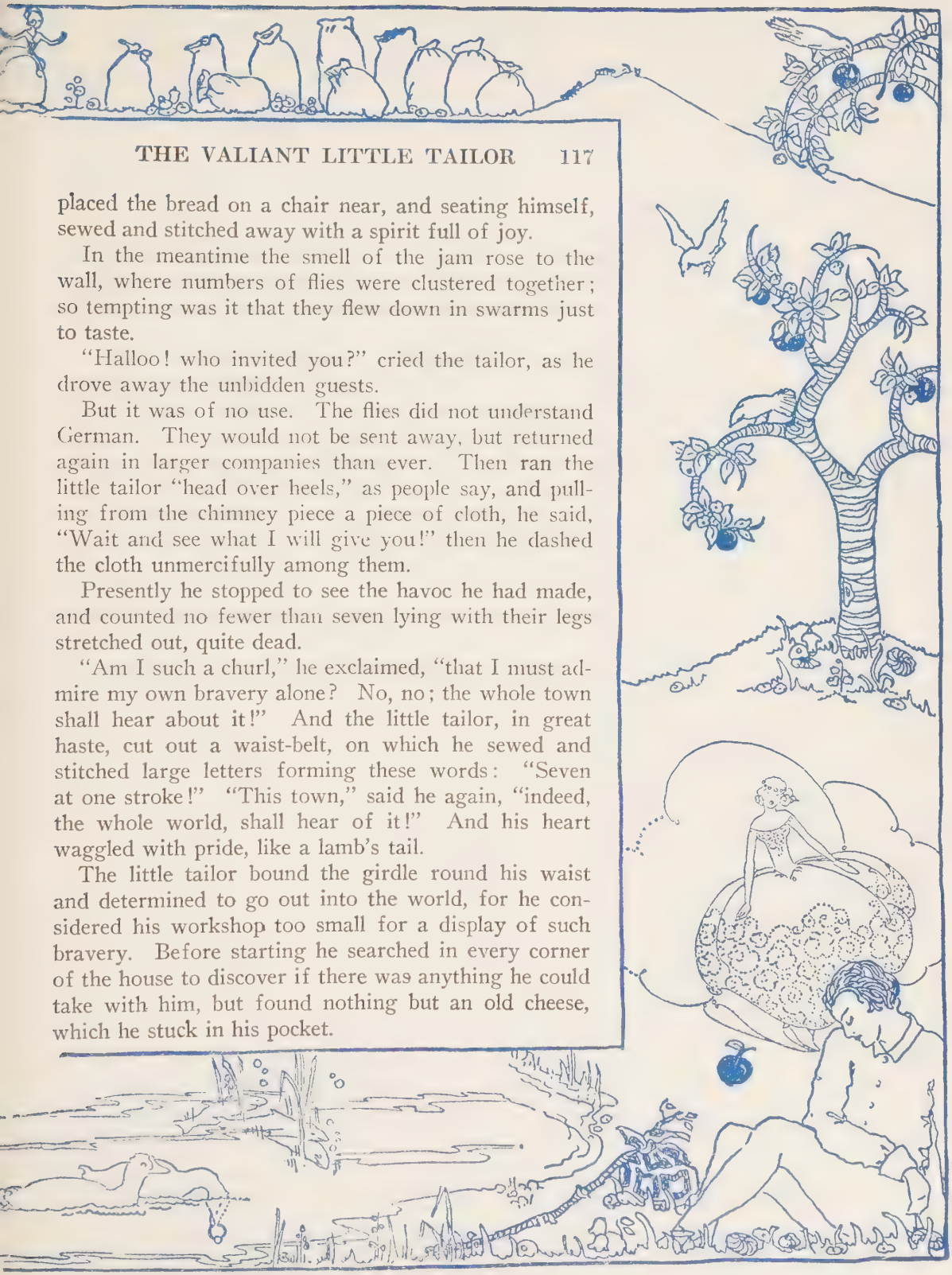
"Halloo! who invited you?" cried the tailor, as he drove away the unbidden guests.

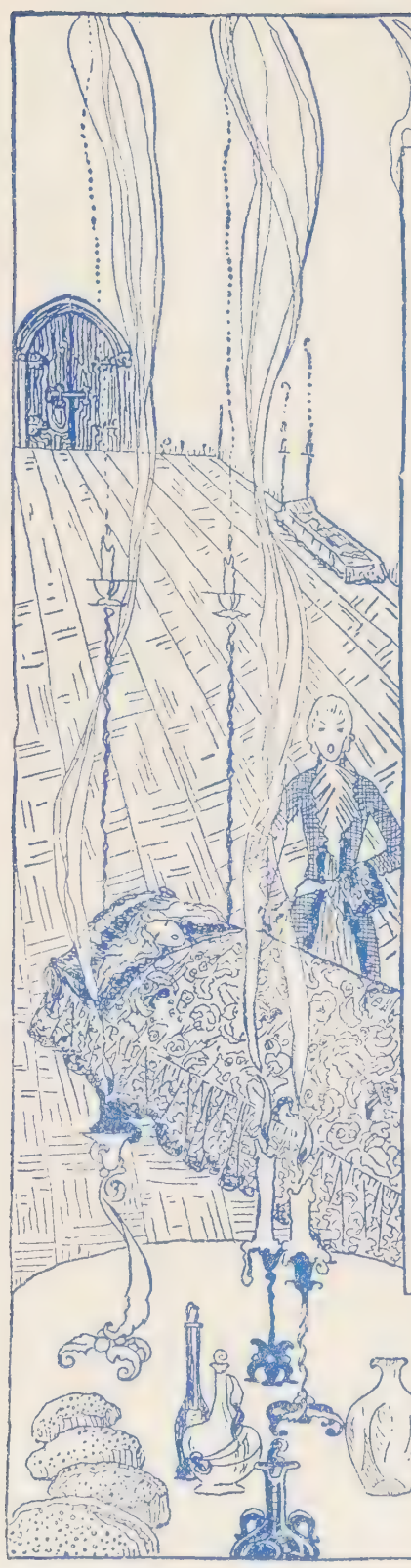
But it was of no use. The flies did not understand German. They would not be sent away, but returned again in larger companies than ever. Then ran the little tailor "head over heels," as people say, and pulling from the chimney piece a piece of cloth, he said, "Wait and see what I will give you!" then he dashed the cloth unmercifully among them.

Presently he stopped to see the havoc he had made, and counted no fewer than seven lying with their legs stretched out, quite dead.

"Am I such a churl," he exclaimed, "that I must admire my own bravery alone? No, no; the whole town shall hear about it!" And the little tailor, in great haste, cut out a waist-belt, on which he sewed and stitched large letters forming these words: "Seven at one stroke!" "This town," said he again, "indeed, the whole world, shall hear of it!" And his heart waggled with pride, like a lamb's tail.

The little tailor bound the girdle round his waist and determined to go out into the world, for he considered his workshop too small for a display of such bravery. Before starting he searched in every corner of the house to discover if there was anything he could take with him, but found nothing but an old cheese, which he stuck in his pocket.





As he passed out he saw before the door a bird caught in the bushes; this he also placed in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out on his journey, tripping lightly along on his legs, for he was so light and pliant that he could walk a long way without feeling fatigue.

The road he took led him up a high mountain. When he reached the summit, there, quite at his ease, sat an enormous giant, who looked at him in a friendly manner.

The brave little tailor went straight up to him, and said: "Good morning, comrade. Upon my word, you have a grand prospect of the world stretched out before you. As for me, I am traveling in search of adventures—will you go with me?"

The giant looked quite disdainfully at the little tailor, and exclaimed: "You conceited little imp! What! go with a contemptible little morsel of a man like you?"

"Stop!" cried the tailor; "not so fast"; and unbuttoning his coat, he pointed to the words on his girdle. "If you can read, that will show you whether I am a man or not."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" and thinking it must be seven men whom the tailor had killed, he began to feel more respect for him.

"Well, now, I will prove you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" and he took up a large stone and squeezed it till the water came from it.

"Oh, that is nothing!" exclaimed the tailor; "it is but play to me"; and taking out the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the whey ran from it, crying out at the same time, "Beat that, if you can!"

The giant knew not what to say; the strength of the little tailor quite astonished him. However, he took up another stone, and threw it to such a height in the air that it was impossible to see where it went.

"Certainly, that is clever," said the tailor; "but the stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up that shall not come down again." He put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out the bird, threw it up into the air.

Overjoyed at regaining its freedom, the bird rose immediately and, spreading its wings, was soon far out of sight.

"What do you think of that performance, comrade?" he asked.

"You can throw very well, certainly," replied the giant; "but I should like to see if you can draw a heavy weight as easily as you can throw."

He led the little tailor to a forest, in which lay an enormous oak which had fallen to the ground, "Now, then," he said, "if you are as strong as you say, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"Most willingly," replied the little man. "You take the trunk on your shoulders, and leave me the leaves and the boughs; they are the heaviest."

The giant lifted the trunk on his shoulders, but the cunning little tailor seated himself among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had therefore to carry the whole tree and the tailor into the bargain, without knowing it.

Our little friend was so merry as he went along that he could not help whistling and singing "Three tailors rode from the door away," as if carrying trees was mere child's play.

The giant, however, had not gone far when he began to stagger under his heavy load. "I cannot move a step further!" he cried. "Don't you hear? I shall let the tree fall."

At this the tailor sprang lightly down, seized the tree with both hands, and exclaimed: "Well, you can't be so very strong, not to be able to carry such a tree as this!"

They left the tree and walked on together till they came to a cherry tree loaded with ripe fruit. The giant seized the topmost branch and, bending it down, placed it in the tailor's hand, and told him to eat as many as he liked. But the little man had not strength enough to hold the branch, so up it sprang again, carrying the little tailor high into the air and letting him fall on the other side, but without hurting him at all. "What," said the giant, "had you not strength enough to hold such a twig as this?"

"My strength did not fail me," he replied. "Do you suppose a man who could kill seven at one stroke would find this a difficult task? I sprang over the tree because I saw a number of hunters shooting in a wood close by. Now, you do the same. I should so like to see you spring over."

The giant made an attempt, but he could not clear the tree; he only entangled himself in the branches; so that in this, also, the tailor gained the upper hand.

Then the giant said to him: "As you are such a clever little fellow, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay the night."

The tailor was quite ready to accompany him, and when they reached the cavern, there sat two other

giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The little tailor seated himself, and thought: "Well, this is a sight worth coming out into the world to see."

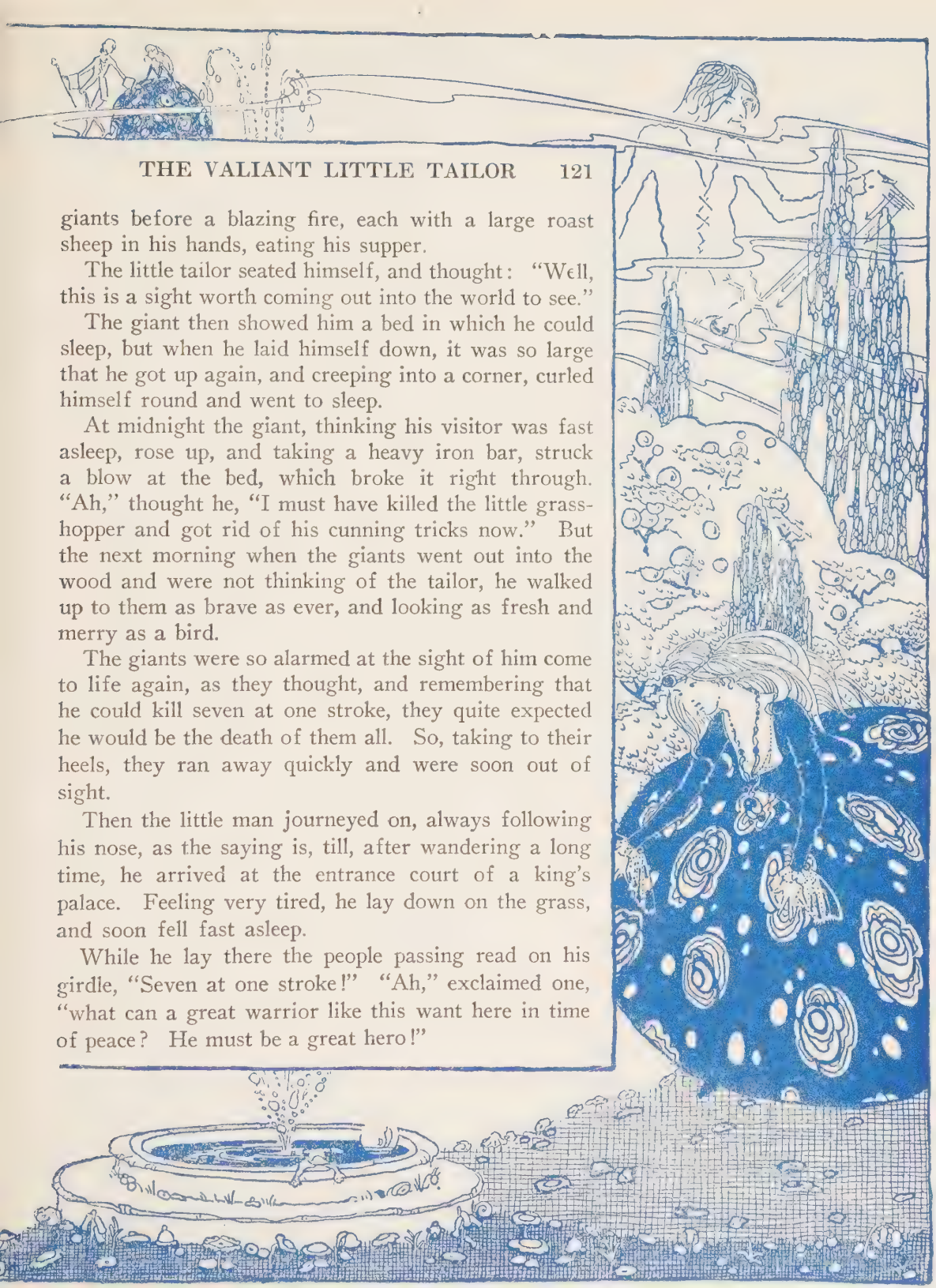
The giant then showed him a bed in which he could sleep, but when he laid himself down, it was so large that he got up again, and creeping into a corner, curled himself round and went to sleep.

At midnight the giant, thinking his visitor was fast asleep, rose up, and taking a heavy iron bar, struck a blow at the bed, which broke it right through. "Ah," thought he, "I must have killed the little grasshopper and got rid of his cunning tricks now." But the next morning when the giants went out into the wood and were not thinking of the tailor, he walked up to them as brave as ever, and looking as fresh and merry as a bird.

The giants were so alarmed at the sight of him come to life again, as they thought, and remembering that he could kill seven at one stroke, they quite expected he would be the death of them all. So, taking to their heels, they ran away quickly and were soon out of sight.

Then the little man journeyed on, always following his nose, as the saying is, till, after wandering a long time, he arrived at the entrance court of a king's palace. Feeling very tired, he lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there the people passing read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke!" "Ah," exclaimed one, "what can a great warrior like this want here in time of peace? He must be a great hero!"



So they went and told the king, and suggested to him that in case a war should break out, it would be a great advantage to secure the services of such a wonderful and clever man at any price.

The king listened to this counsel and sent one of the gentlemen of the court to tell the little man, as soon as he awoke, that he wished to enlist him in his service.

The messenger remained by him, and waited till he at last opened his eyes and stretched his limbs; then he delivered his message.

"Ah, yes," exclaimed the little man, "that is exactly what I came for; I wish to be enlisted in the king's service."

Then was he received at the palace with high honors, and handsome apartments prepared for his use.

But the military men at the court were jealous of the little tailor, and wished him thousands of miles away. "What will become of us," they said one to another, "if we should quarrel with him, or attempt to fight him? If he can kill seven at one blow, there will soon be an end of us all." So they formed a resolution, and went together to the king and resigned their commissions, saying they could not associate with a man who could kill seven men at one blow.

The king was very much vexed when he heard this determination, for he did not like the idea of losing all his old and tried servants on account of this stranger, and began to wish he had never seen the tailor.

But how to get rid of him he knew not, for he might kill them all and place himself on the throne. The king reflected long and deeply on the subject, till at last a plan suggested itself. So he sent for the tailor and

told him that, as he was such a great hero, he wished to make a proposal to him.

"In a forest not far from here," he said, "two giants dwell, who have committed so many dreadful deeds of robbery, murder and violence that no one will venture near where they live, for fear of losing their lives. Now, to whosoever shall vanquish and destroy these dreadful giants I will give my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom as her dowry; and if you will undertake to do this, I will send an escort of one hundred knights with you, to assist you in any way you wish."

"Well," thought the tailor, "that is a reward worth trying for, especially for such a man as I am; it is an offer not met with every day."

So he replied to the king: "Yes, sire, I will overcome the giants; but the hundred knights will be of no use to me. I who have slain seven at one blow, am not likely to be afraid of two."

Then the tailor boldly set out on his enterprise, the hundred knights following him; but when they reached the borders of the wood, he told them to remain there till he returned, as he would rather go alone to attack the giants.

They stayed behind gladly, while the bold little tailor rushed into the forest and looked cautiously around.

After awhile he saw the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree, and snoring so loudly that the leaves above them were shaken from the branches and fell to the ground.

The little tailor was not idle; he ran quickly and filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the tree, and sliding out to the end of

a branch under which the sleepers lay, let fall upon the chest of one of the giants one stone after another.

It was a long time before even this could disturb him, but at last he awoke, and pushing his companion roughly, exclaimed: "What do you mean by knocking me about like this?"

"You are dreaming," said the other; "I never touched you!" And presently they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor threw a heavy stone on the other giant, who woke up in a rage, and cried: "You are striking me now! What do you mean by it?"

"I never struck you!" he growled.

They were both so ill-tempered at being disturbed that they uprooted the large trees near them to use as down to sleep again.

As soon as their eyes were closed the tailor began again at his game, and choosing the largest stone he could find, threw it with all his strength on the chest of the first giant.

"This is really too bad!" cried he, springing up in a fury and striking his comrade against the tree so violently that it trembled.

The other returned him as good as he gave, and a regular combat followed. So furiously did they fight that they uprooted the large trees near them to use as weapons, the earth shook under their feet, and the conflict only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Down sprang the little tailor, exclaiming, "It is a lucky thing for me that they did not uproot the tree in which I sat, or I should have had to spring like a squirrel from one tree to another. However, it is all right now."

Then he drew his sword, and after cutting the throats of the giants, went out of the forest and returned to the knights who were waiting for him.

"The deed is done," he said. "I have made an end of them both. It was no easy task, I can tell you, for in their struggles for life they rooted up trees for weapons; but all this was useless against one who has killed seven at a stroke!"

"And are you not hurt or wounded?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Not a very likely thing," he replied. "No, not a hair of my head has been even ruffled."

The soldiers would not believe him till he led them into the wood, where they found the giants weltering in their blood, and the trees they had rooted up lying near them.

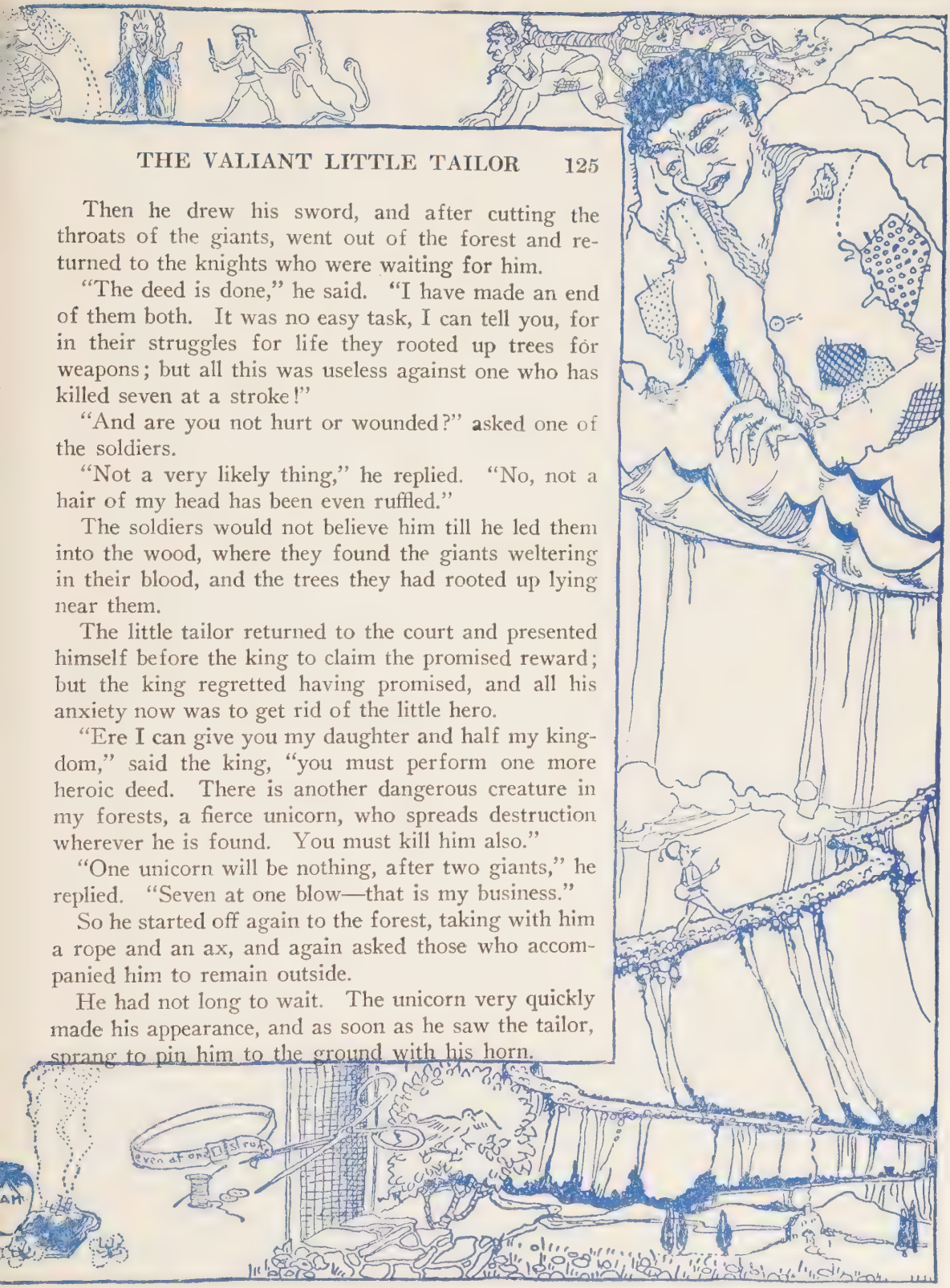
The little tailor returned to the court and presented himself before the king to claim the promised reward; but the king regretted having promised, and all his anxiety now was to get rid of the little hero.

"Ere I can give you my daughter and half my kingdom," said the king, "you must perform one more heroic deed. There is another dangerous creature in my forests, a fierce unicorn, who spreads destruction wherever he is found. You must kill him also."

"One unicorn will be nothing, after two giants," he replied. "Seven at one blow—that is my business."

So he started off again to the forest, taking with him a rope and an ax, and again asked those who accompanied him to remain outside.

He had not long to wait. The unicorn very quickly made his appearance, and as soon as he saw the tailor, sprang to pin him to the ground with his horn.



"Softly! softly!" he cried; "you cannot manage me so easily as that."

Then he stood quite still and waited for the animal to come nearer, and on seeing him prepared to make a final spring, the tailor jumped lightly behind the trunk of a large tree, at which the unicorn ran with all his force, and stuck his horn so fast in the trunk that he had not strength enough to pull it out, and therefore remained a prisoner.

"I have just caught my bird," said the bold little man; and coming forth from behind the tree, he fastened the rope round the neck of the unicorn, and with the ax cut the horn out of the tree, and then led the animal into the presence of the king.

But the king, even now, would not grant the promised reward, without requiring the little hero to perform another feat of valor. He made a bargain that before the marriage with his daughter took place, he should kill a wild boar who did great mischief in the forest, and that the king's hunters should assist him.

"Oh, certainly," replied the tailor; "that will be child's play for me." So he set out immediately for the forest, but left the hunters outside, to their great delight, for the wild boar had often hunted them, and they had no wish to join in the tailor's enterprise.

As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor he flew at him with glaring tusks and a foaming mouth, and would have thrown him on the ground. But our clever little friend was too quick for him; he sprang through the open window of a little chapel that stood near, and out through another on the other side. The boar was soon after him; but the moment he

entered the chapel through the door, the tailor ran round quickly to close it, and the wild animal found himself a prisoner, for he was much too heavy and excited to jump through the window.

The little hero called the hunters and showed them the prisoner with their own eyes. After this he presented the wild boar to the king, who this time, whether he would or no, was obliged to keep his promise to give to the hero his daughter and half his kingdom.

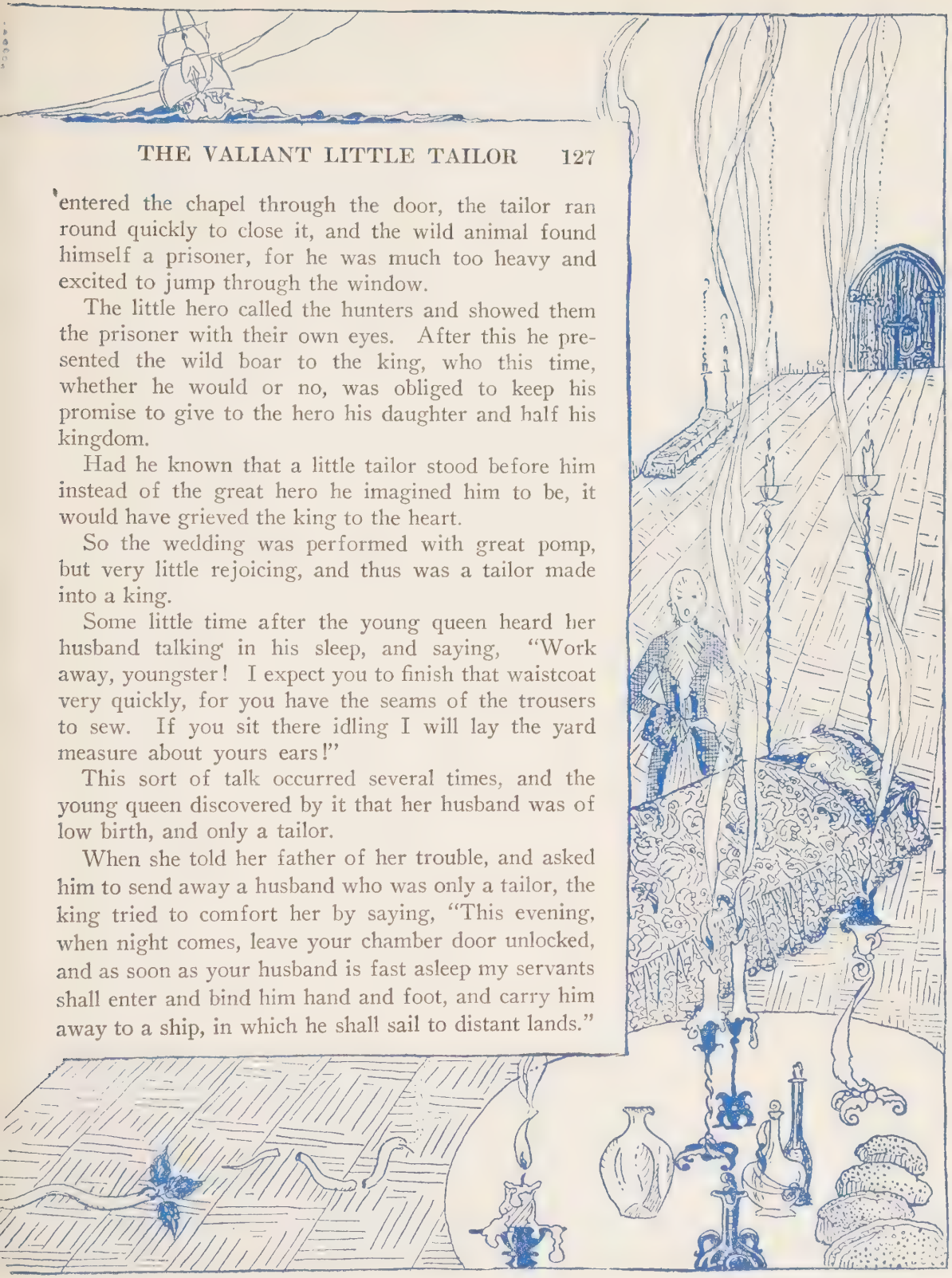
Had he known that a little tailor stood before him instead of the great hero he imagined him to be, it would have grieved the king to the heart.

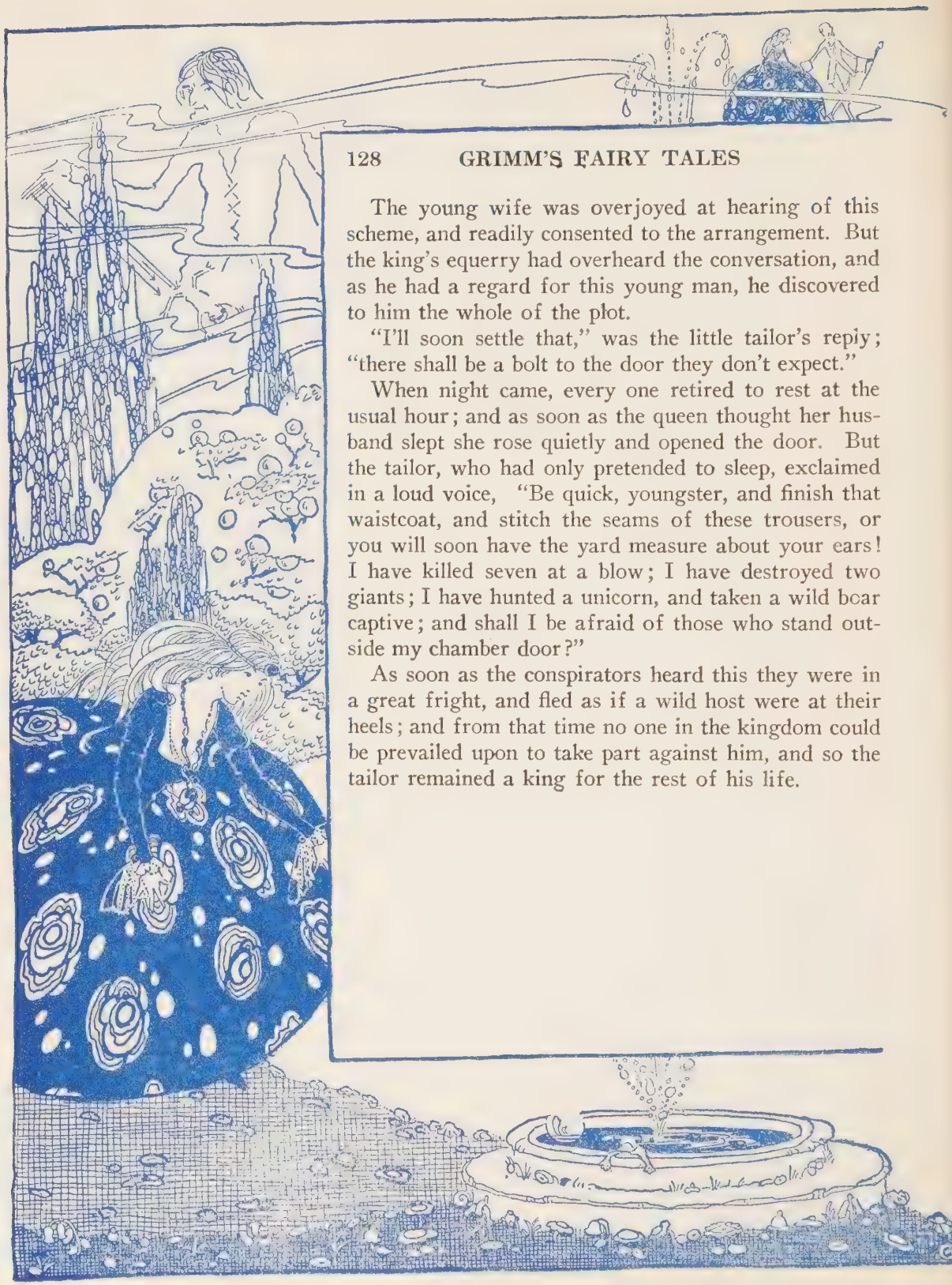
So the wedding was performed with great pomp, but very little rejoicing, and thus was a tailor made into a king.

Some little time after the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Work away, youngster! I expect you to finish that waistcoat very quickly, for you have the seams of the trousers to sew. If you sit there idling I will lay the yard measure about yours ears!"

This sort of talk occurred several times, and the young queen discovered by it that her husband was of low birth, and only a tailor.

When she told her father of her trouble, and asked him to send away a husband who was only a tailor, the king tried to comfort her by saying, "This evening, when night comes, leave your chamber door unlocked, and as soon as your husband is fast asleep my servants shall enter and bind him hand and foot, and carry him away to a ship, in which he shall sail to distant lands."



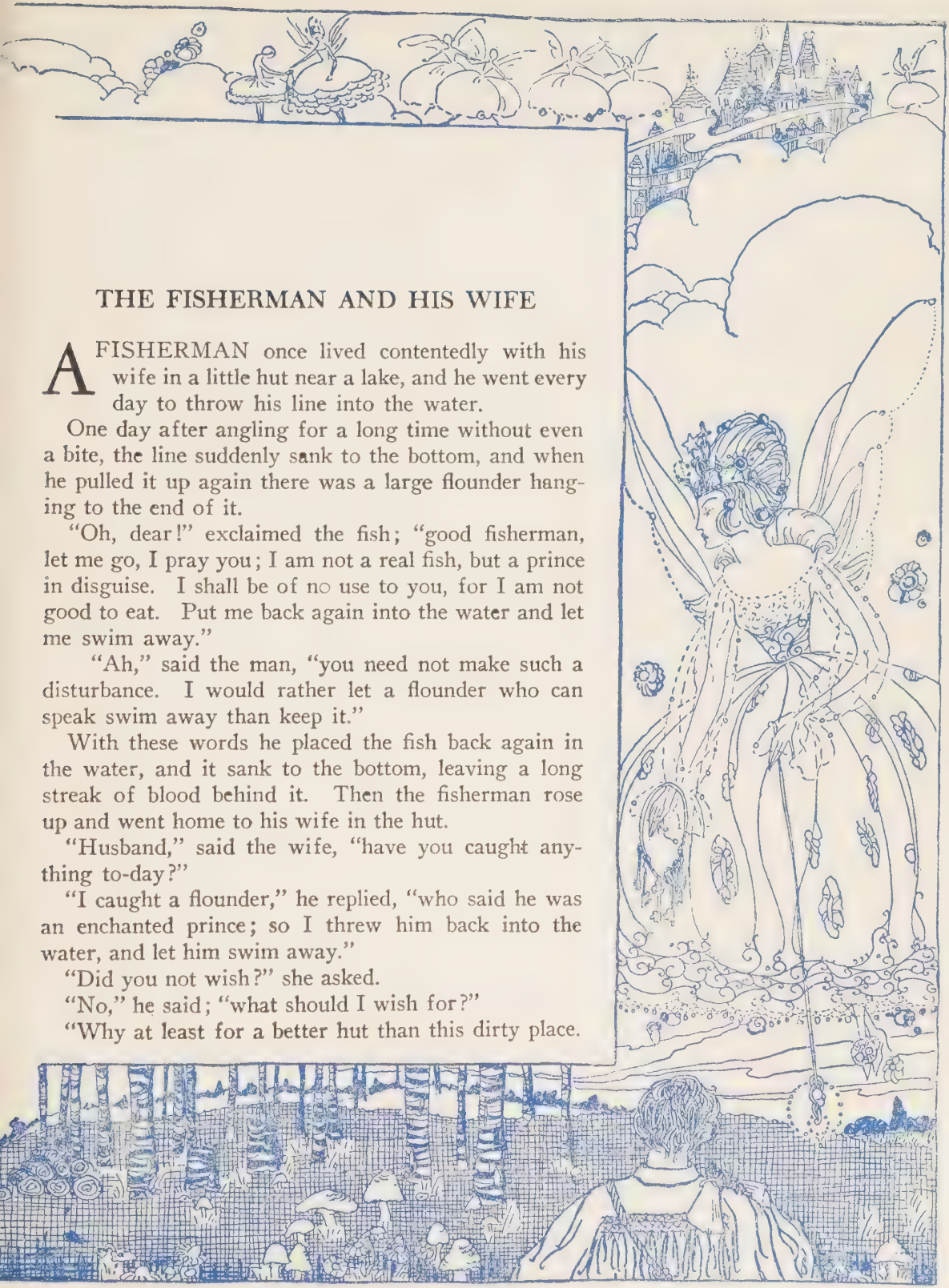


The young wife was overjoyed at hearing of this scheme, and readily consented to the arrangement. But the king's equerry had overheard the conversation, and as he had a regard for this young man, he discovered to him the whole of the plot.

"I'll soon settle that," was the little tailor's reply; "there shall be a bolt to the door they don't expect."

When night came, every one retired to rest at the usual hour; and as soon as the queen thought her husband slept she rose quietly and opened the door. But the tailor, who had only pretended to sleep, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Be quick, youngster, and finish that waistcoat, and stitch the seams of these trousers, or you will soon have the yard measure about your ears! I have killed seven at a blow; I have destroyed two giants; I have hunted a unicorn, and taken a wild boar captive; and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber door?"

As soon as the conspirators heard this they were in a great fright, and fled as if a wild host were at their heels; and from that time no one in the kingdom could be prevailed upon to take part against him, and so the tailor remained a king for the rest of his life.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

A FISHERMAN once lived contentedly with his wife in a little hut near a lake, and he went every day to throw his line into the water.

One day after angling for a long time without even a bite, the line suddenly sank to the bottom, and when he pulled it up again there was a large flounder hanging to the end of it.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the fish; "good fisherman, let me go, I pray you; I am not a real fish, but a prince in disguise. I shall be of no use to you, for I am not good to eat. Put me back again into the water and let me swim away."

"Ah," said the man, "you need not make such a disturbance. I would rather let a flounder who can speak swim away than keep it."

With these words he placed the fish back again in the water, and it sank to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman rose up and went home to his wife in the hut.

"Husband," said the wife, "have you caught anything to-day?"

"I caught a flounder," he replied, "who said he was an enchanted prince; so I threw him back into the water, and let him swim away."

"Did you not wish?" she asked.

"No," he said; "what should I wish for?"

"Why at least for a better hut than this dirty place.

How unlucky you did not think of it! He would have promised you whatever you asked for. However, go and call him now; perhaps he will answer you."

The husband did not like this task at all; he thought it was nonsense. However, to please his wife, he went and stood by the sea. When he saw how green and dark it looked, he felt much discouraged, but made up a rhyme and said:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Sent me here a wish to tell."

Then the fish came swimming up to the surface, and said: "What do you want with me?"

"Ah," said the man, "I caught you and let you go again to-day, without wishing; and my wife says I ought to have wished, for she cannot live any longer in such a miserable hut as ours, and she wants a better one."

"Go home, man," said the fish; "your wife has all she wants."

So the husband went home, and there was his wife, no longer in her dirty hovel, but sitting at the door of a neat little cottage, looking very happy.

She took her husband by the hand and said: "Come in, and see how much better it is than the other old hut."

So he followed her in, and found a beautiful parlor, and a bright stove in it, a soft bed in the bedroom, and a kitchen full of earthenware, and tin and copper vessels for cooking, looking so bright and clean, and all of the very best. Outside was a little farmyard,

with hens and chickens running about, and beyond, a garden containing plenty of fruit and vegetables.

"See," said the wife; "is it not delightful?"

"Ah, yes," replied her husband, "as long as it is new you will be quite contented; but after that, we shall see."

"Yes, we shall see," said the wife.

A fortnight passed, and the husband felt quite happy, till one day his wife startled him by saying, "Husband, after all, this is only a cottage, much too small for us, and the yard and garden cover very little ground. If the fish is really a prince in disguise, he could very well give us a larger house. I should like, above all things, to live in a large castle built of stone. Go to thy fish and ask him to build us a castle."

"Ah, wife," he said, "this cottage is good enough for us; what do you want of a castle?"

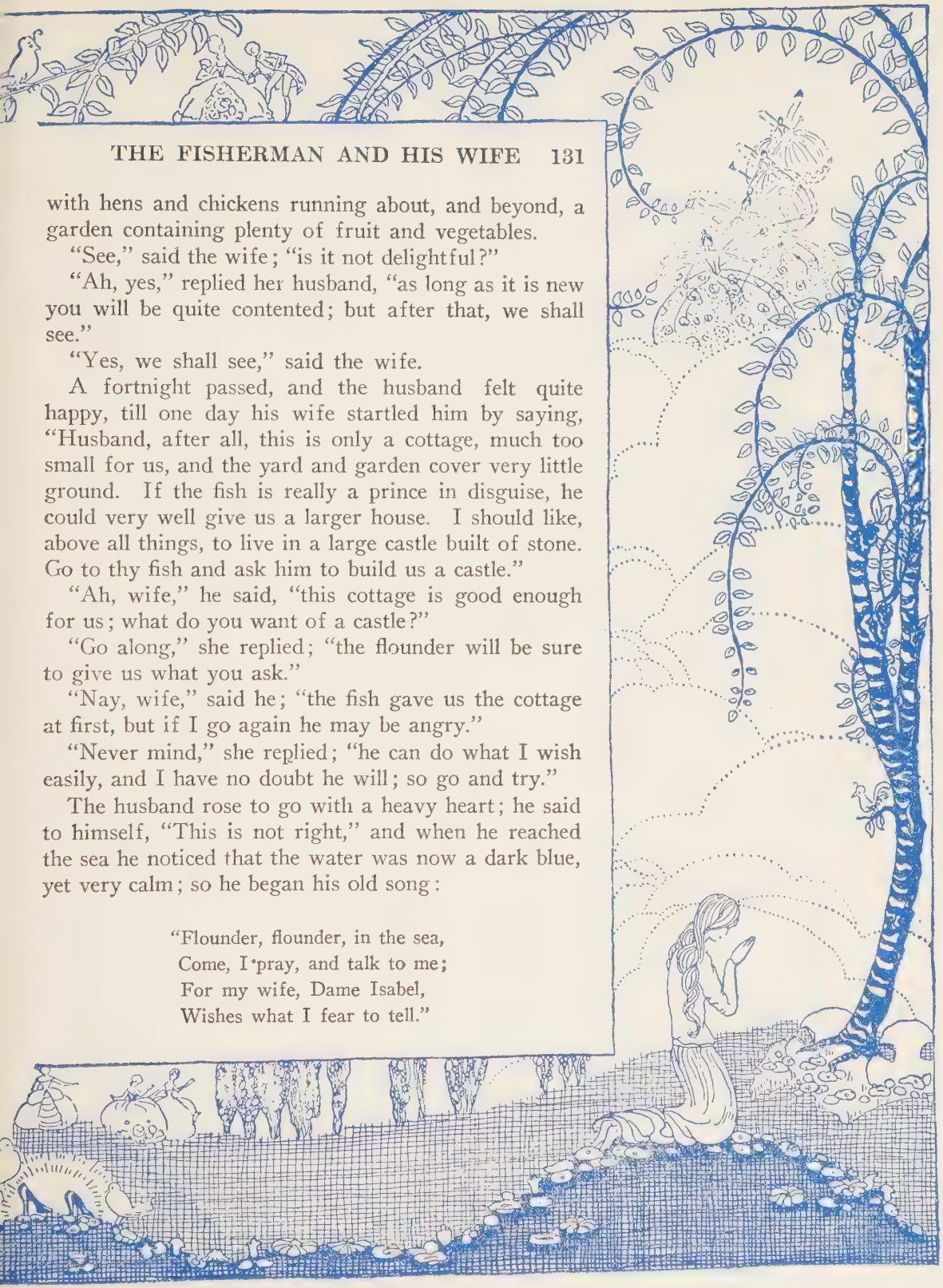
"Go along," she replied; "the flounder will be sure to give us what you ask."

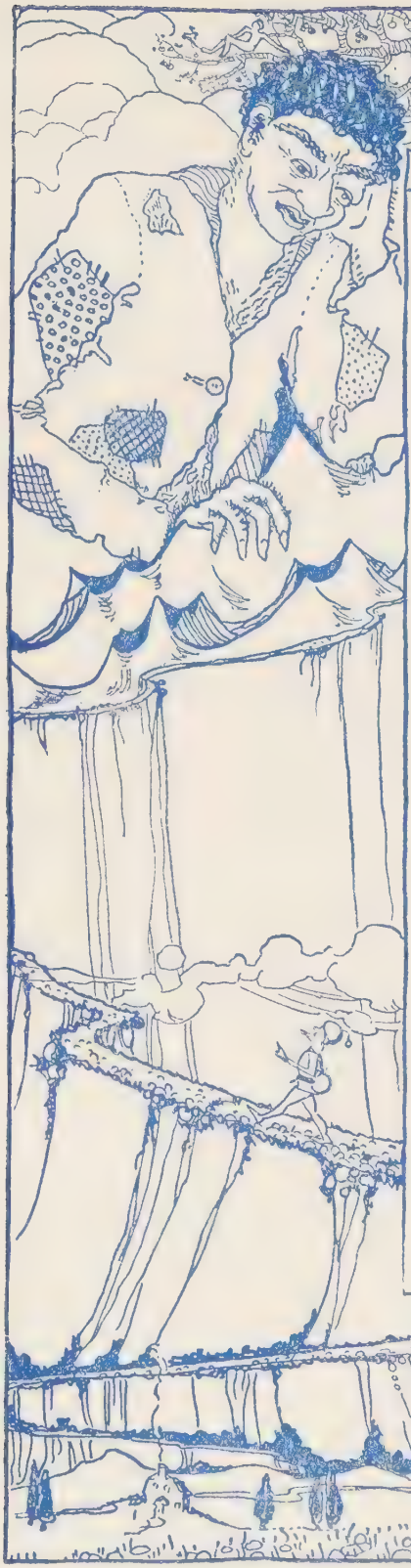
"Nay, wife," said he; "the fish gave us the cottage at first, but if I go again he may be angry."

"Never mind," she replied; "he can do what I wish easily, and I have no doubt he will; so go and try."

The husband rose to go with a heavy heart; he said to himself, "This is not right," and when he reached the sea he noticed that the water was now a dark blue, yet very calm; so he began his old song:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."





"Now, then, what do you want?" said the fish, lifting his head above the water.

"Oh, dear!" said the fisherman in a frightened tone, "my wife wants to live in a great stone castle."

"Go home, man, and you will find her there," was the reply.

The husband hastened home, and where the cottage had been there stood a great stone castle, and his wife tripped down the steps, saying: "Come with me, and I will show you what a beautiful dwelling we have now!"

So she took him by the hand and led him into the castle, through halls of marble, while numbers of servants stood ready to usher them through folding doors into rooms where the walls were hung with tapestry and the furniture was of silk and gold. From these they went into other rooms equally elegant, where crystal looking glasses hung on the walls, and the chairs and tables were of rosewood and marble. The soft carpets sank beneath the footstep, and rich ornaments were arranged about the rooms.

Outside the castle was a large courtyard in which were stables and cow sheds, horses and carriages, all of the most expensive kind. Beyond this was a beautiful garden full of rare flowers and delicious fruit, besides several acres of field and park land, in which deer, oxen, and sheep were grazing—all, indeed, that the heart could wish was here.

"Well," said the wife, "is not this beautiful?"

"Yes," replied her husband, "and you will think so as long as the humor lasts, and then, I suppose, you will want something more."

"We must think about that," she replied, and then they went to bed.

Not many mornings after this the fisherman's wife rose early. It was just daybreak, and she stood looking out, with her arms akimbo, over the beautiful country that lay before her. Her husband did not stir, and presently she exclaimed: "Get up, husband, and come to the window! Look here, ought you not to be king of all this land? Then I should be queen. Go and tell the fish I want you to be king."

"Ah, wife," he replied, "I don't want to be king. I can't go and ask that."

"Well," she replied, "if you don't care about being king, I wish to be queen, so go and tell the fish what I say."

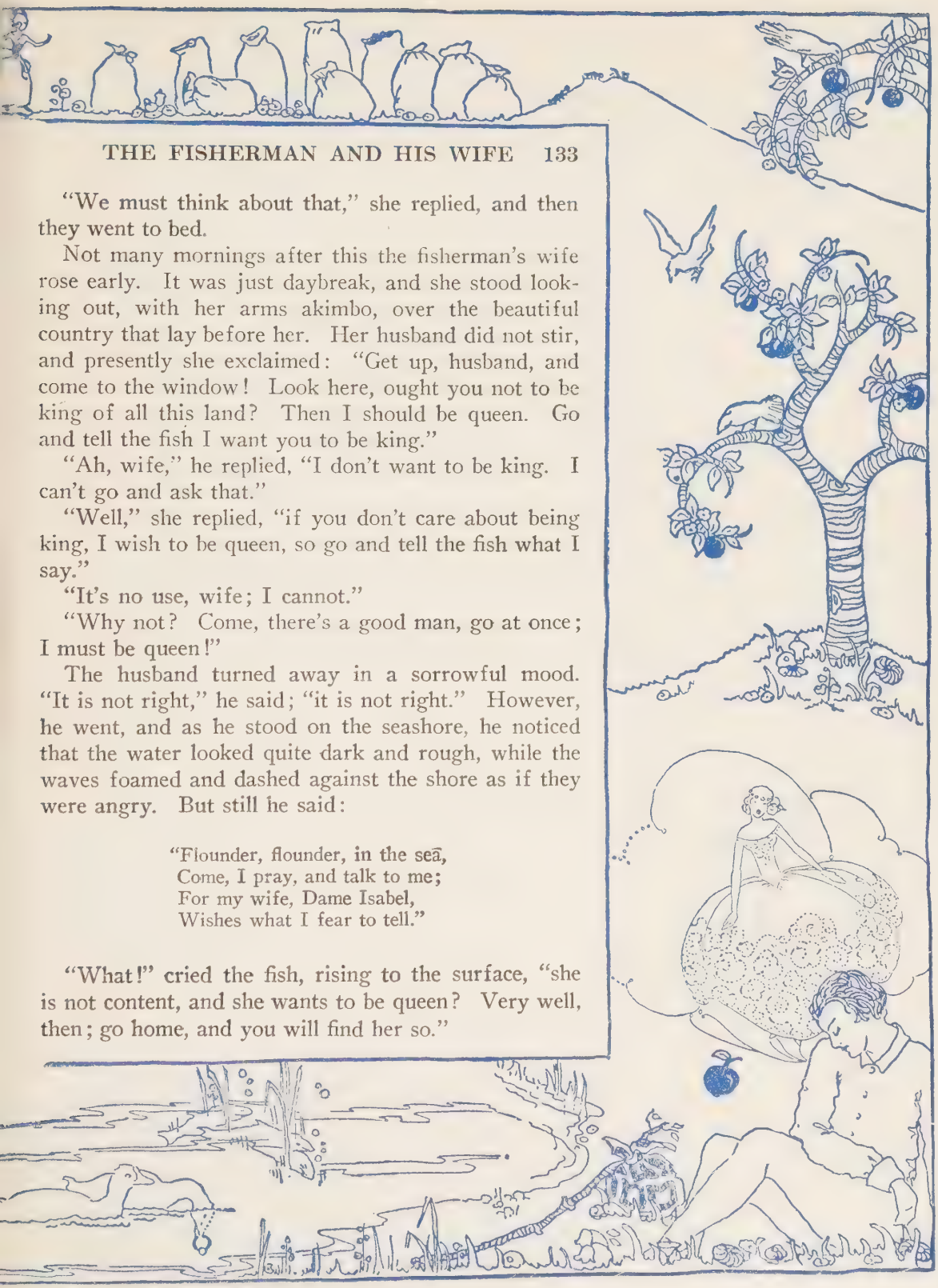
"It's no use, wife; I cannot."

"Why not? Come, there's a good man, go at once; I must be queen!"

The husband turned away in a sorrowful mood. "It is not right," he said; "it is not right." However, he went, and as he stood on the seashore, he noticed that the water looked quite dark and rough, while the waves foamed and dashed against the shore as if they were angry. But still he said:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

"What!" cried the fish, rising to the surface, "she is not content, and she wants to be queen? Very well, then; go home, and you will find her so."



When he got near home he found the castle had disappeared, and he saw at a distance a palace, which seemed to grow larger as he approached it. At one end was a large tower, and a noble terrace in front. A sentinel stood at the gates, and a band of soldiers, with drums and trumpets, were performing the martial music. On arriving at the palace, he found it was built of precious marble. Within, no expense had been spared. The furniture was of the most precious materials, and the curtains and carpets fringed with gold. The husband passed through the doors into a state apartment of immense size, and there sat his wife upon a lofty throne of gold and precious stones. She had a crown of gold upon her head, and a golden scepter in her hand adorned with jewels. On each side of her stood six pages in a row, each one a head taller than the one next to him. He went up to his wife, and said: "Ah, wife, so you are queen now!"

"Yes," she said, "I am queen."

He stood looking at her for a long time till at last he spoke again. "Well, wife, now that you are queen, we have nothing left to wish for; we must give up wishing."

"No, indeed," she replied, "I am not yet satisfied. Time and tide wait for no man, nor will they wait for me. I am as impatient as ever. Go to your enchanted prince again and tell him I want to be empress."

"Empress!" cried the husband. "It is beyond his power, I am certain; the empress has the highest place in the kingdom."

"What!" she replied, "don't you know that I am queen, and that you must obey me, although you are my husband? Go at once; if the prince in disguise

can make a queen, he can also make an empress."

So the husband went away muttering to himself, "To keep on wishing in this way is not good; I am certain the fish will put an end to it this time."

When he reached the shore the sea was quite black, and the waves rushed so furiously over the rocks that he was terrified, but he contrived to repeat his wild verse again, saying:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isabel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

Up came the fish.

"Well," he said, "what does she want now?"

"Ah!" said the husband timidly, "she wants to be empress."

"Go home, man," he replied. "She has her wish."

And on his return he found his wife acting as empress in a palace of marble, with alabaster statues, and gold, and pearls; and soldiers, and lords, and barons bowing to her; but she was not satisfied even now, and at last told her husband that she wished to be the pope, and that he must go to the fish and tell him so.

"No," he said, "that is impossible. The pope is the head of the Church. You cannot have that wish."

"But I will be pope!" she exclaimed.

So he was obliged to go, and when he reached the shore the sea was running mountains high, and roaring and beating against the shores, and it was such terrible weather that the sky looked quite black.

However, he ventured to call up the fish with the old song, and told of his wife's wish.

"Go home," he said. "Your wife is pope."

He turned to go back, but what a change he found; the palace had vanished, and in its place stood a large cathedral surrounded by marble pillars.

On a high throne sat his wife, with thousands of lights around her, dressed in robes embroidered with gold, and wearing a large golden crown on her head. Candles of all kinds stood near her, some as thick as a tower, others as small as a rushlight, while emperors, kings, and nobles kneeled at her footstool and kissed her slippers.

"Well, wife," said her husband, "so you are pope?"

"Yes," she said, "I am."

He stood still for a time watching her, and at length he remarked: "You cannot be higher than the pope, so I suppose now you are content?"

"I am not quite sure," she said. But when evening came, and they retired to rest, she could not sleep for thinking what she should next wish for. Her husband slept soundly, for he had tired himself the day before; but she rose even before the day broke, and stood at the window to watch the sun rise.

It was a beautiful sight, and she exclaimed as she watched it, "Oh, if I only had the power to make the sun rise! Husband, wake up," she added, pushing him in the ribs with her elbows; "wake up, and go and tell the enchanted prince that I wish to be equal to the Creator, and make the sun rise."

The husband was so frightened at this that he tumbled out of bed, and exclaimed: "Ah, wife, what didst thou say?"

She repeated the words.

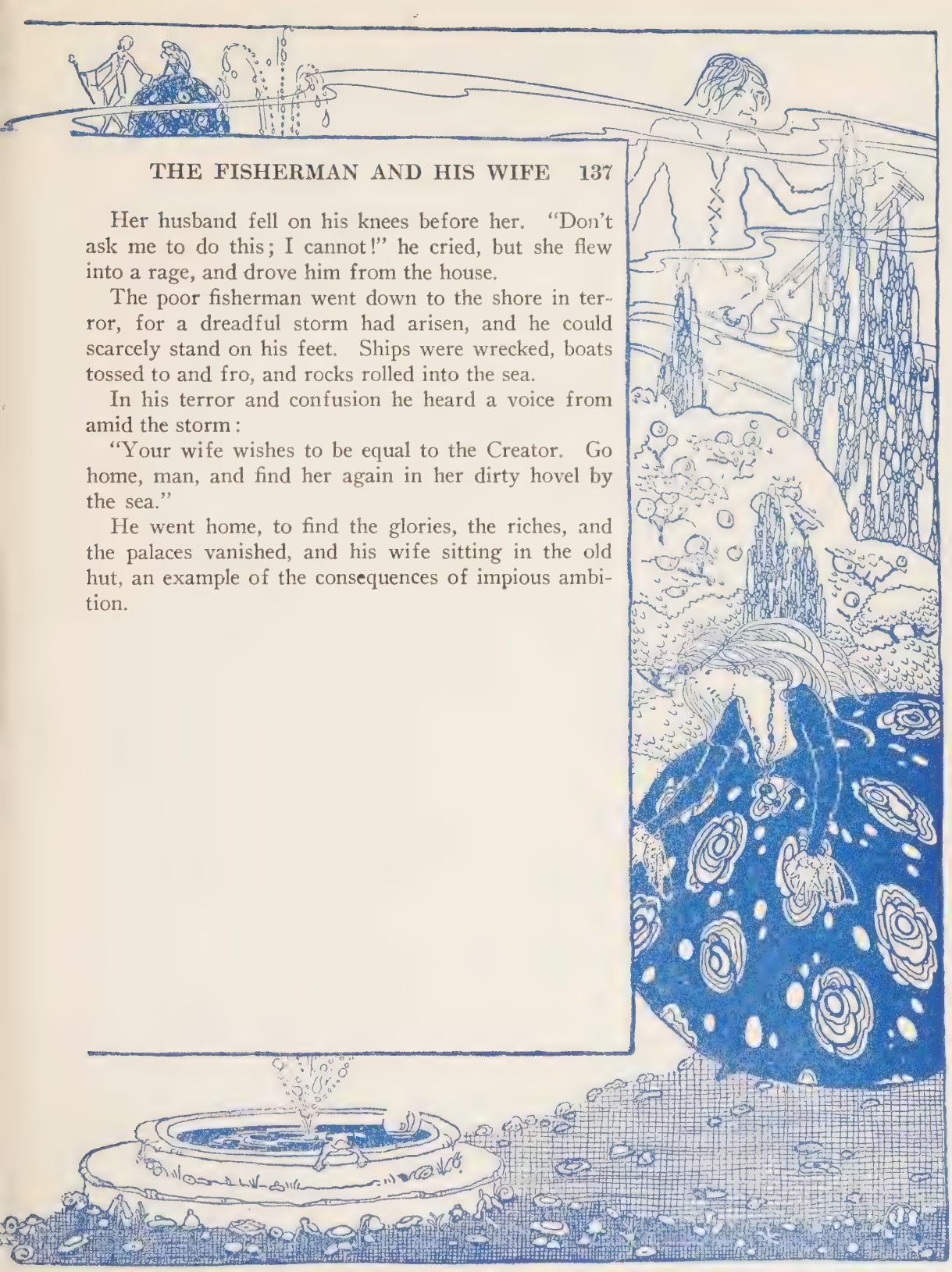
Her husband fell on his knees before her. "Don't ask me to do this; I cannot!" he cried, but she flew into a rage, and drove him from the house.

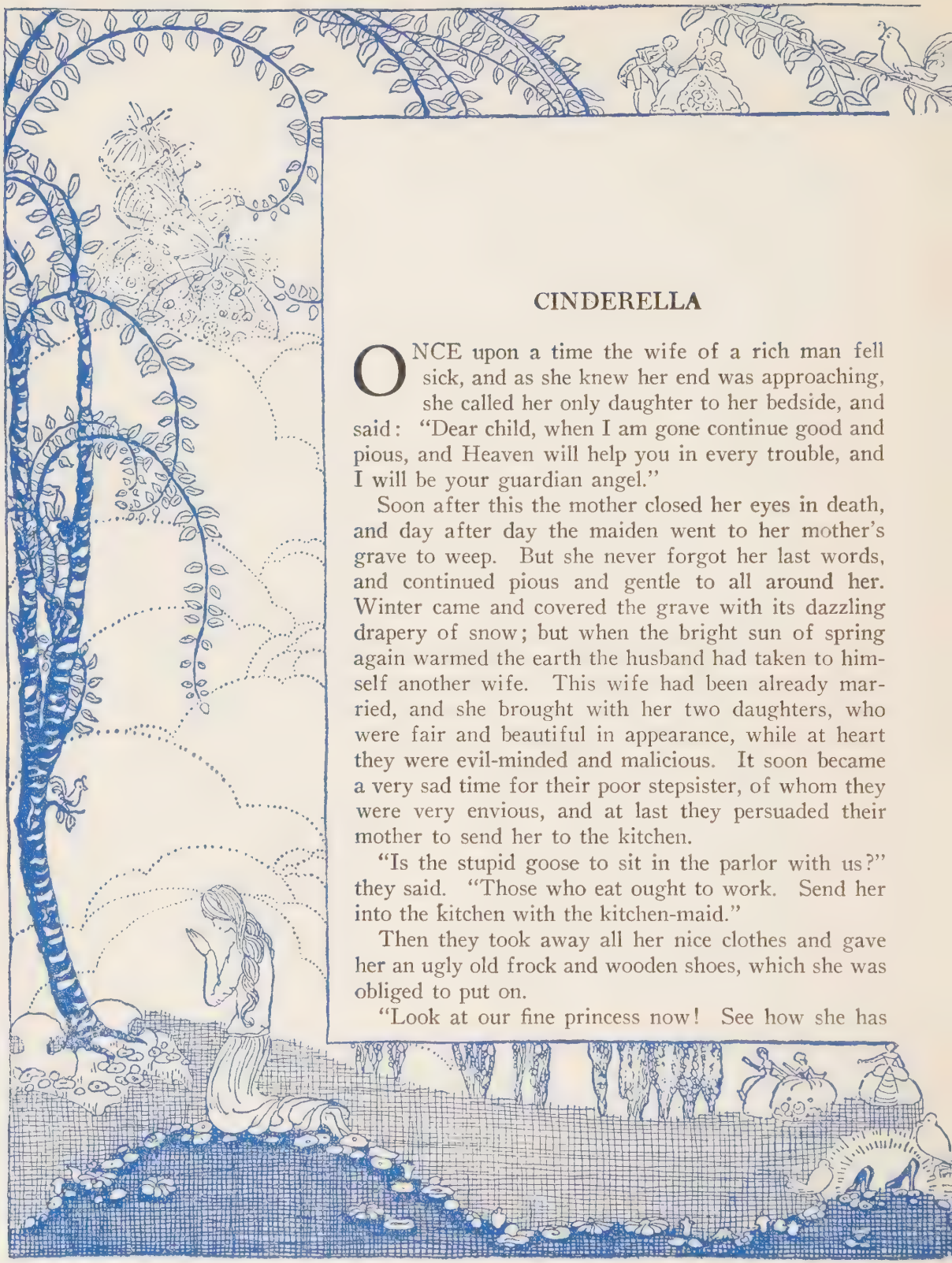
The poor fisherman went down to the shore in terror, for a dreadful storm had arisen, and he could scarcely stand on his feet. Ships were wrecked, boats tossed to and fro, and rocks rolled into the sea.

In his terror and confusion he heard a voice from amid the storm:

"Your wife wishes to be equal to the Creator. Go home, man, and find her again in her dirty hovel by the sea."

He went home, to find the glories, the riches, and the palaces vanished, and his wife sitting in the old hut, an example of the consequences of impious ambition.





CINDERELLA

ONCE upon a time the wife of a rich man fell sick, and as she knew her end was approaching, she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said: "Dear child, when I am gone continue good and pious, and Heaven will help you in every trouble, and I will be your guardian angel."

Soon after this the mother closed her eyes in death, and day after day the maiden went to her mother's grave to weep. But she never forgot her last words, and continued pious and gentle to all around her. Winter came and covered the grave with its dazzling drapery of snow; but when the bright sun of spring again warmed the earth the husband had taken to himself another wife. This wife had been already married, and she brought with her two daughters, who were fair and beautiful in appearance, while at heart they were evil-minded and malicious. It soon became a very sad time for their poor stepsister, of whom they were very envious, and at last they persuaded their mother to send her to the kitchen.

"Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlor with us?" they said. "Those who eat ought to work. Send her into the kitchen with the kitchen-maid."

Then they took away all her nice clothes and gave her an ugly old frock and wooden shoes, which she was obliged to put on.

"Look at our fine princess now! See how she has

dressed herself!" they said, laughing and driving her into the kitchen.

And there she was obliged to remain doing hard work from morning till night; and she had to rise early to draw water, to light the fire, to cook, and to wash. Besides all this, her stepsisters invented all sorts of ways to make her more unhappy. They would either treat her with scorn or else push her out of their way so roughly that she sometimes fell among the pea shells and cabbage leaves that lay in the yard.

At night, when she was tired with her work, she had no bed to lie on, and when the weather was cold she would creep into the ashes on the warm hearth, and get so black and smutty that they gave her the name of Cinderella.

It happened one day that the father was going to a fair, and he asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring back for them as a present.

"A beautiful dress," said the eldest; "a pearl necklace," said her sister.

"And, Cinderella," asked her father, "what will you have?"

"Father," she replied, "please bring me the first twig that strikes your hat on your way home."

So the father bought for his stepdaughters a beautiful dress and a pearl necklace, and as he was returning home, he rode through a shrubbery where the green bushes clustered thickly around him, and a hazel twig, stretching across his path, struck his hat. Then he stopped, broke off the twig, and carried it home with him.

As soon as he reached the house he gave his stepdaughters the presents they had wished for, and to Cin-

derella the hazel twig from the hazel bush. She thanked him for it even more than her sisters had done for their beautiful presents, and went out immediately to her mother's grave, where she planted the hazel twig, and wept over it so much that her tears fell and softened the earth.

The twig grew and became a beautiful tree, and Cinderella went three times every day to pray and weep at the grave; and on each visit a little white bird would perch on the tree, and when she expressed a wish the bird would throw down whatever she wished for.

After a time the king of the country gave a grand ball, which was to continue for three days. All the beautiful young ladies in the land were invited to this ball, that the king's son might make choice of a bride from among them.

The two stepsisters, when they heard that they were invited, knew not how to contain themselves for joy. They called Cinderella in haste, and said: "Come and dress our hair and trim our shoes with gold buckles, for we are going to the ball at the king's palace."

When Cinderella heard this she began to cry, for she was fond of dancing, and she wanted to go with her stepsisters, so she went to her stepmother and begged to be allowed to accompany them.

"You, Cinderella!" cried her stepmother, "so covered with dirt and smut as you are; you go to a ball! Besides you have no dress nor dancing shoes."

Cinderella, however, continued to beg for permission to go, till her stepmother said at last:

"There, go away into the kitchen; I have just thrown a shovelful of linseed into the ashes; if you can pick

these seeds all out and bring them to me in two hours, you shall go."

Away went the maiden through the back door into the garden, and called out:

"Little tame pigeons,
Turtle-doves, too,
If you don't help me,
What shall I do?
Come, pick up the seeds,
All the birds in the sky,
For I cannot do it
In time if I try."

Then came flying in at the kitchen window two pretty white doves, and they were followed by all the birds of the air, twittering in a swarm. Nodding their heads at Cinderella, they began to pick, pick, and very quickly picked every seed from the ashes, till the shovel was full. It was all finished in one hour, and then the birds spread their wings and flew away.

Full of joy, the maiden carried the shovelful of seed to her stepmother, believing that now she was sure to go to the ball. But her stepmother said:

"No, Cinderella, you have no dress, and you have not learned to dance; you would only be laughed at."

Still she cried and begged so hard to be allowed to go that her stepmother, to keep her quiet, threw two shovelfuls of linseed in the ashes this time, and told her she should go if she picked all these out in two hours.

"She can never do that in the time," thought the cruel woman as Cinderella ran away to the kitchen; but the maiden went again into the garden and called the birds:

"Little tame pigeons,
Turtle-doves, too,
If you don't help me,
What shall I do?
Come, pick up the seeds,
All the birds in the sky,
For I cannot do it
In time if I try."

Then the birds all came as before, and in less than an hour every seed was picked out and laid in the shovels. As soon as they had flown away Cinderella carried the shovelfuls of seed to her stepmother, quite expecting now to go to the ball with her stepsisters. But she said again:

"It is of no use to fret, Cinderella; you have no dress, you cannot dance, and were you to go it would be a disgrace to us all."

Then she turned her back on the poor girl and hastened away with her two proud daughters to the ball. There was no one at home now but Cinderella, so she went out to her mother's grave and stood under the hazel tree and cried:

"Shake and shiver, little tree,
With gold and silver cover me!"

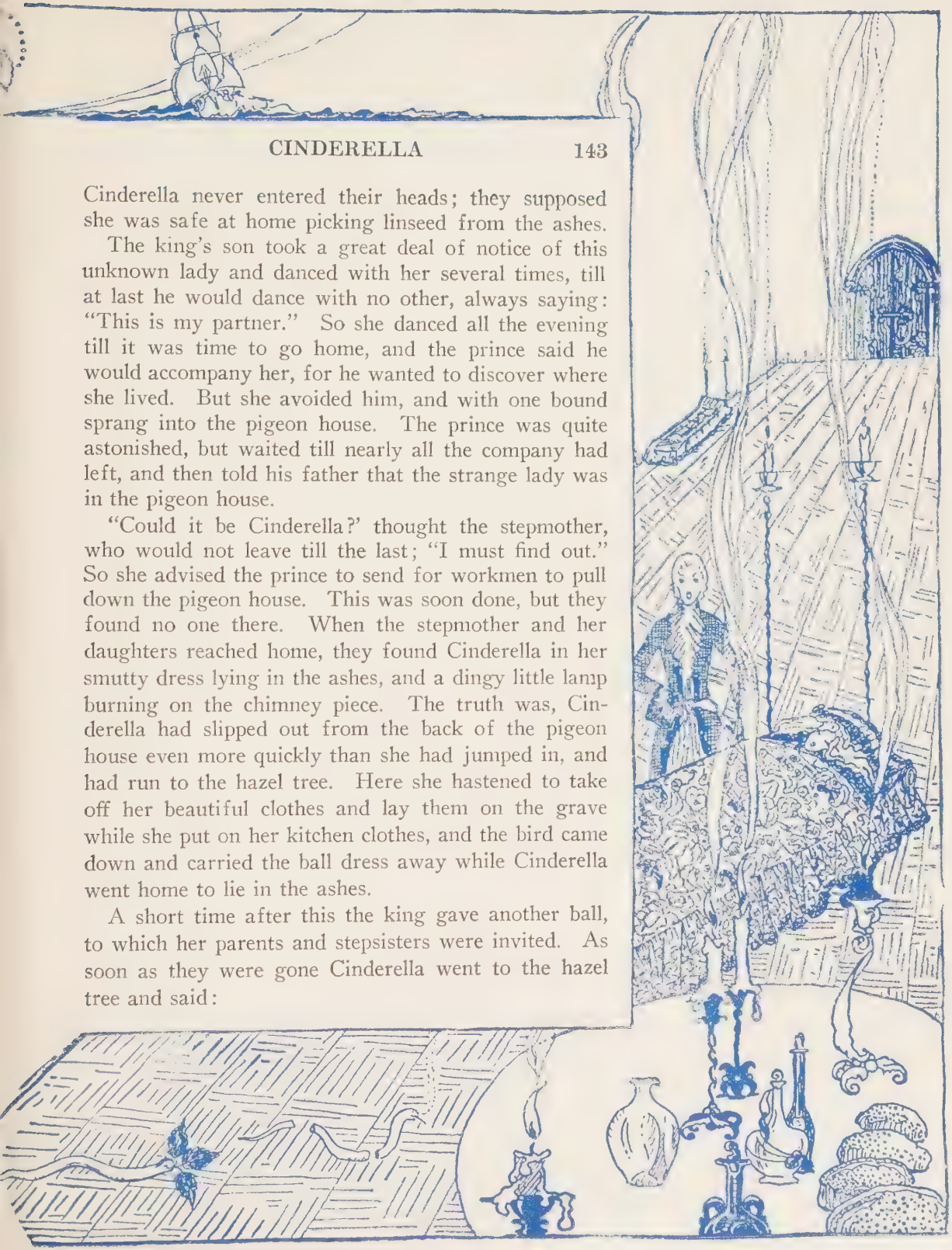
Then the bird in the tree threw down a beautiful silk dress embroidered with gold and silver, and a new pair of glittering golden slippers. In great haste she dressed herself in these beautiful clothes and went to the ball. When she entered the ballroom, looking so beautiful in her rich dress and slippers, her stepmother and sisters did not know her; indeed, they took her for a foreign princess. The idea that it could be

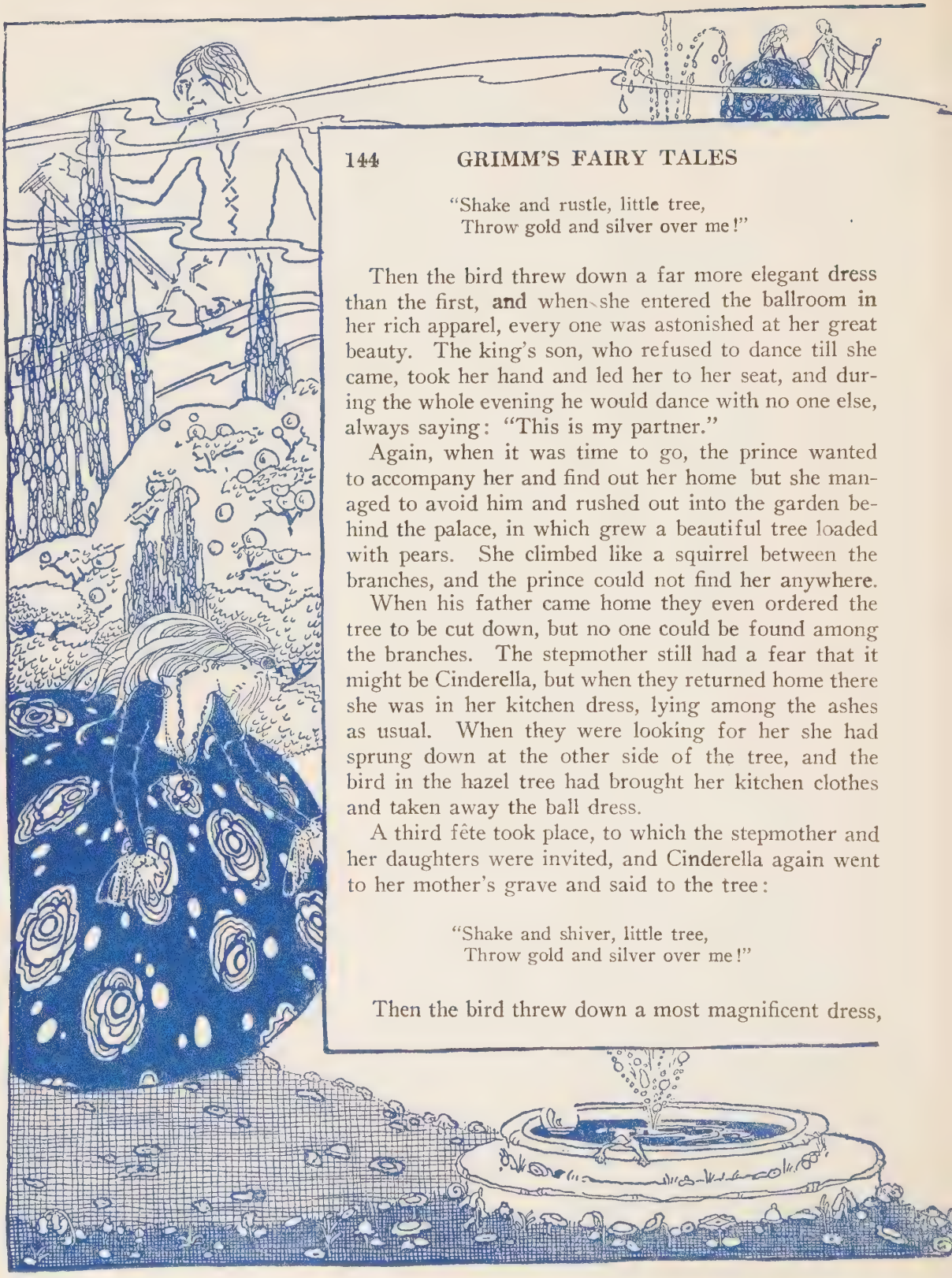
Cinderella never entered their heads; they supposed she was safe at home picking linseed from the ashes.

The king's son took a great deal of notice of this unknown lady and danced with her several times, till at last he would dance with no other, always saying: "This is my partner." So she danced all the evening till it was time to go home, and the prince said he would accompany her, for he wanted to discover where she lived. But she avoided him, and with one bound sprang into the pigeon house. The prince was quite astonished, but waited till nearly all the company had left, and then told his father that the strange lady was in the pigeon house.

"Could it be Cinderella?' thought the stepmother, who would not leave till the last; "I must find out." So she advised the prince to send for workmen to pull down the pigeon house. This was soon done, but they found no one there. When the stepmother and her daughters reached home, they found Cinderella in her smutty dress lying in the ashes, and a dingy little lamp burning on the chimney piece. The truth was, Cinderella had slipped out from the back of the pigeon house even more quickly than she had jumped in, and had run to the hazel tree. Here she hastened to take off her beautiful clothes and lay them on the grave while she put on her kitchen clothes, and the bird came down and carried the ball dress away while Cinderella went home to lie in the ashes.

A short time after this the king gave another ball, to which her parents and stepsisters were invited. As soon as they were gone Cinderella went to the hazel tree and said:





"Shake and rustle, little tree,
Throw gold and silver over me!"

Then the bird threw down a far more elegant dress than the first, and when she entered the ballroom in her rich apparel, every one was astonished at her great beauty. The king's son, who refused to dance till she came, took her hand and led her to her seat, and during the whole evening he would dance with no one else, always saying: "This is my partner."

Again, when it was time to go, the prince wanted to accompany her and find out her home but she managed to avoid him and rushed out into the garden behind the palace, in which grew a beautiful tree loaded with pears. She climbed like a squirrel between the branches, and the prince could not find her anywhere.

When his father came home they even ordered the tree to be cut down, but no one could be found among the branches. The stepmother still had a fear that it might be Cinderella, but when they returned home there she was in her kitchen dress, lying among the ashes as usual. When they were looking for her she had sprung down at the other side of the tree, and the bird in the hazel tree had brought her kitchen clothes and taken away the ball dress.

A third fête took place, to which the stepmother and her daughters were invited, and Cinderella again went to her mother's grave and said to the tree:

"Shake and shiver, little tree,
Throw gold and silver over me!"

Then the bird threw down a most magnificent dress,

more glittering and elegant than ever, and the brightest pair of gilded slippers.

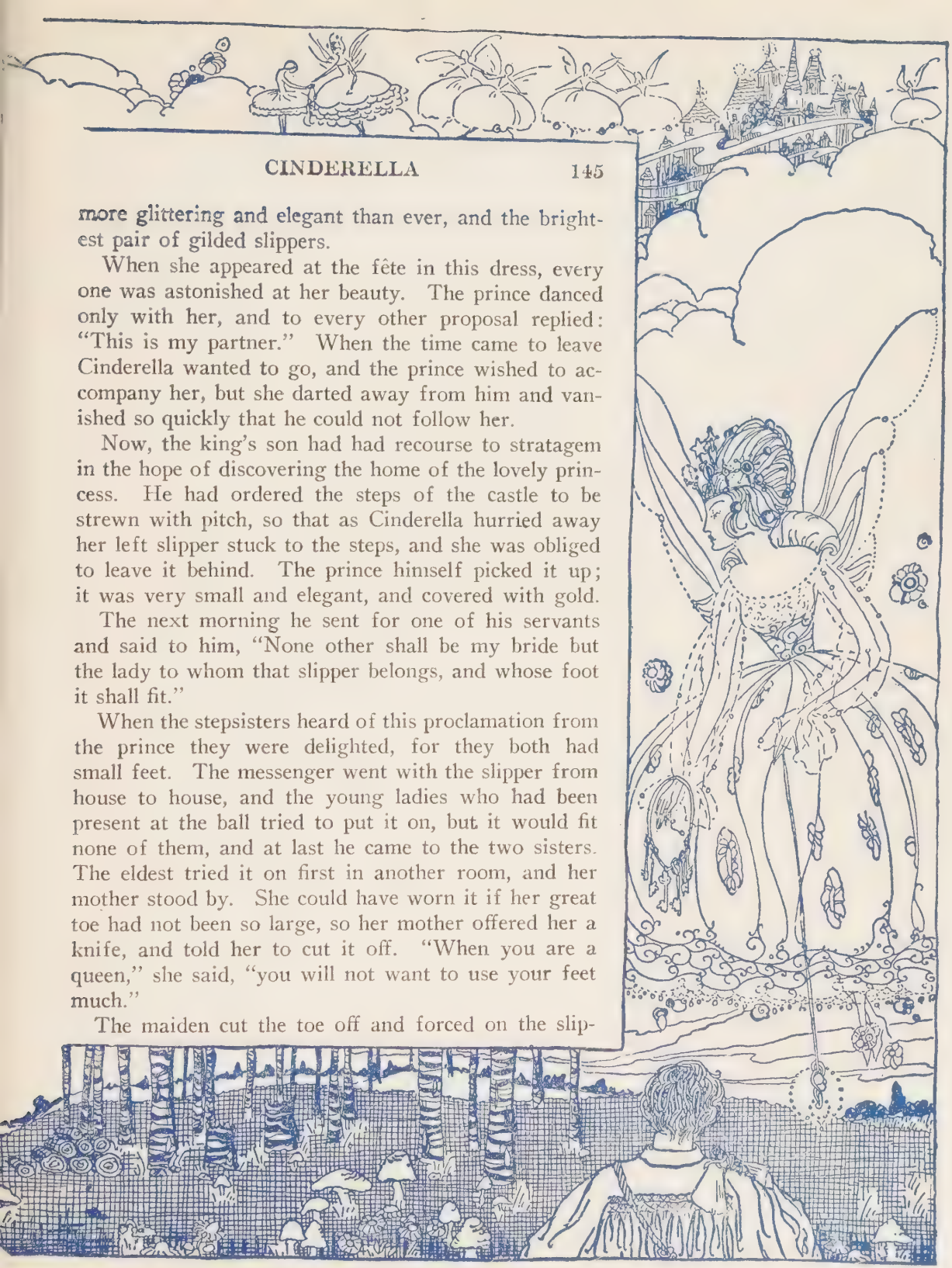
When she appeared at the fête in this dress, every one was astonished at her beauty. The prince danced only with her, and to every other proposal replied: "This is my partner." When the time came to leave Cinderella wanted to go, and the prince wished to accompany her, but she darted away from him and vanished so quickly that he could not follow her.

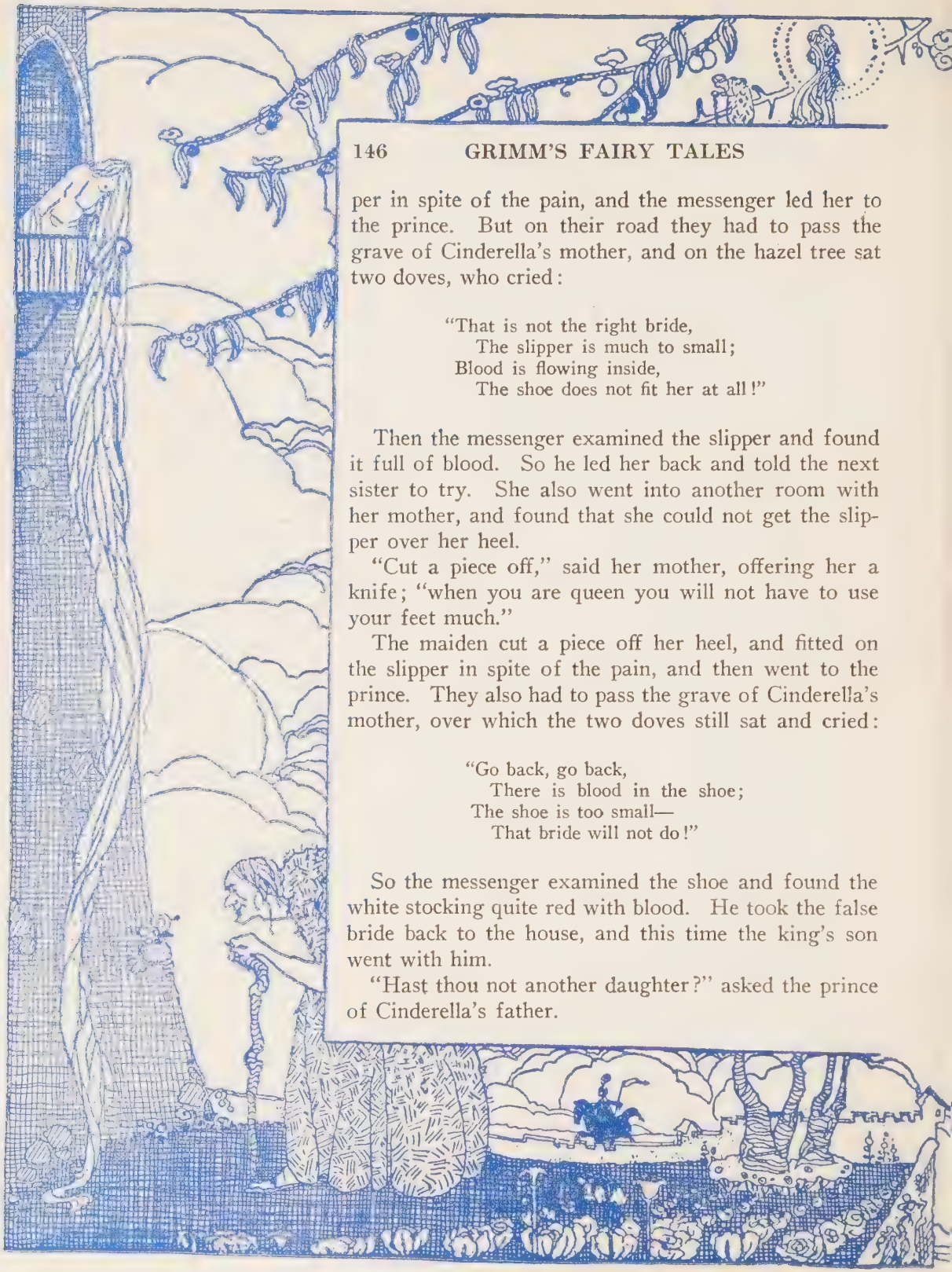
Now, the king's son had had recourse to stratagem in the hope of discovering the home of the lovely princess. He had ordered the steps of the castle to be strewn with pitch, so that as Cinderella hurried away her left slipper stuck to the steps, and she was obliged to leave it behind. The prince himself picked it up; it was very small and elegant, and covered with gold.

The next morning he sent for one of his servants and said to him, "None other shall be my bride but the lady to whom that slipper belongs, and whose foot it shall fit."

When the stepsisters heard of this proclamation from the prince they were delighted, for they both had small feet. The messenger went with the slipper from house to house, and the young ladies who had been present at the ball tried to put it on, but it would fit none of them, and at last he came to the two sisters. The eldest tried it on first in another room, and her mother stood by. She could have worn it if her great toe had not been so large, so her mother offered her a knife, and told her to cut it off. "When you are a queen," she said, "you will not want to use your feet much."

The maiden cut the toe off and forced on the slip-





per in spite of the pain, and the messenger led her to the prince. But on their road they had to pass the grave of Cinderella's mother, and on the hazel tree sat two doves, who cried:

"That is not the right bride,
The slipper is much to small;
Blood is flowing inside,
The shoe does not fit her at all!"

Then the messenger examined the slipper and found it full of blood. So he led her back and told the next sister to try. She also went into another room with her mother, and found that she could not get the slipper over her heel.

"Cut a piece off," said her mother, offering her a knife; "when you are queen you will not have to use your feet much."

The maiden cut a piece off her heel, and fitted on the slipper in spite of the pain, and then went to the prince. They also had to pass the grave of Cinderella's mother, over which the two doves still sat and cried:

"Go back, go back,
There is blood in the shoe;
The shoe is too small—
That bride will not do!"

So the messenger examined the shoe and found the white stocking quite red with blood. He took the false bride back to the house, and this time the king's son went with him.

"Hast thou not another daughter?" asked the prince of Cinderella's father.

"None," he said, "excepting the child of my first wife, a little Cinderella; she could not possibly be your bride."

"Send for her," said the prince.

But the stepmother answered: "Oh, no! I dare not let you see her—she is much too dirty."

But the prince insisted that Cinderella should be sent for, so at last they called her in.

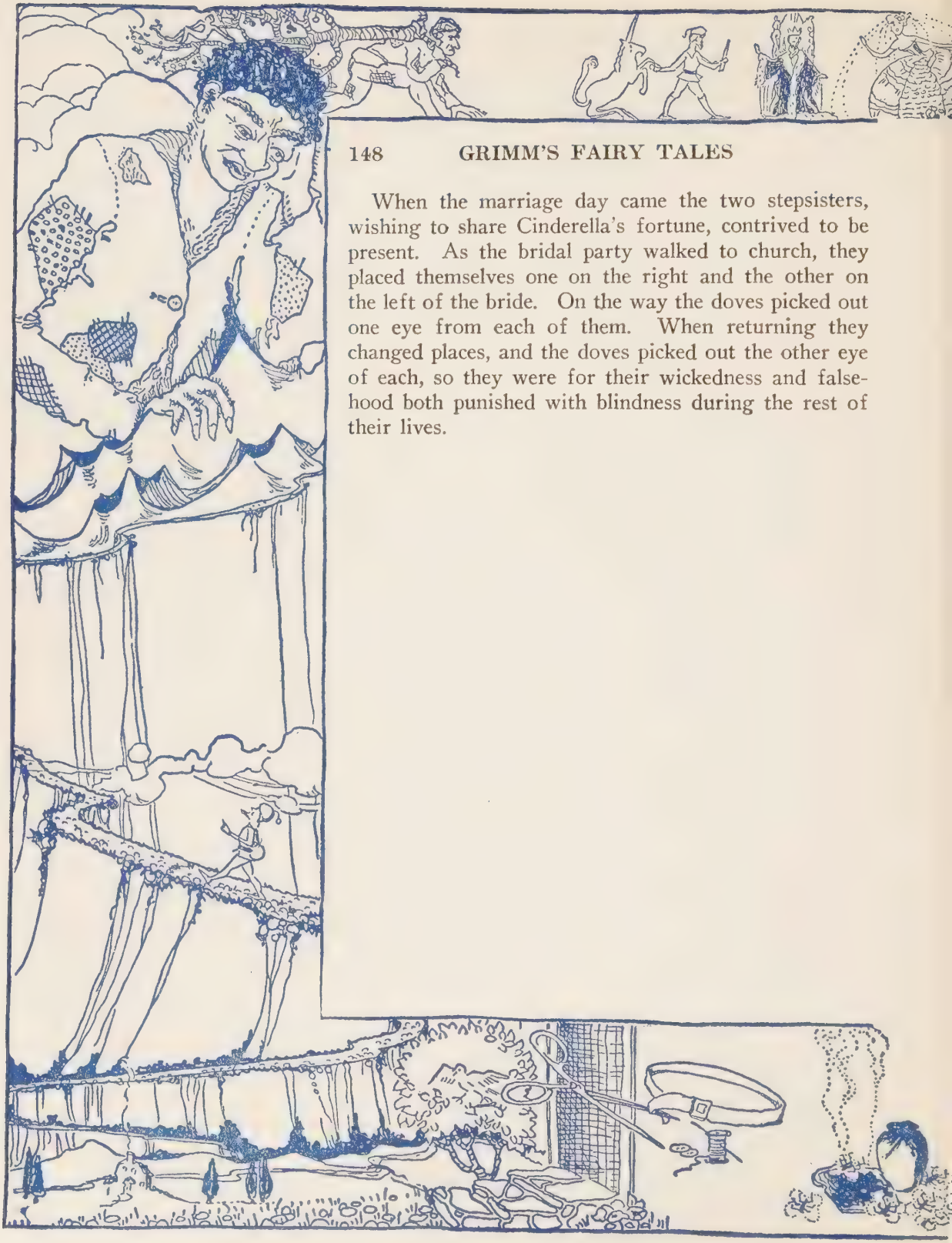
After washing her hands and face, she made her appearance, and bowed to the prince, who offered her the golden shoe. She seated herself on a footstool, took off the heavy wooden shoe from her left foot, and slipped on the golden slipper, which fitted her exactly. Then, as she lifted up her head and looked at the prince, he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him at the ball, and exclaimed: "That is the right bride!"

The stepmother and her two daughters were in a dreadful rage when they heard this, and turned white with anger.

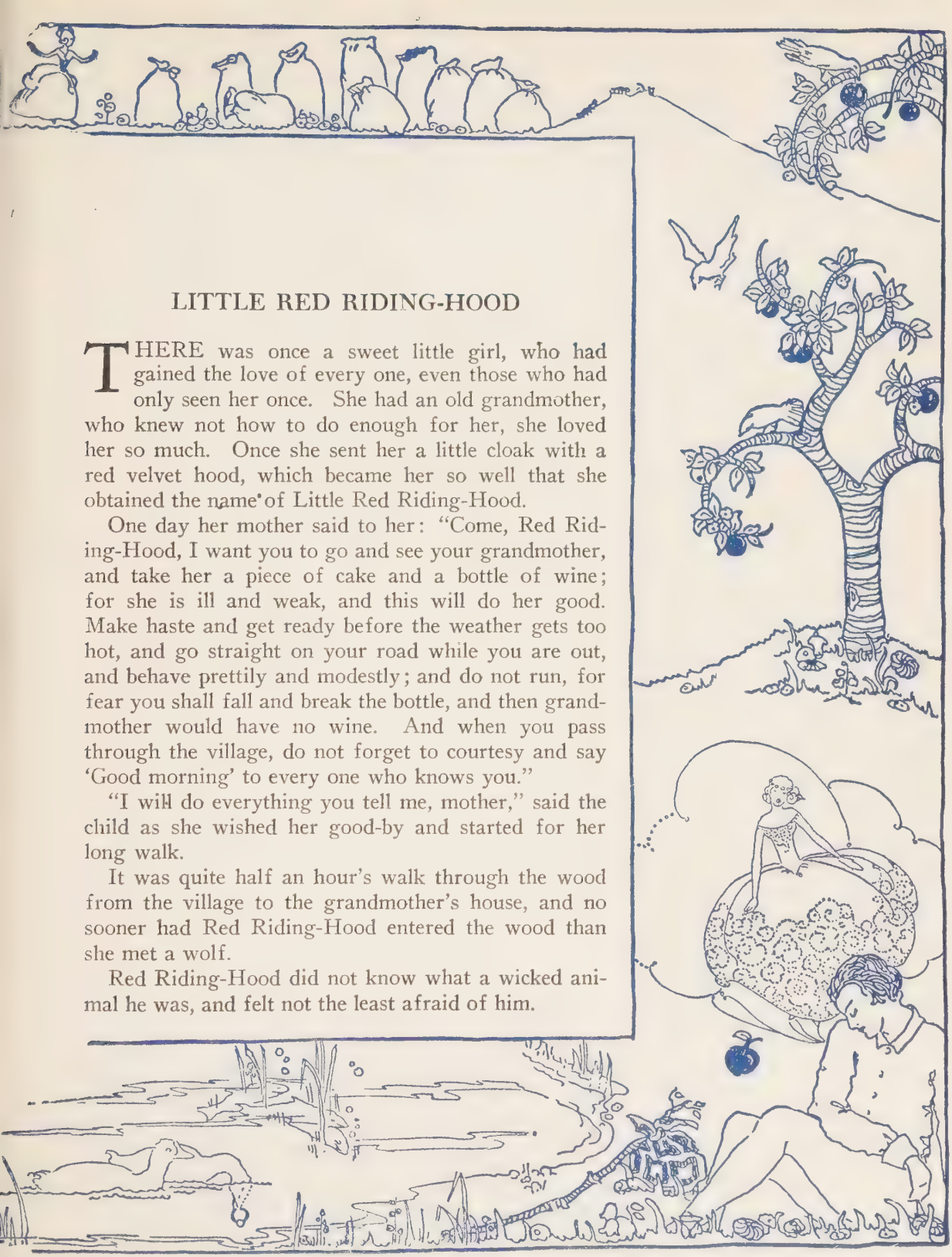
But the prince disregarded their anger, and taking Cinderella on his horse rode away with her. As they passed the hazel tree on the grass, the two white doves cried:

"Fair maid and true,
No blood in her shoes;
She is the bride,
With the prince by her side!"

As they rode by the doves came and perched on Cinderella's shoulder, one on the right and the other on the left.



When the marriage day came the two stepsisters, wishing to share Cinderella's fortune, contrived to be present. As the bridal party walked to church, they placed themselves one on the right and the other on the left of the bride. On the way the doves picked out one eye from each of them. When returning they changed places, and the doves picked out the other eye of each, so they were for their wickedness and falsehood both punished with blindness during the rest of their lives.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THERE was once a sweet little girl, who had gained the love of every one, even those who had only seen her once. She had an old grandmother, who knew not how to do enough for her, she loved her so much. Once she sent her a little cloak with a red velvet hood, which became her so well that she obtained the name of Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Red Riding-Hood, I want you to go and see your grandmother, and take her a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; for she is ill and weak, and this will do her good. Make haste and get ready before the weather gets too hot, and go straight on your road while you are out, and behave prettily and modestly; and do not run, for fear you shall fall and break the bottle, and then grandmother would have no wine. And when you pass through the village, do not forget to courtesy and say 'Good morning' to every one who knows you."

"I will do everything you tell me, mother," said the child as she wished her good-by and started for her long walk.

It was quite half an hour's walk through the wood from the village to the grandmother's house, and no sooner had Red Riding-Hood entered the wood than she met a wolf.

Red Riding-Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, and felt not the least afraid of him.

"Good day, Red Riding-Hood," he said.

"Good morning, sir," replied the little girl, with a courtesy.

"Where are you going so early, Red Riding-Hood?" he asked.

"To my grandmother, sir," she replied. "Mother baked yesterday, and she has sent me with a piece of cake and a bottle of wine to her because she is sick, and it will make her strong and do her good."

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding-Hood?"

"About half a mile from here through the wood; her house stands under three large oak trees, near to the nut hedges; you would easily know it," said Red Riding-Hood.

The wolf, when he heard this, said to himself, "This little delicate thing would be a sweet morsel for me at last, and taste nicer than her old grandmother, but she would not satisfy my hunger; I must make a meal of them both."

Then he walked quietly on by the side of Red Riding-Hood till they came to a part of the wood where a number of flowers grew.

"See, Red Riding-Hood," he said, "what pretty flowers are growing here; would you not like to rest and gather some? And don't you hear how sweetly the birds are singing? You are walking on as steadily as if you were going to school, and it is much more pleasant here in the wood."

Then Red Riding-Hood looked up and saw the dancing sunbeams shining between the trees and lighting up the beautiful flowers that grew all around her, and she thought, "If I were to take my grandmother a fresh

nosegay, it would make her so pleased; it is early yet, and I have plenty of time."

So she went out of her way into the wood to gather flowers. And when she had picked a few, she saw some more beautiful still at a little distance; so she walked on further and further, till she was quite deep in the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf went straight on to the grandmother's house, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, imitating the voice of the child. "Mother has sent me with a piece of cake and a bottle of wine for you. Open the door!"

"Lift up the latch and come in," she replied; "I am too weak to get up."

So the wolf lifted the latch and the door flew open; then he rushed in, sprang upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up. Then he shut the door, dressed himself in the old woman's nightgown and nightcap, and laid down in the bed to wait for Red Riding-Hood.

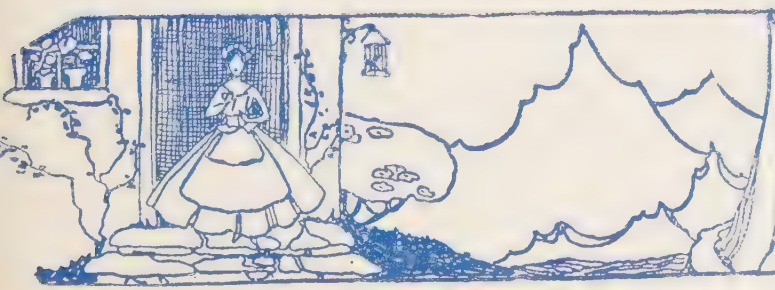
After Red Riding-Hood had gathered as many flowers as she could carry, she found her way back quickly to the right path, and walked on very fast till she came to her grandmother's house, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" said the wolf, trying to imitate the grandmother. His voice was so gruff, however, that Little Red Riding-Hood would have been frightened, only she thought her grandmother had a cold.

So she replied: "It's Little Red Riding-Hood. Mother sent you a piece of cake and a bottle of wine."

"Lift up the latch and come in," said the wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood lifted the latch and went in.



When she saw her grandmother, as she thought, lying in bed, she went up to her and drew back the curtains; but she could only see the head, for the wolf had pulled the nightcap as far over his face as he could.

"Good morning," she said; but there was no answer. Then she got on the bed, and cried out: "Grandmother, what great ears you have got!"

"The better to hear with, my dear," he said.

"And what great eyes you have got!"

"The better to see with, my dear."

"And, grandmother, what large hands you have got!"

"The better to hold you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have got!" cried Red Riding-Hood, who began to be frightened.

"The better to eat you!" cried the wolf, jumping from the bed; and seizing poor Red Riding-Hood, he swallowed her up at one mouthful.

Now, as soon as the wolf had satisfied his hunger, he laid himself in the bed, and snored so loudly that he could be heard outside.

A hunter, who was out with his gun, was passing by, and thought to himself, "How the old woman snores; I must go in and see what is the matter."

Then he stepped into the room, and when he came to the bed he saw the wolf lying on it.

"Oh, you old sinner!" said the hunter; "have I found you at last? I have been seeking you a long time, Mr. Wolf."

He was just going to raise his gun when he missed the old grandmother, and thinking that the wolf might have swallowed her, he remembered she might yet be

saved. So he would not shoot, but, taking a pair of scissors, cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf.

How surprised he was to see the smiling face of Red Riding-Hood peep out at the first snip; and as he cut further, she sprang out, exclaiming: "Oh, I have been so frightened; it was dreadfully dark in the wolf's stomach!"

Then they helped out the old grandmother, who was also unhurt and living, but she could scarcely breathe. The wolf awoke too late to save his own life; he sank back on the bed and died, and the hunter had his skin. After this they all sat down very contentedly, and drank the wine and ate the cake which Red Riding-Hood had brought; and then the hunter took the little girl safely home.

"Ah," she thought, "I will never go out of my way to run in the wood again, when my mother has forbidden me."

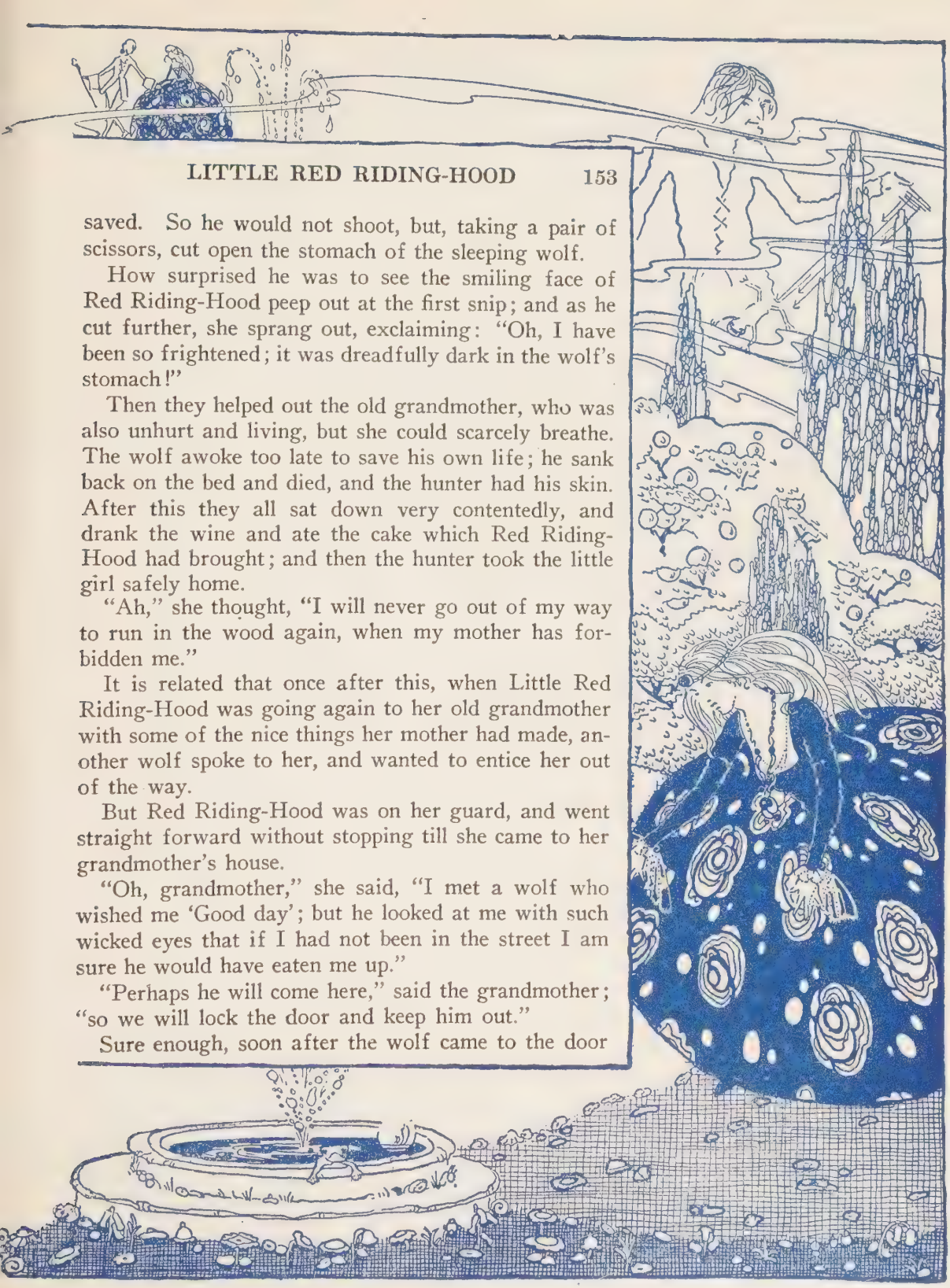
It is related that once after this, when Little Red Riding-Hood was going again to her old grandmother with some of the nice things her mother had made, another wolf spoke to her, and wanted to entice her out of the way.

But Red Riding-Hood was on her guard, and went straight forward without stopping till she came to her grandmother's house.

"Oh, grandmother," she said, "I met a wolf who wished me 'Good day'; but he looked at me with such wicked eyes that if I had not been in the street I am sure he would have eaten me up."

"Perhaps he will come here," said the grandmother; "so we will lock the door and keep him out."

Sure enough, soon after the wolf came to the door

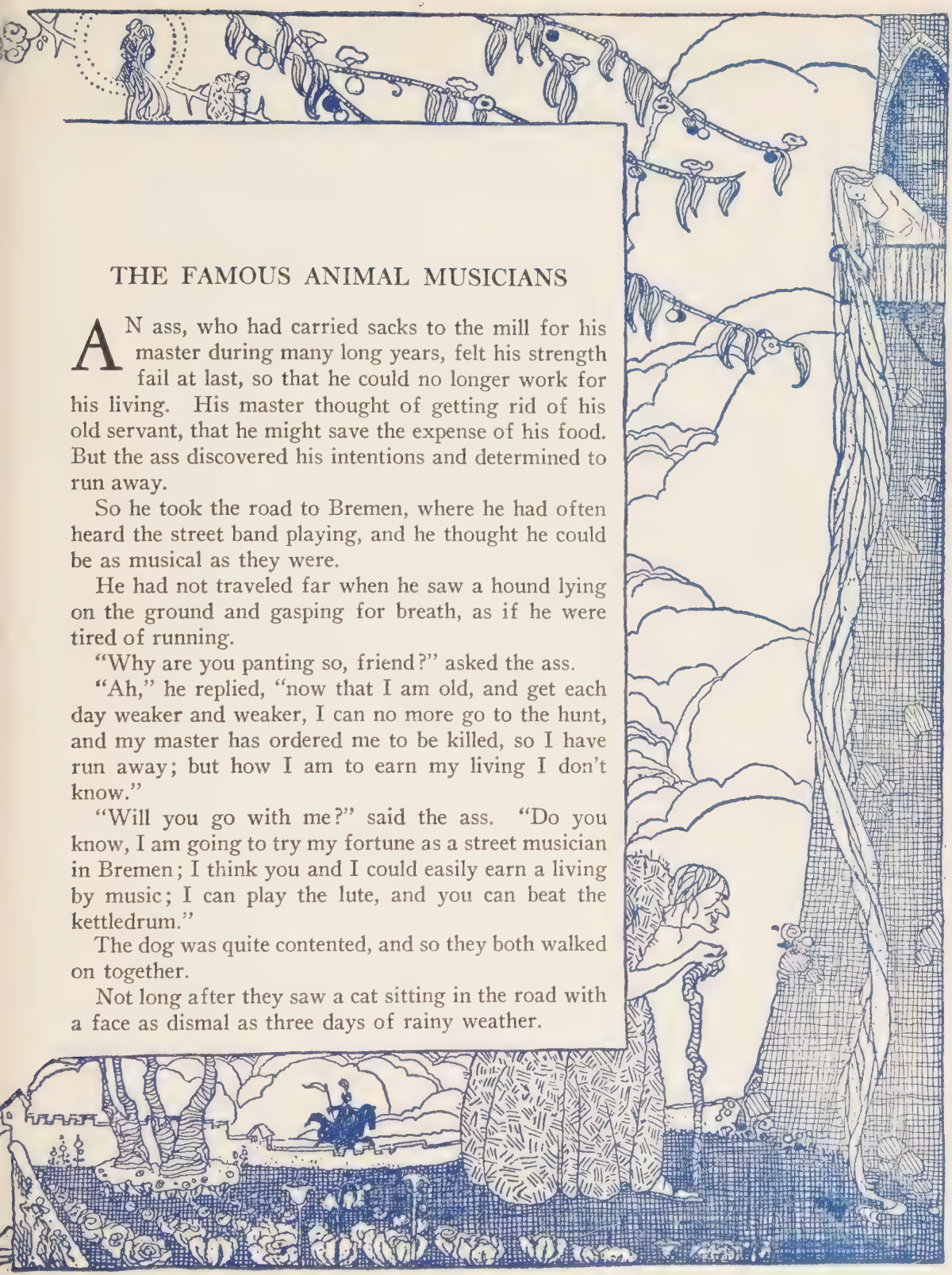


and knocked, crying: "Open the door, grandmother; I am Red Riding-Hood, and I have brought you some cake and wine!" But all remained silent, and the door was not opened.

Then the sly old thief prowled round the house, and at last sprang on the roof to wait till Red Riding-Hood went home in the evening, that he might seize her in the dark and devour her.

But the grandmother knew what was in his mind. Now, there stood near the house a large stone trough, and she said to the child: "Red Riding-Hood, I cooked a large sausage yesterday; you can empty the water in which it was cooked into the stone trough."

Red Riding-Hood drew off the water from the copper and emptied it into the trough until it was quite full, and the smell of the sausage reached the wolf's nose. He sniffed, and sniffed, and looked down, till at last he stretched his neck out to such a distance that he lost his balance and fell from the roof into the great trough full of water and was drowned. Red Riding-Hood went home that evening in happiness and safety and no one attempted to hurt her on the road.



THE FAMOUS ANIMAL MUSICIANS

AN ass, who had carried sacks to the mill for his master during many long years, felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for his living. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, that he might save the expense of his food. But the ass discovered his intentions and determined to run away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, and he thought he could be as musical as they were.

He had not traveled far when he saw a hound lying on the ground and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the ass.

"Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get each day weaker and weaker, I can no more go to the hunt, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so I have run away; but how I am to earn my living I don't know."

"Will you go with me?" said the ass. "Do you know, I am going to try my fortune as a street musician in Bremen; I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettledrum."

The dog was quite contented, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, whatever has come across you, old whiskers?" asked the ass.

"How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the cat. "Now I am getting old and my teeth are become stumps, I cannot catch mice; and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could; my experience has cost me dear, and now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the ass; "you are accustomed to perform night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat. So he walked on with them.

After traveling some little distance the three fugitives came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a domestic cock screaming with all his might.

"Why are you standing there on your marrowbones and screaming so?" said the ass.

"I will tell you," replied the cock. "I prophesied fine weather at Lady Day, when the family went to perform some of their religious work, and there was fine weather; but the housekeeper has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and she shall want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will be cut off; therefore I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the ass; "would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup; you have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature."

The cock readily fell in with this proposal, and they all four went away together.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and evening came on just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay all night.

The ass and the dog laid themselves under a large tree, but the cat made himself comfortable on the branches. The cock flew to the summit of the tree, where he felt himself quite safe.

Before they slept the cock, who from his high position could see to all points of the compass, discovered in the distance a tiny spark burning, and calling to his comrades, told them he was convinced that they were not far from a house in which a light was shining.

"Then," said the ass, "we must rouse up and go on to this light, for there is plainly a harbor of refuge for us." And the hound said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones if he could get nothing else.

So they were very soon on their way to the place where the light shone, and it grew larger and brighter as they approached, till they saw that it came from the window of a robber's cave. The ass, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

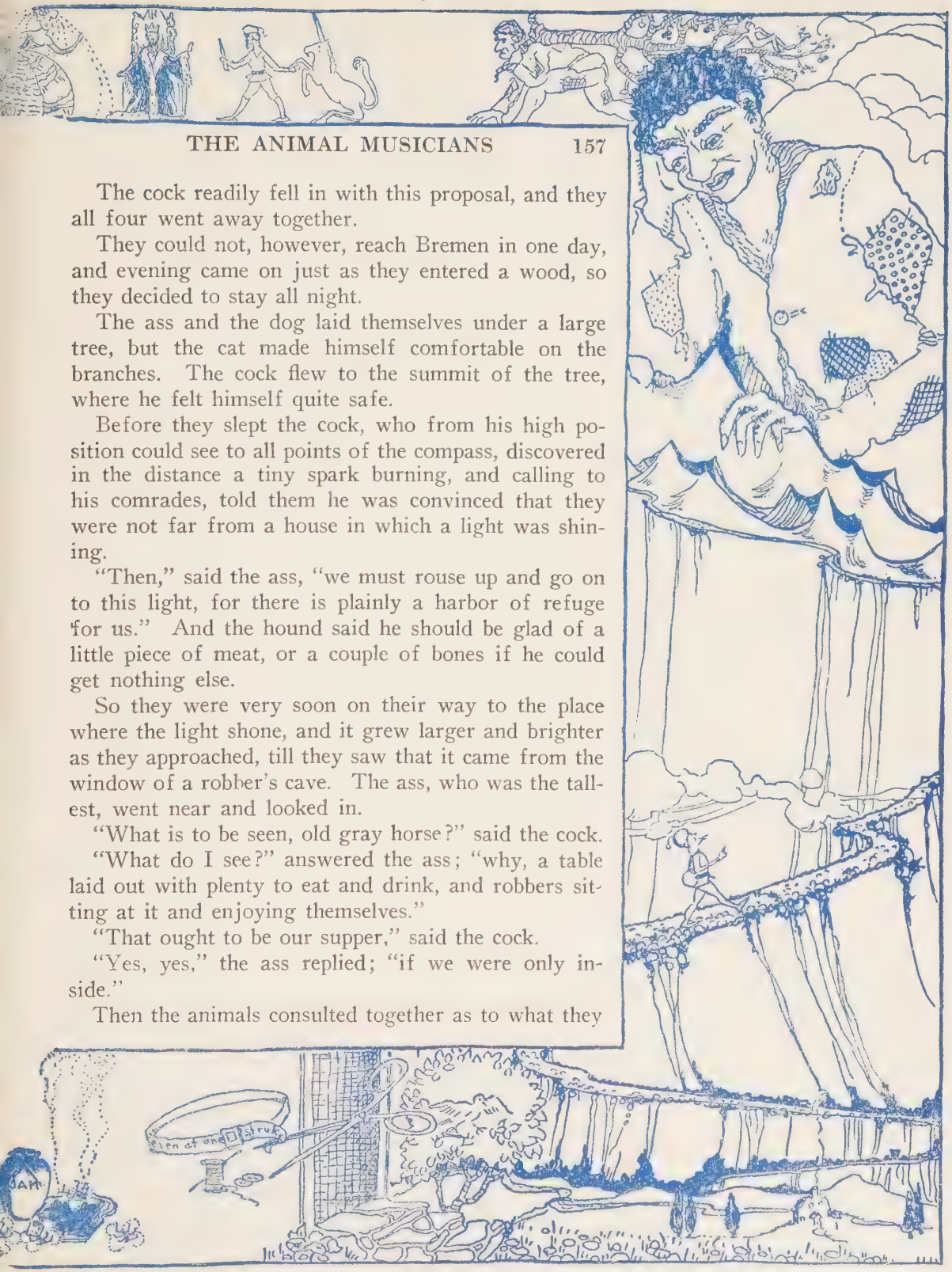
"What is to be seen, old gray horse?" said the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the ass; "why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the cock.

"Yes, yes," the ass replied; "if we were only inside."

Then the animals consulted together as to what they



had better do to drive the robbers away; at last they fixed upon a plan.

The ass was to stand on his hind legs and place his fore feet on the window sill, and the dog to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog, and above them all, the cock promised to fly and perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was accomplished, at a signal given, they all began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed with such a tremendous force through the window into the room that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry above them, thought it could only be caused by supernatural beings, and fled in great terror to the wood behind the house. Then our four comrades rushed in, placed themselves near or upon the table, and took whatever was before them, which the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had finished they put out the light, and each sought a sleeping place most easy and suitable to his nature and habits. The ass laid himself down at full length in the yard, the dog crouched behind the door, the cat rolled herself upon the hearth among the warm ashes, while the cock perched on the beam in the roof, and they were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight, one of the robbers, from a distance, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, told their chief, who said:

"I do not think there has been any cause for fear, after all."

Then he called one of their number and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

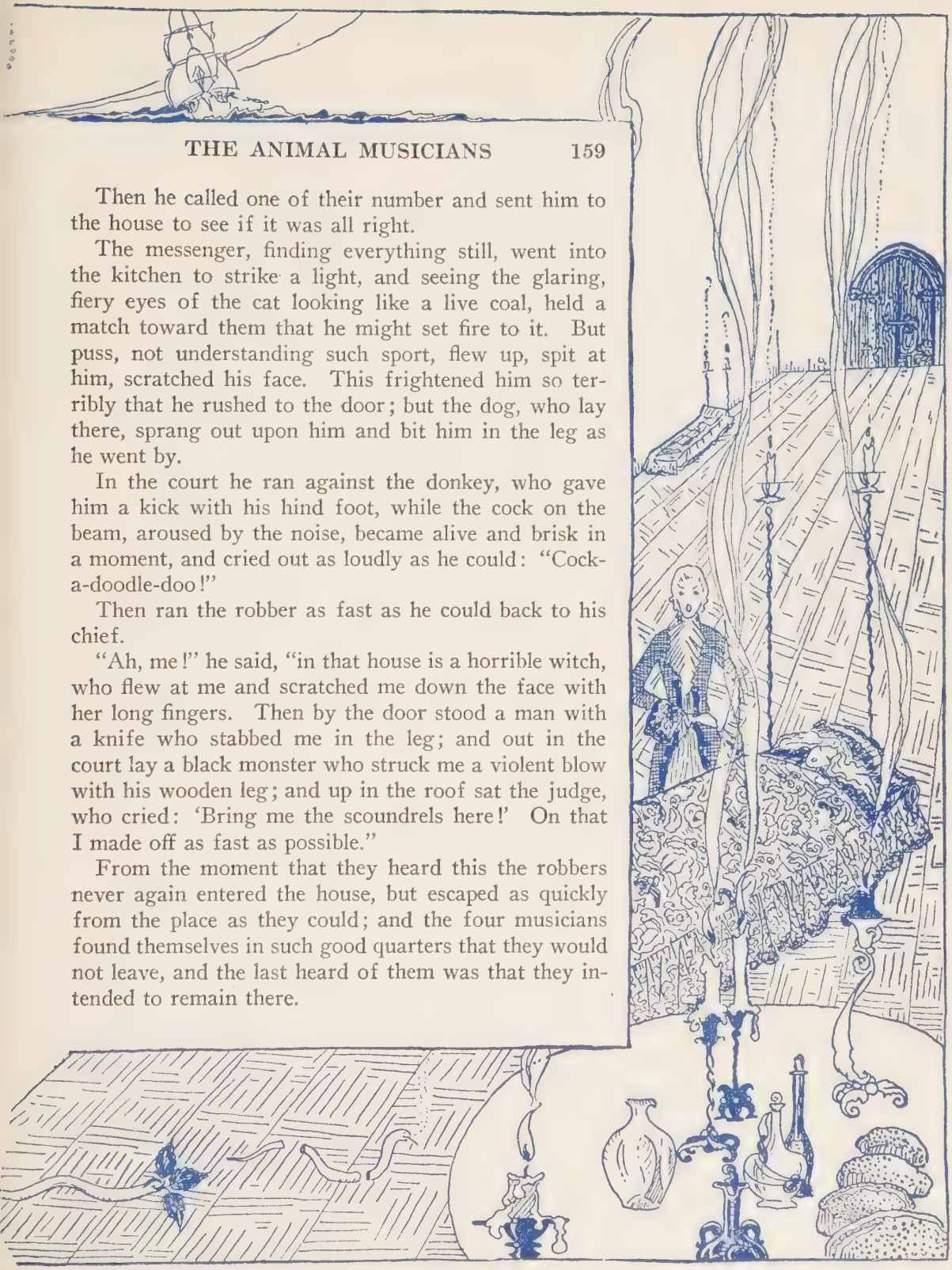
The messenger, finding everything still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the glaring, fiery eyes of the cat looking like a live coal, held a match toward them that he might set fire to it. But puss, not understanding such sport, flew up, spit at him, scratched his face. This frightened him so terribly that he rushed to the door; but the dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the court he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot, while the cock on the beam, aroused by the noise, became alive and brisk in a moment, and cried out as loudly as he could: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then ran the robber as fast as he could back to his chief.

"Ah, me!" he said, "in that house is a horrible witch, who flew at me and scratched me down the face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife who stabbed me in the leg; and out in the court lay a black monster who struck me a violent blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge, who cried: 'Bring me the scoundrels here!' On that I made off as fast as possible."

From the moment that they heard this the robbers never again entered the house, but escaped as quickly from the place as they could; and the four musicians found themselves in such good quarters that they would not leave, and the last heard of them was that they intended to remain there.



THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

THERE was once a poor woman who was very happy when her little son was born, for he had a caul, and it was prophesied, therefore, that in his nineteenth year he should marry the king's daughter. It happened very soon after that the king came to the village, but no one knew that it was the king. So when he asked for news they told him that a few days before a child had been born in the village with a caul, and it was prophesied in consequence that he would be very lucky. Indeed, it had been said that in his nineteenth year he would have the king's daughter for his wife.

The king, who had a wicked heart, was very angry when he heard this; but he went to the parents in a most friendly manner, and said to them kindly, "Good people, give up your child to me. I will take the greatest care to him."

At first they refused; but when the stranger offered them a large amount of gold, and then mentioned that if their child was born to be lucky everything must turn out for the best with him, they willingly at last gave him up.

The king placed the child in a box and rode away with it for a long distance, till he came to deep water, into which he threw the box containing the child, saying to himself as he rode away: "From this unwelcome suitor have I saved my daughter."

But the box did not sink; it swam like a boat on the water, and so high above it that not a drop got inside. It sailed on to a spot about two miles from the chief town of the king's dominions, where there were a mill and a weir, which stopped it, and on which it rested.

The miller's man, who happened to be standing near the bank, fortunately noticed it, and thinking it would most likely contain something valuable, drew it on shore with a hook; but when he opened it, there lay a beautiful baby, who was quite awake and lively.

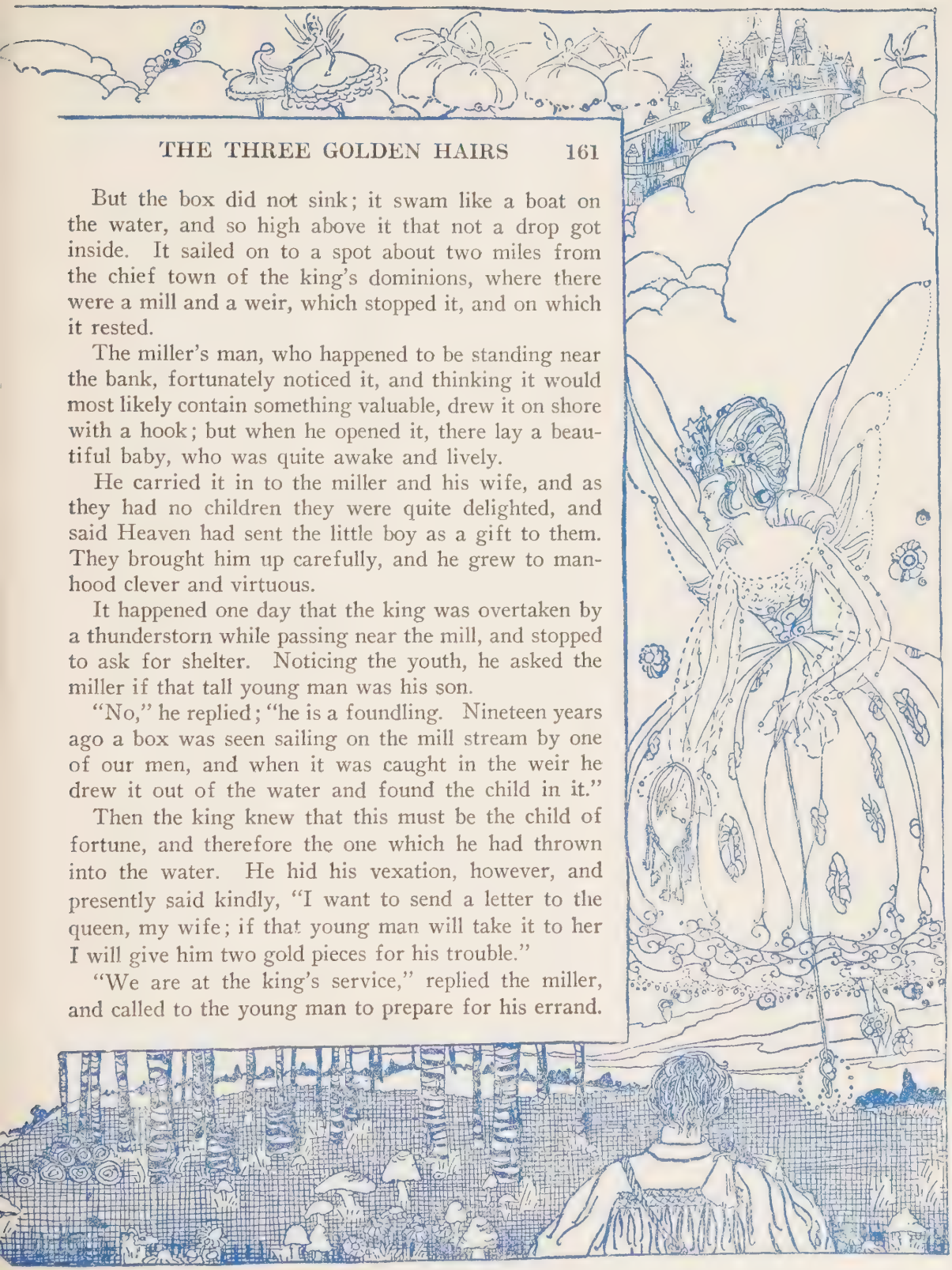
He carried it in to the miller and his wife, and as they had no children they were quite delighted, and said Heaven had sent the little boy as a gift to them. They brought him up carefully, and he grew to manhood clever and virtuous.

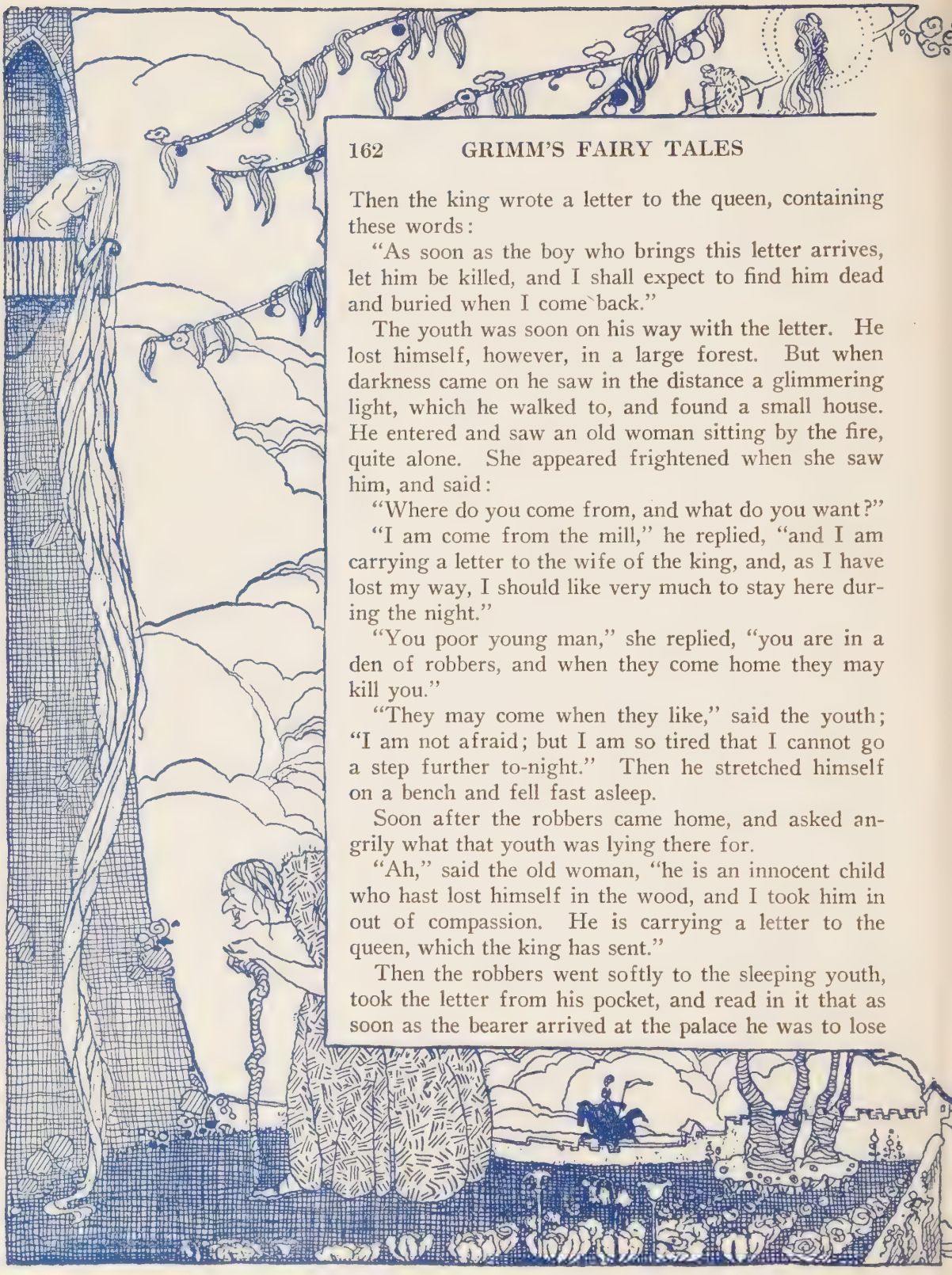
It happened one day that the king was overtaken by a thunderstorn while passing near the mill, and stopped to ask for shelter. Noticing the youth, he asked the miller if that tall young man was his son.

"No," he replied; "he is a foundling. Nineteen years ago a box was seen sailing on the mill stream by one of our men, and when it was caught in the weir he drew it out of the water and found the child in it."

Then the king knew that this must be the child of fortune, and therefore the one which he had thrown into the water. He hid his vexation, however, and presently said kindly, "I want to send a letter to the queen, my wife; if that young man will take it to her I will give him two gold pieces for his trouble."

"We are at the king's service," replied the miller, and called to the young man to prepare for his errand.





Then the king wrote a letter to the queen, containing these words:

"As soon as the boy who brings this letter arrives, let him be killed, and I shall expect to find him dead and buried when I come back."

The youth was soon on his way with the letter. He lost himself, however, in a large forest. But when darkness came on he saw in the distance a glimmering light, which he walked to, and found a small house. He entered and saw an old woman sitting by the fire, quite alone. She appeared frightened when she saw him, and said:

"Where do you come from, and what do you want?"

"I am come from the mill," he replied, "and I am carrying a letter to the wife of the king, and, as I have lost my way, I should like very much to stay here during the night."

"You poor young man," she replied, "you are in a den of robbers, and when they come home they may kill you."

"They may come when they like," said the youth; "I am not afraid; but I am so tired that I cannot go a step further to-night." Then he stretched himself on a bench and fell fast asleep.

Soon after the robbers came home, and asked angrily what that youth was lying there for.

"Ah," said the old woman, "he is an innocent child who hast lost himself in the wood, and I took him in out of compassion. He is carrying a letter to the queen, which the king has sent."

Then the robbers went softly to the sleeping youth, took the letter from his pocket, and read in it that as soon as the bearer arrived at the palace he was to lose

his life. Then pity arose in the hard-hearted robbers, and their chief tore up the letter and wrote another, in which it was stated that as soon as the boy arrived he should be married to the king's daughter. Then they left him to lie and rest on the bench till the next morning, and when he awoke they gave him the letter and showed him the road he was to take.

As soon as he reached the palace and sent in the letter, the queen read it, and she acted in exact accordance with what was written—ordered a grand marriage feast, and had the princess married at once to the fortunate youth.

He was very handsome and amiable, so that the king's daughter soon learned to love him very much, and was quite happy with him.

Not long after, when the king returned home to his castle, he found the prophecy respecting the child of fortune fulfilled, and that he was married to the king's daughter.

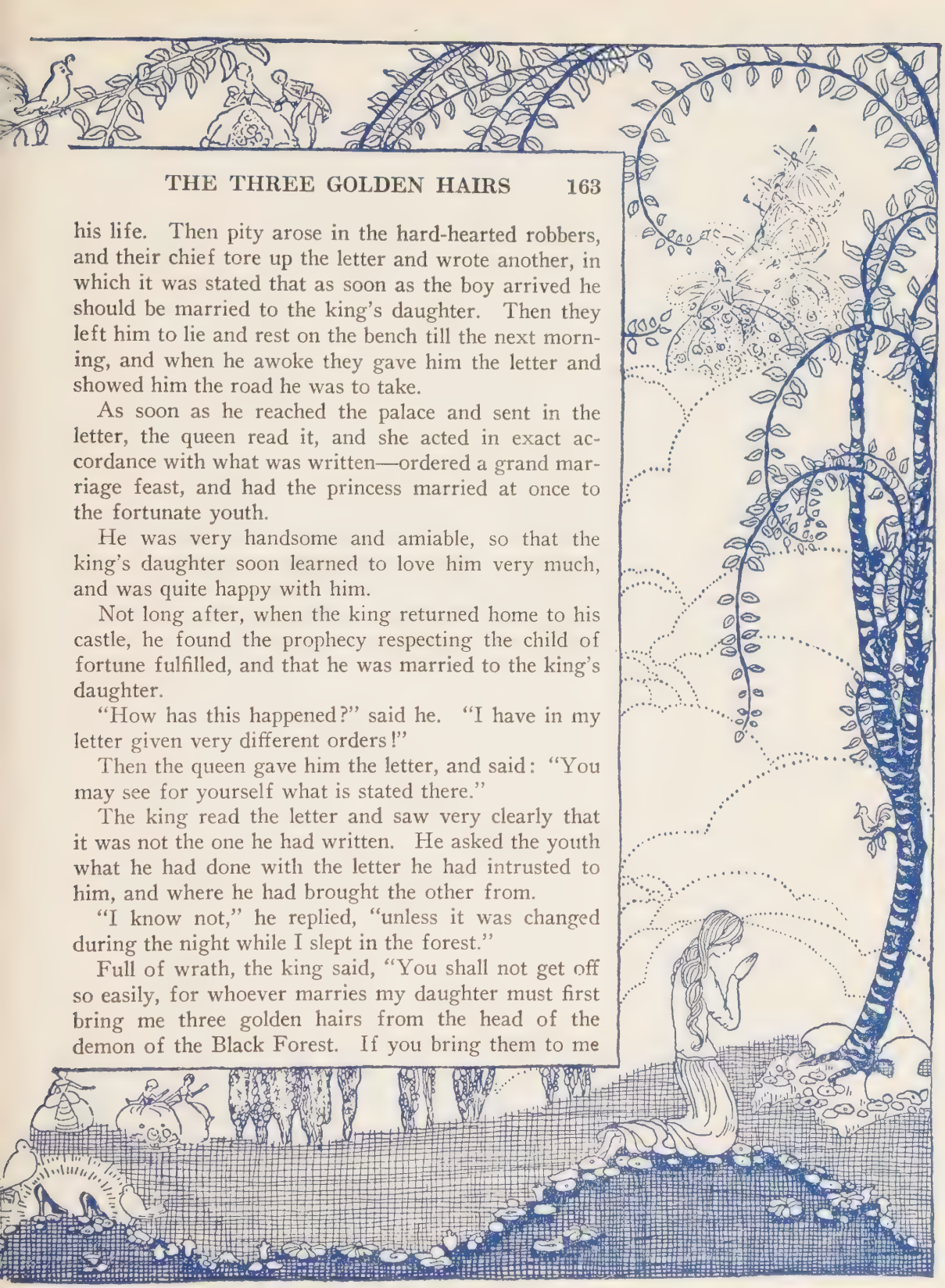
"How has this happened?" said he. "I have in my letter given very different orders!"

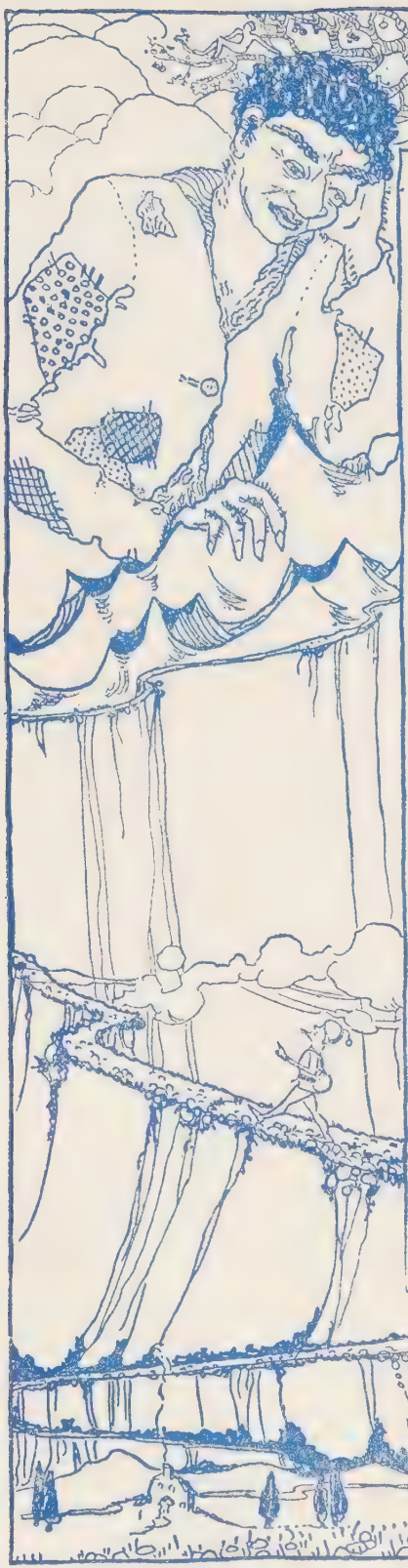
Then the queen gave him the letter, and said: "You may see for yourself what is stated there."

The king read the letter and saw very clearly that it was not the one he had written. He asked the youth what he had done with the letter he had intrusted to him, and where he had brought the other from.

"I know not," he replied, "unless it was changed during the night while I slept in the forest."

Full of wrath, the king said, "You shall not get off so easily, for whoever marries my daughter must first bring me three golden hairs from the head of the demon of the Black Forest. If you bring them to me





before long, then shall you keep my daughter as a wife, but not otherwise."

Then said the child of fortune, "I will fetch these golden hairs very quickly; I am not the least afraid of the demon." Thereupon he said farewell, and started on his travels. His way led him to a large city, and as he stood at the gate and asked admission, a watchman said to him:

"What trade do you follow, and how much do you know?"

"I know everything," he replied.

"Then you can do us a favor," answered the watchman, "if you can tell why our master's fountain, from which wine used to flow, is dried up, and never gives us even water now."

"I will tell you when I come back," he said; "only wait till then."

He traveled on still further, and came by and by to another town, where the watchman also asked him what trade he followed, and what he knew.

"I know everything," he answered.

"Then," said the watchman, "you can do us a favor, and tell us why a tree in our town, which once bore golden apples, now only produces leaves."

"Wait till I return," he replied, "and I will tell you."

On he went again, and came to a broad river, over which he must pass in a ferryboat, and the ferryman asked him the same question about his trade and his knowledge. He gave the same reply, that he knew everything.

"Then," said the man, "you can do me a favor, and tell me how it is that I am obliged to go backward and

forward in my ferryboat every day, without a change of any kind."

"Wait till I come back," he replied, "then you shall know all about it."

As soon as he reached the other side of the water he found the entrance of the Black Forest, in which was the demon's cave. It was very dark and gloomy, and the demon was not at home; but his old mother was sitting on the stool of care, and she looked up and said: "What do you want? You don't look wicked enough to be one of us."

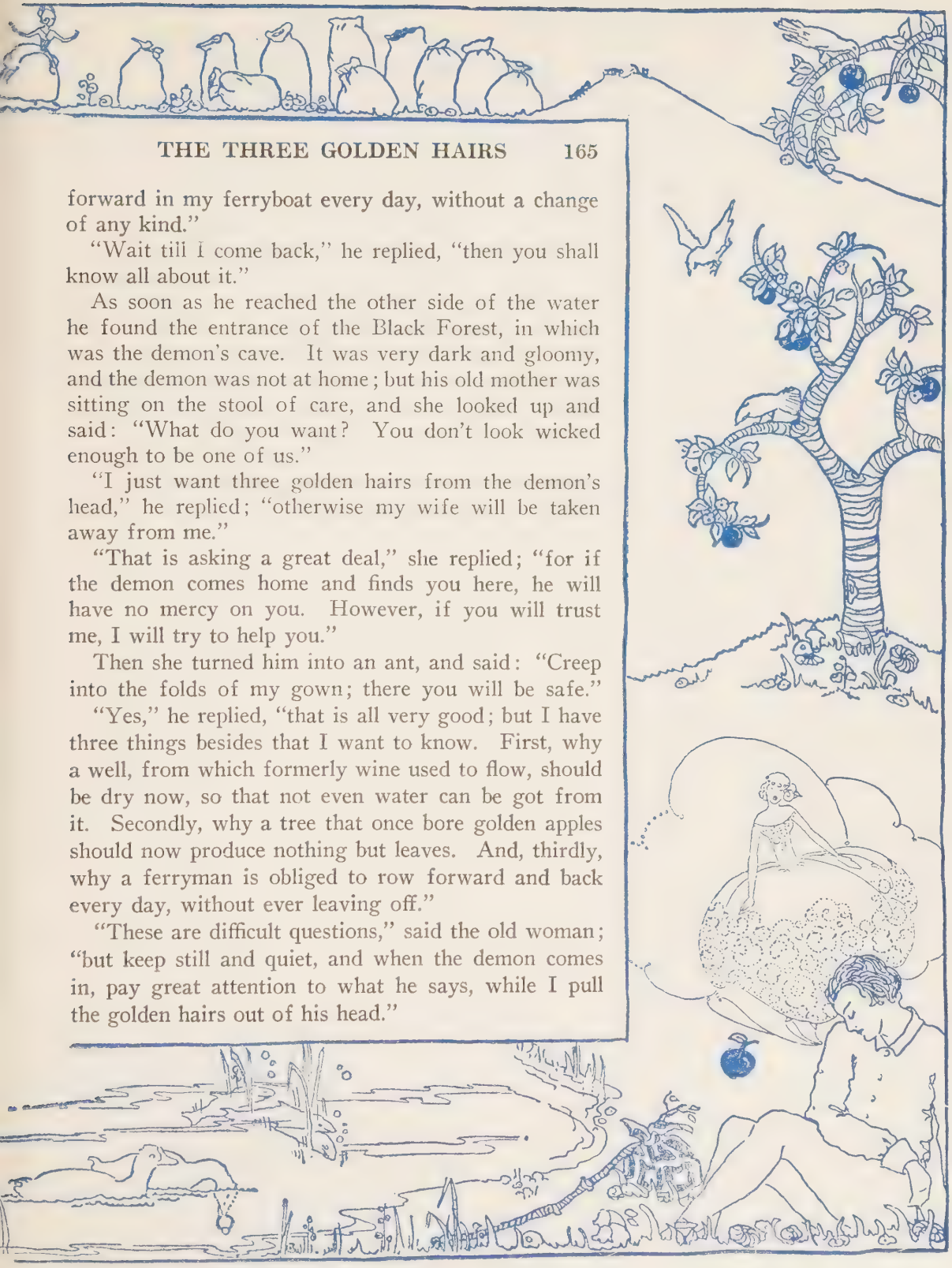
"I just want three golden hairs from the demon's head," he replied; "otherwise my wife will be taken away from me."

"That is asking a great deal," she replied; "for if the demon comes home and finds you here, he will have no mercy on you. However, if you will trust me, I will try to help you."

Then she turned him into an ant, and said: "Creep into the folds of my gown; there you will be safe."

"Yes," he replied, "that is all very good; but I have three things besides that I want to know. First, why a well, from which formerly wine used to flow, should be dry now, so that not even water can be got from it. Secondly, why a tree that once bore golden apples should now produce nothing but leaves. And, thirdly, why a ferryman is obliged to row forward and back every day, without ever leaving off."

"These are difficult questions," said the old woman; "but keep still and quiet, and when the demon comes in, pay great attention to what he says, while I pull the golden hairs out of his head."



Late in the evening the demon came home, and as soon as he entered he declared that the air was not clear. "I smell the flesh of man," he said, "and I am sure that there is some one here." So he peeped into all the corners, and searched everywhere, but could find nothing.

Then his old mother scolded him well, and said, "Just as I have been sweeping, and dusting, and putting everything in order, then you come home and give me all the work to do over again. You have always the smell of something in your nose. Do sit down and eat your supper."

The demon did as she told him, and when he had eaten and drunk enough, he complained of being tired. So his mother made him lie down so that she could place his head in her lap; and he was soon so comfortable that he fell fast asleep and snored.

Then the old woman lifted up a golden hair, twitched it out, and laid it by her side.

"Oh!" screamed the demon, waking up; "what was that for?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered she, "and it made me catch hold of your hair."

"What did you dream about?" asked the demon.

"Oh, I dreamed of a well in a market-place from which wine once used to flow, but now it is dried up, and they can't even get water from it. Whose fault is that?"

"Ah, they ought to know that there sits a toad under a stone in the well, and if he were dead wine would again flow."

Then the old woman combed his hair again, till he

slept and snored so loud that the windows rattled, and she pulled out the second hair.

"What are you about now?" asked the demon in a rage.

"Oh, don't be angry," said the woman; "I have had another dream."

"What was this dream about?" he asked.

"Why, I dreamed that in a certain country there grows a fruit tree which used to bear golden apples, but now it produces nothing but leaves. What is the cause of this?"

"Why, don't they know," answered the demon, "that there is a mouse gnawing at the root? Were it dead the tree would again bear golden apples; and if it gnaws much longer the tree will wither and dry up. Bother your dreams; if you disturb me again, just as I am comfortably asleep, you will have a box on the ear."

Then the old woman spoke kindly to him, and smoothed and combed his hair again, till he slept and snored. Then she seized the third golden hair and pulled it out.

The demon, on this, sprang to his feet, roared out in a greater rage than ever, and would have done some mischief in the house, but she managed to appease him this time also, and said: "How can I help my bad dreams?"

"And whatever did you dream?" he asked, with some curiosity.

"Well, I dreamed about a ferryman, who complains that he is obliged to take people across the river, and is never free."

"Oh, the stupid fellow!" replied the wizard, "he can

very easily ask any person who wants to be ferried over to take the oar in his hand, and he will be free at once."

Then the demon laid his head down once more; and as the old mother had pulled out the three golden hairs, and got answers to all the three questions, she let the old fellow rest and sleep in peace till the morning dawned.

As soon as he had gone out next day, the old woman took the ant from the folds of her dress and restored the lucky youth to his former shape. "Here are the three golden hairs for which you wished," said she; "and did you hear all the answers to your three questions?"

"Yes," he replied, "every word, and I will not forget them."

"Well, then, I have helped you out of your difficulties, and now get home as fast as you can."

After thanking the old woman for her kindness, he turned his steps homeward, full of joy that everything had succeeded so well.

When he arrived at the ferry the man asked for the promised answer.

"Ferry me over first," he replied, "and then I will tell you."

So when they reached the opposite shore he gave the ferryman the demon's advice, that the next person who came and wished to be ferried over should have the oar placed in his hand, and from that moment he would have to take the ferryman's place.

Then the youth journeyed on till he came to the town where the unfruitful tree grew, and where the watchman was waiting for the answer. To him the young

man repeated what he had heard, and said, "Kill the mouse that is gnawing at the root; then will your tree again bear golden apples."

The watchman thanked him, and gave him in return for his information two asses laden with gold, which were led after him. He very soon arrived at the city which contained the dried-up fountain. The sentinel came forward to receive his answer. Said the youth, "Under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; it must be searched for and killed; then will wine again flow from it." To show how thankful he was for this advice, the sentinel also ordered two asses laden with gold to be sent after him.

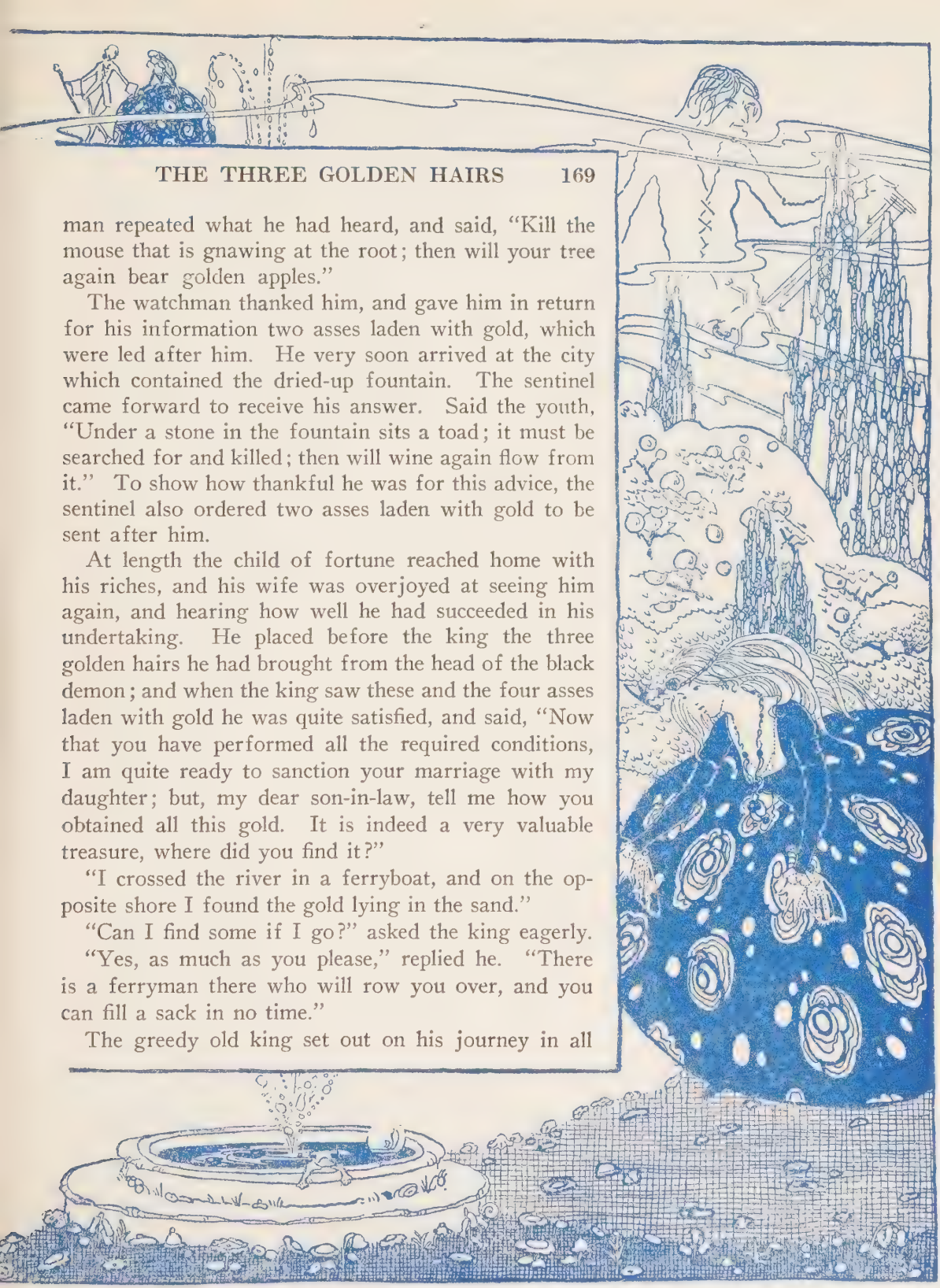
At length the child of fortune reached home with his riches, and his wife was overjoyed at seeing him again, and hearing how well he had succeeded in his undertaking. He placed before the king the three golden hairs he had brought from the head of the black demon; and when the king saw these and the four asses laden with gold he was quite satisfied, and said, "Now that you have performed all the required conditions, I am quite ready to sanction your marriage with my daughter; but, my dear son-in-law, tell me how you obtained all this gold. It is indeed a very valuable treasure, where did you find it?"

"I crossed the river in a ferryboat, and on the opposite shore I found the gold lying in the sand."

"Can I find some if I go?" asked the king eagerly.

"Yes, as much as you please," replied he. "There is a ferryman there who will row you over, and you can fill a sack in no time."

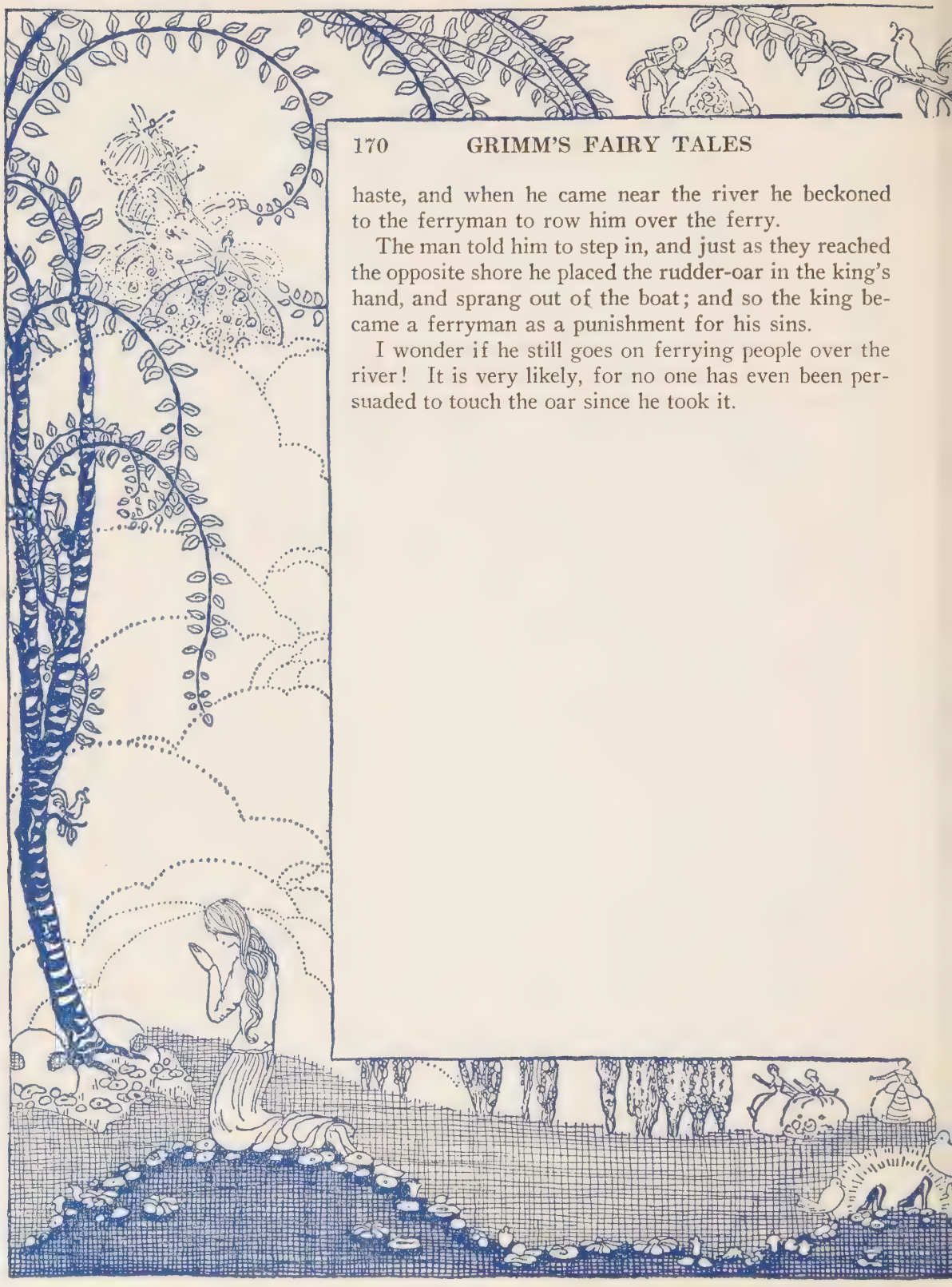
The greedy old king set out on his journey in all

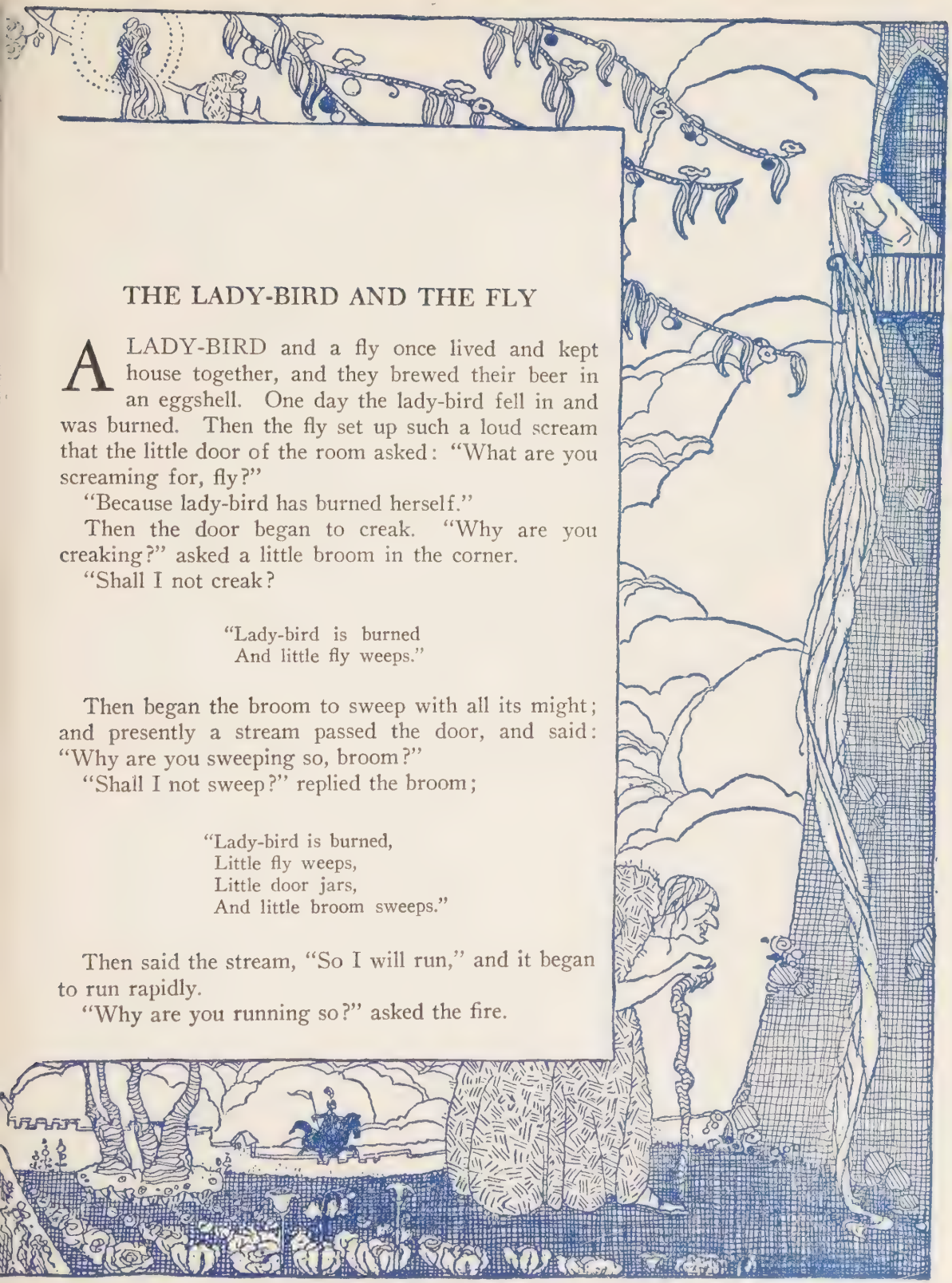


haste, and when he came near the river he beckoned to the ferryman to row him over the ferry.

The man told him to step in, and just as they reached the opposite shore he placed the rudder-oar in the king's hand, and sprang out of the boat; and so the king became a ferryman as a punishment for his sins.

I wonder if he still goes on ferrying people over the river! It is very likely, for no one has even been persuaded to touch the oar since he took it.





THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY

A LADY-BIRD and a fly once lived and kept house together, and they brewed their beer in an eggshell. One day the lady-bird fell in and was burned. Then the fly set up such a loud scream that the little door of the room asked: "What are you screaming for, fly?"

"Because lady-bird has burned herself."

Then the door began to creak. "Why are you creaking?" asked a little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?

"Lady-bird is burned
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep with all its might; and presently a stream passed the door, and said: "Why are you sweeping so, broom?"

"Shall I not sweep?" replied the broom;

"Lady-bird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps."

Then said the stream, "So I will run," and it began to run rapidly.

"Why are you running so?" asked the fire.

"Shall I not run," it replied,

"When lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
While little stream runs?"

Then said the fire, "So will I burn," and it burst into a dreadful flame.

A tree near the fire said: "Fire, why do you burn?"

"Shall I not burn," it replied, "when

"Lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
The little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
And little stream runs?"

Then said the little tree, "So will I rustle," and it began to shake so violently that the leaves fell off.

A maiden came by, carrying her little pitcher to the well, and she said: "Tree, why do you rustle so?"

"Shall I not rustle?" the tree replied;

"Lady-bird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
And little fire burns."

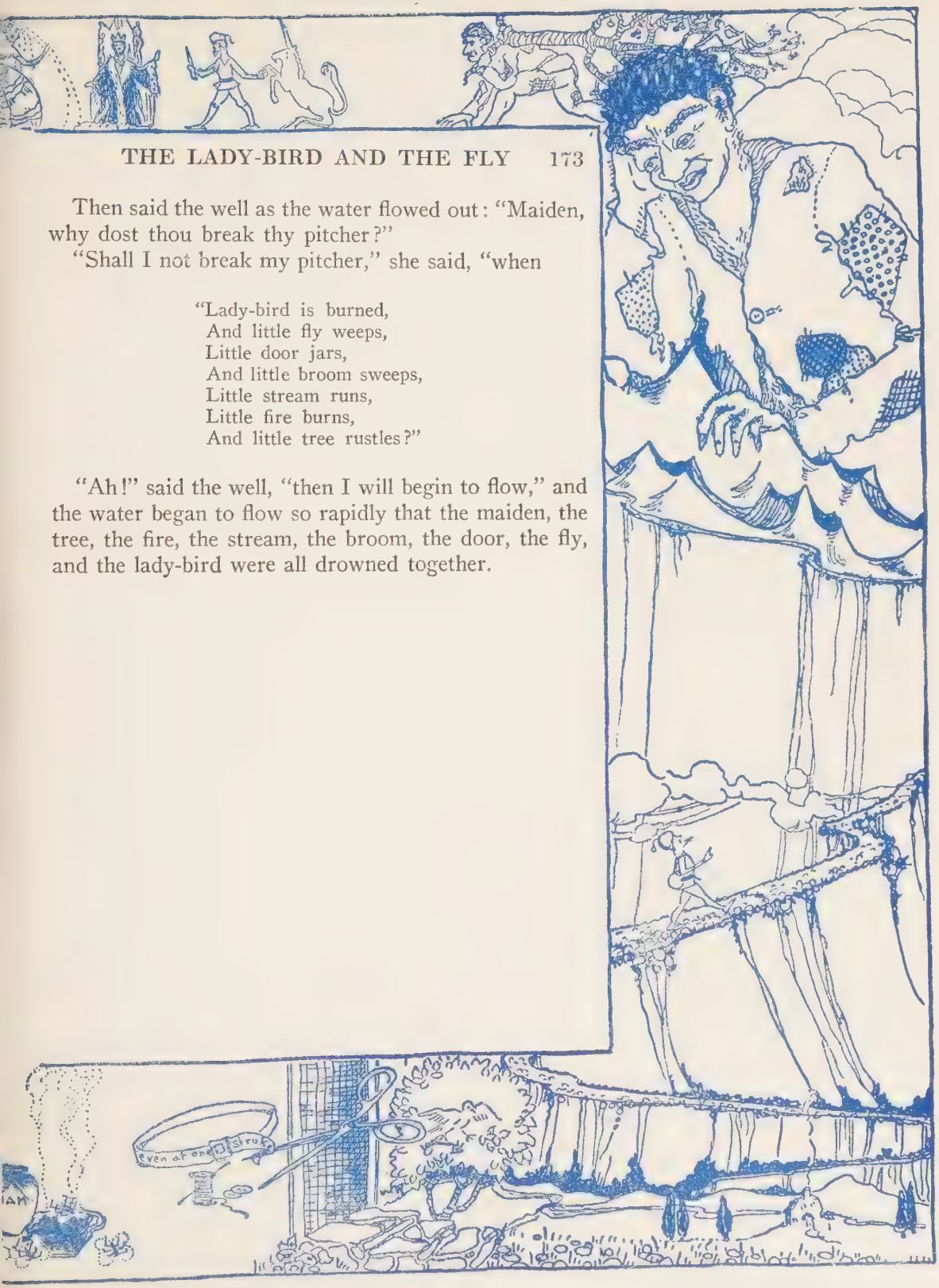
"Then I will break my little pitcher," said the maiden. So she broke her pitcher.

Then said the well as the water flowed out: "Maiden, why dost thou break thy pitcher?"

"Shall I not break my pitcher," she said, "when

"Lady-bird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
And little tree rustles?"

"Ah!" said the well, "then I will begin to flow," and the water began to flow so rapidly that the maiden, the tree, the fire, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-bird were all drowned together.



CLEVER ELSIE

THERE were once a man and woman who had an only daughter, and they thought her so wonderfully clever that they gave her the name of "Clever Elsie." One day her father said to his wife: "Our daughter is now grown up, and we must get her married soon."

"Yes," replied the mother, "if we can find anyone who will have her."

Not long after this a young man named Hans came to ask these good people for their daughter, yet he made one decided condition; that if he did not find her as clever as they said, he could not marry her.

"Oh!" exclaimed the father, "she has a good headpiece, you may be sure of that."

"Yes," said the mother, "and she can even see the wind running through the streets and hear the footsteps of the flies on the ceiling."

But they did not tell him how much she disliked trouble or work, and how often she was idle. However, they sat down to supper together, and seemed very happy. Presently her mother said: "Elsie, go into the cellar and draw some beer."

The clever Elsie took the jug from the nail and went into the cellar, taking off the lid as she walked to save time. When she reached the cellar she fetched a chair and placed it in front of the cask, that she might not have to stoop and hurt her back. Then she stood the

jug upon it under the tap, from which the beer ran slowly, and waited impatiently for it to fill.

But her eyes were not idle, and while looking around the cellar, she observed upon the wall above her a pick ax, which the mason had forgotten to remove.

Then the clever Elsie began to weep.

"Alas," she said, "if I should marry Hans, and he comes down cellar to draw beer, the pick ax will fall upon his head and kill him!"

And there she sat, weeping and wailing over this superstitious fear, till her strength was almost gone. Those above at supper waited for the beer, but none came, and at last they sent for the servant-maid and said to her: "Go and see why Elsie is staying so long."

Then went the servant-maid and found her sitting before the cask, weeping bitterly.

"Elsie," she said, "why do you weep?"

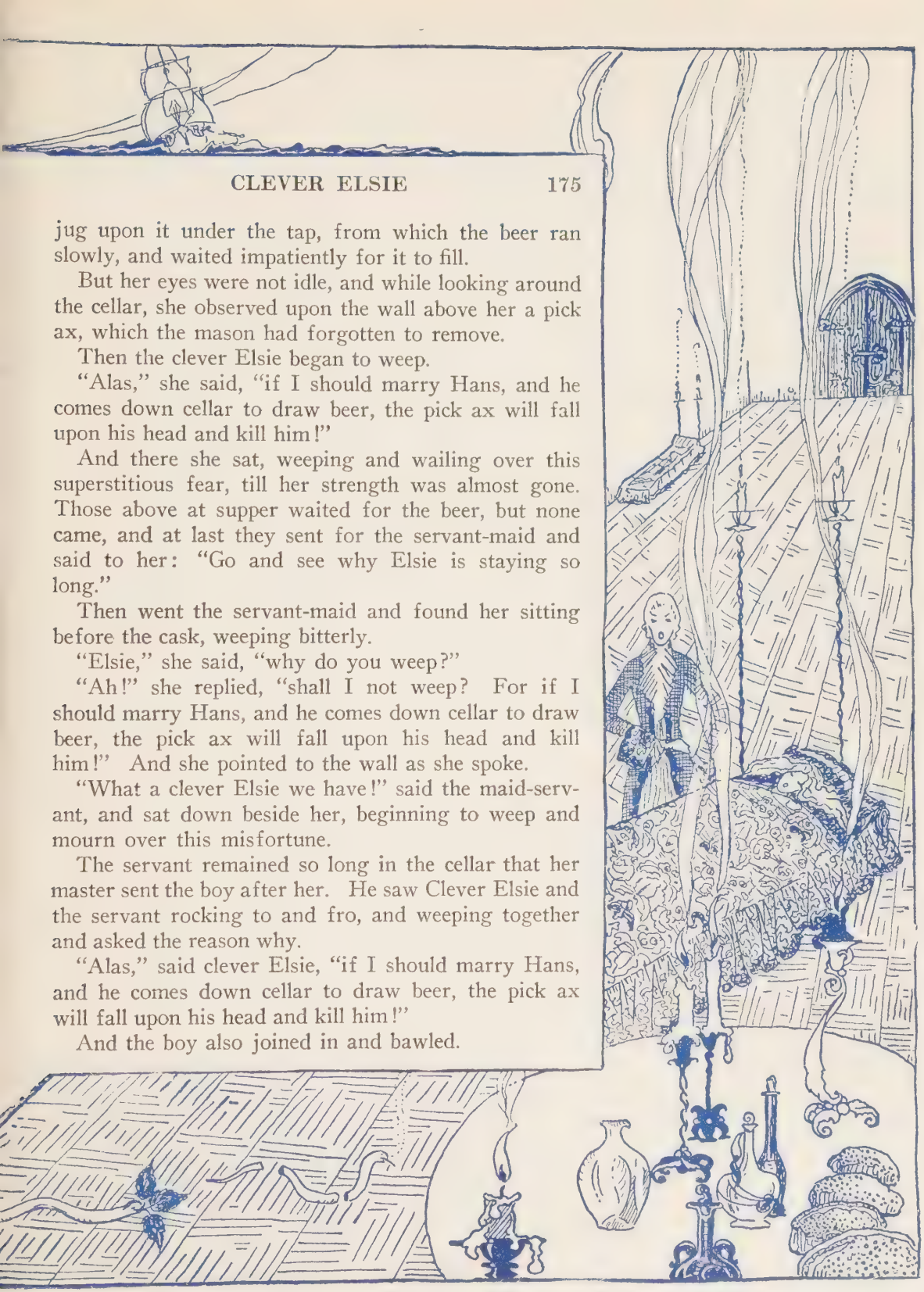
"Ah!" she replied, "shall I not weep? For if I should marry Hans, and he comes down cellar to draw beer, the pick ax will fall upon his head and kill him!" And she pointed to the wall as she spoke.

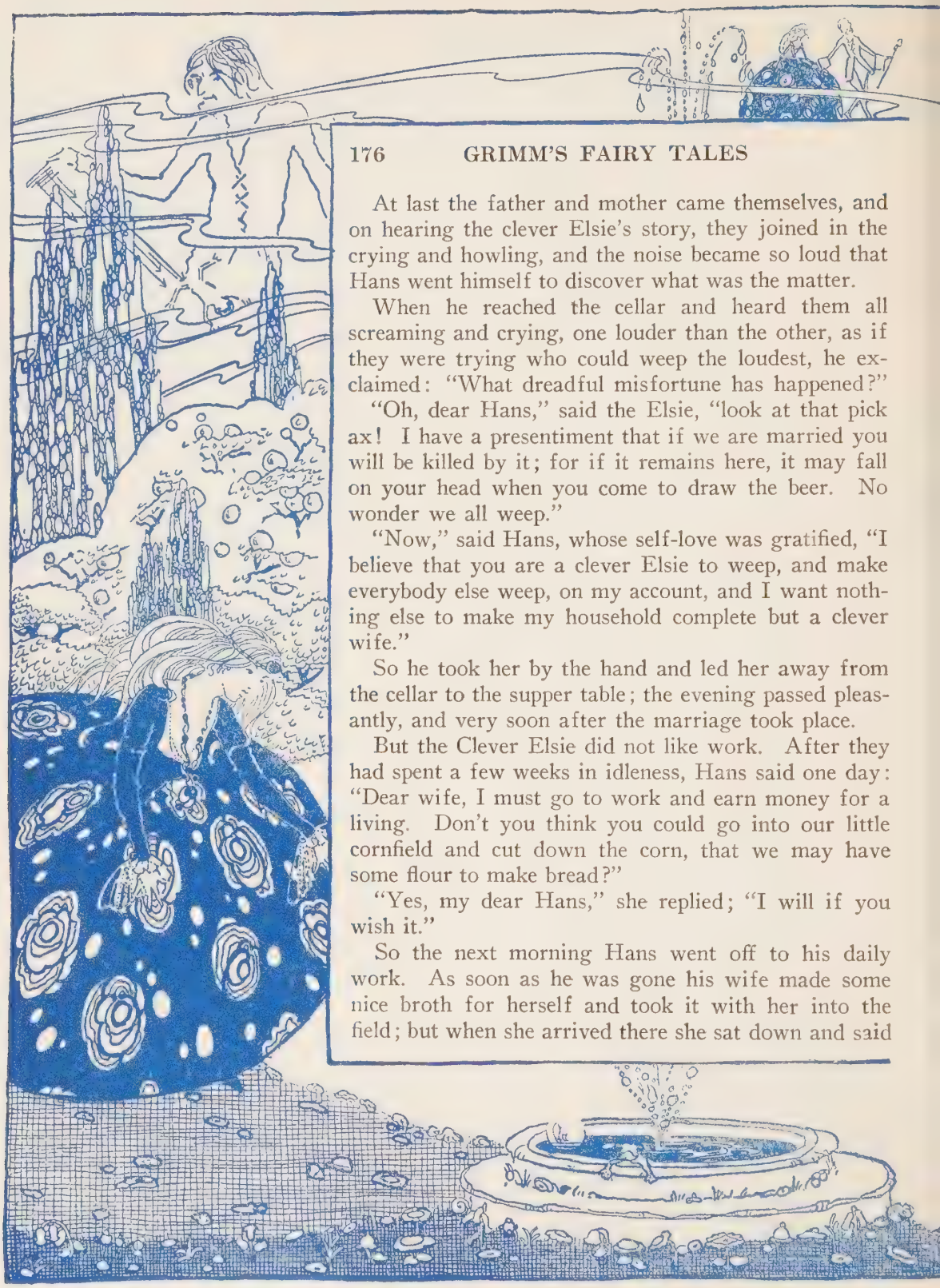
"What a clever Elsie we have!" said the maid-servant, and sat down beside her, beginning to weep and mourn over this misfortune.

The servant remained so long in the cellar that her master sent the boy after her. He saw Clever Elsie and the servant rocking to and fro, and weeping together and asked the reason why.

"Alas," said clever Elsie, "if I should marry Hans, and he comes down cellar to draw beer, the pick ax will fall upon his head and kill him!"

And the boy also joined in and bawled.





At last the father and mother came themselves, and on hearing the clever Elsie's story, they joined in the crying and howling, and the noise became so loud that Hans went himself to discover what was the matter.

When he reached the cellar and heard them all screaming and crying, one louder than the other, as if they were trying who could weep the loudest, he exclaimed: "What dreadful misfortune has happened?"

"Oh, dear Hans," said the Elsie, "look at that pick ax! I have a presentiment that if we are married you will be killed by it; for if it remains here, it may fall on your head when you come to draw the beer. No wonder we all weep."

"Now," said Hans, whose self-love was gratified, "I believe that you are a clever Elsie to weep, and make everybody else weep, on my account, and I want nothing else to make my household complete but a clever wife."

So he took her by the hand and led her away from the cellar to the supper table; the evening passed pleasantly, and very soon after the marriage took place.

But the Clever Elsie did not like work. After they had spent a few weeks in idleness, Hans said one day: "Dear wife, I must go to work and earn money for a living. Don't you think you could go into our little cornfield and cut down the corn, that we may have some flour to make bread?"

"Yes, my dear Hans," she replied; "I will if you wish it."

So the next morning Hans went off to his daily work. As soon as he was gone his wife made some nice broth for herself and took it with her into the field; but when she arrived there she sat down and said

to herself: "What shall I do—shall I nap first, or eat first? Ah! I will eat first."

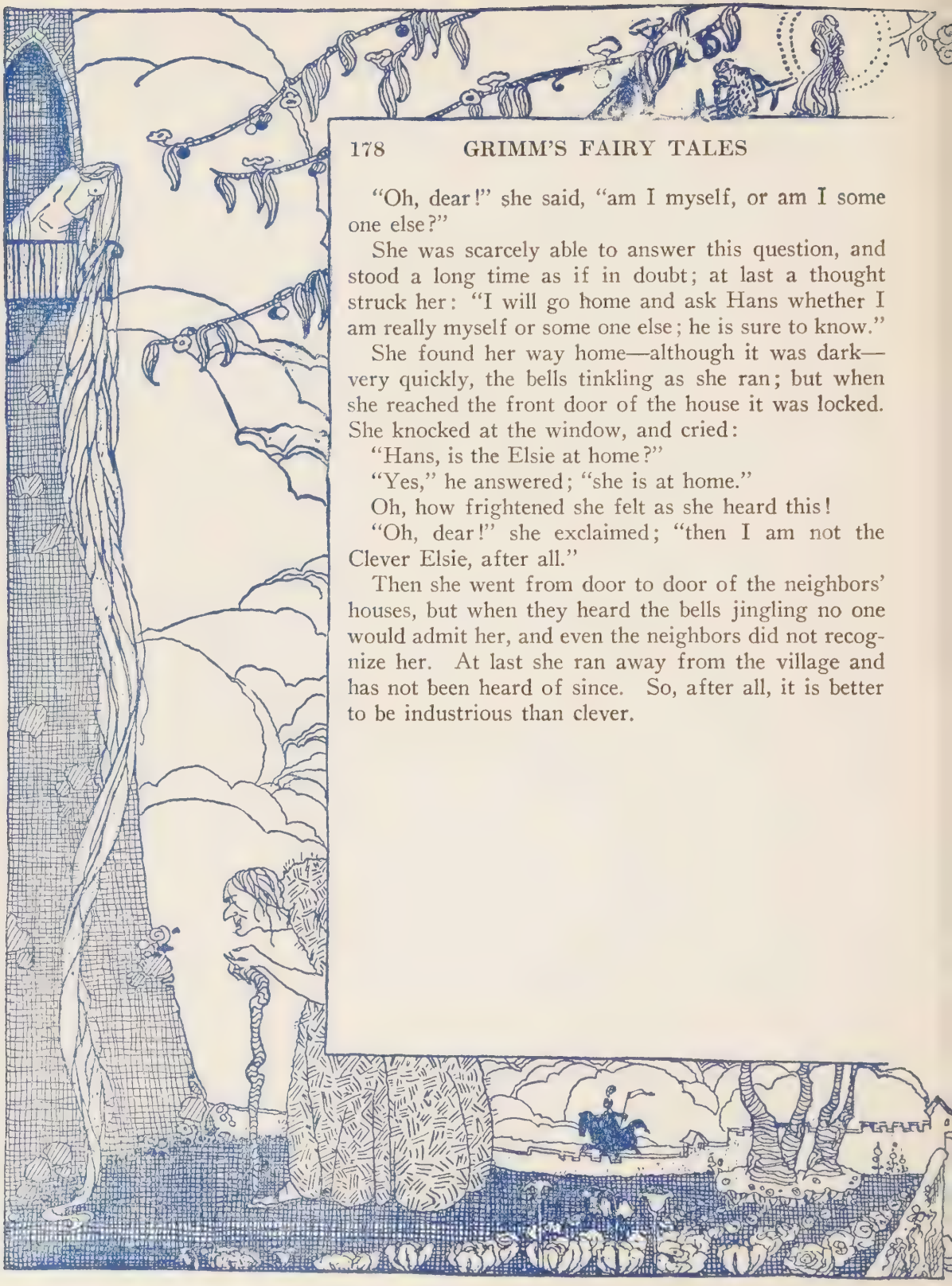
So she ate up the whole potful of broth, and then, feeling heavy and stuffed with what she had eaten, she asked herself, "Now, shall I cut the corn, or sleep first? Ah! I know; I will have a nap before I begin my work."

Then she laid herself down in the corn and was soon fast asleep. Hans returned home expecting his dinner; but no one was there, nor anything ready. He waited a long time, but the Elsie did not come.

"What a clever Elsie she is, to be sure!" he said; "so industrious that she cannot even come home to her dinner."

But as the evening came on and she still remained away, Hans went out to look for her and to see how much corn she had cut. On reaching the field he found that none had been touched, and after searching some time for his clever Elsie, he found her fast asleep among the corn. Hans went away in great haste and fetched a fowler's net covered with little bells, which he spread over her; but she continued to sleep as soundly as before. Then he returned home, locked the cottage door, and seated himself to work on a chair as coolly as if no Clever Elsie had ever been his wife.

At last, when the Clever Elsie awoke out of her long sleep and found it quite dark, she recollected where she was, and rose to go home, while the bells which hung round her tinkled at every step she took. This alarmed her so much that she began to feel puzzled, and could scarcely tell whether she really was Clever Elsie or not.



"Oh, dear!" she said, "am I myself, or am I some one else?"

She was scarcely able to answer this question, and stood a long time as if in doubt; at last a thought struck her: "I will go home and ask Hans whether I am really myself or some one else; he is sure to know."

She found her way home—although it was dark—very quickly, the bells tinkling as she ran; but when she reached the front door of the house it was locked. She knocked at the window, and cried:

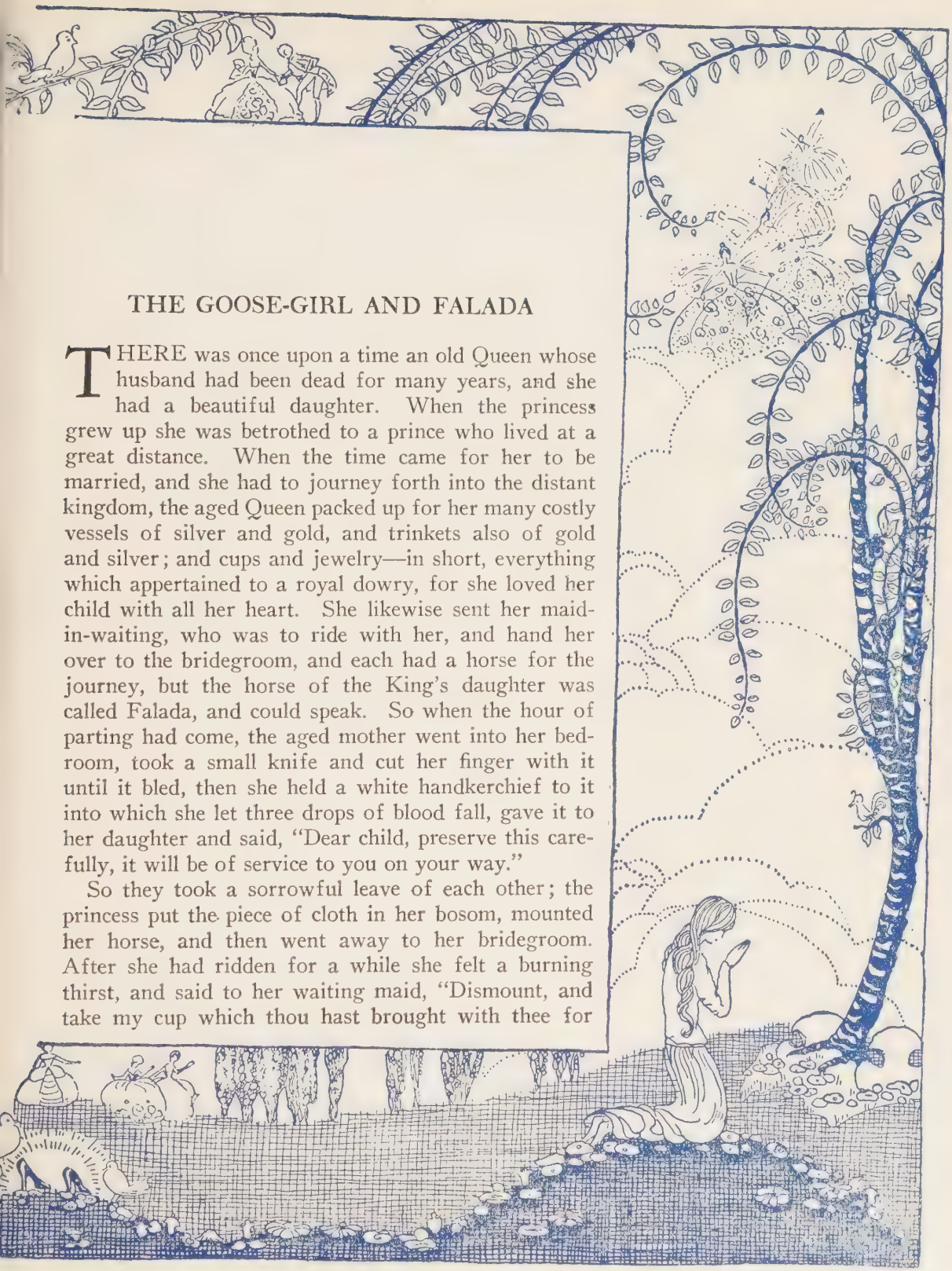
"Hans, is the Elsie at home?"

"Yes," he answered; "she is at home."

Oh, how frightened she felt as she heard this!

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed; "then I am not the Clever Elsie, after all."

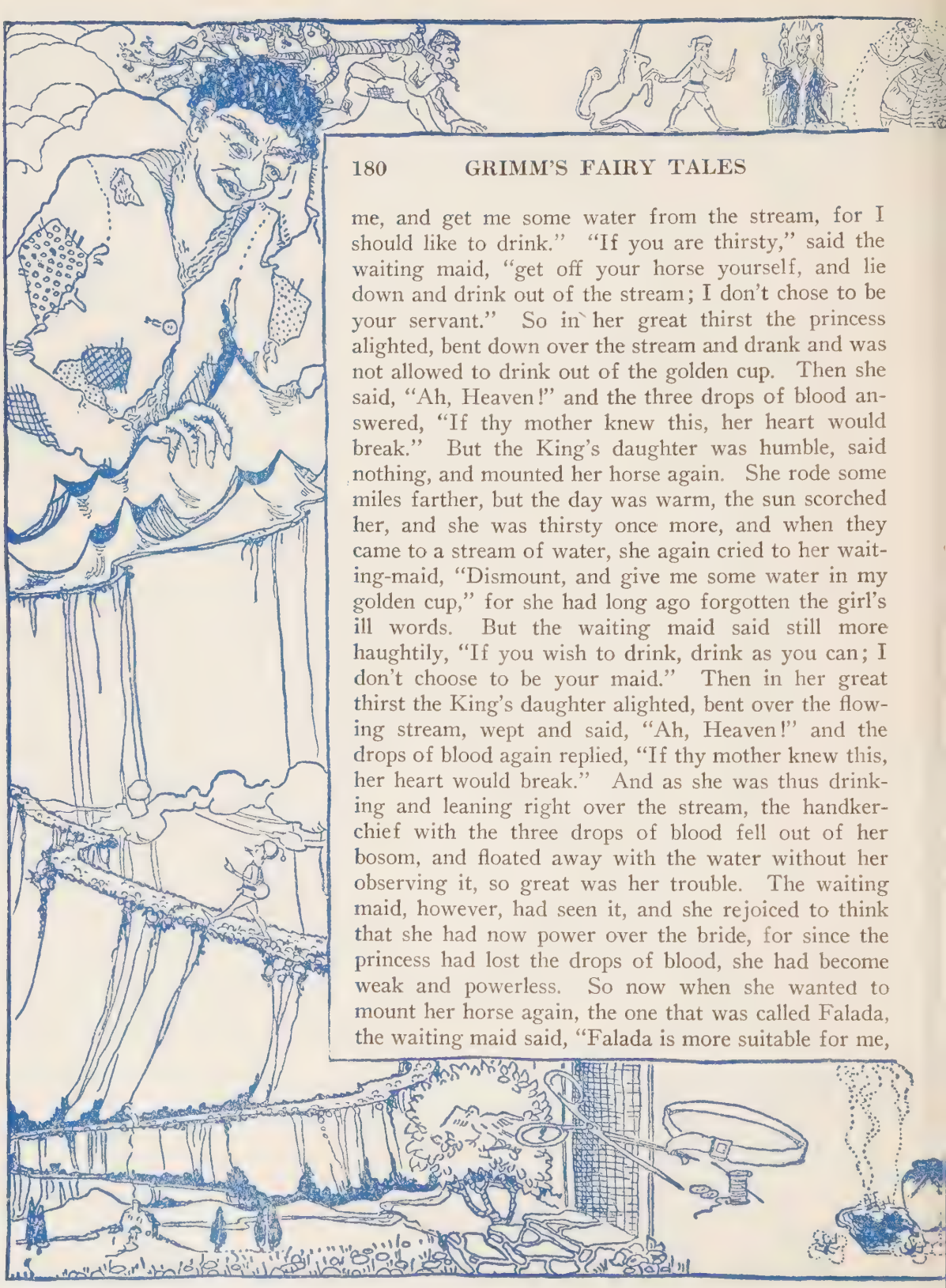
Then she went from door to door of the neighbors' houses, but when they heard the bells jingling no one would admit her, and even the neighbors did not recognize her. At last she ran away from the village and has not been heard of since. So, after all, it is better to be industrious than clever.



THE GOOSE-GIRL AND FALADA

THERE was once upon a time an old Queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a beautiful daughter. When the princess grew up she was betrothed to a prince who lived at a great distance. When the time came for her to be married, and she had to journey forth into the distant kingdom, the aged Queen packed up for her many costly vessels of silver and gold, and trinkets also of gold and silver; and cups and jewelry—in short, everything which appertained to a royal dowry, for she loved her child with all her heart. She likewise sent her maid-in-waiting, who was to ride with her, and hand her over to the bridegroom, and each had a horse for the journey, but the horse of the King's daughter was called Falada, and could speak. So when the hour of parting had come, the aged mother went into her bedroom, took a small knife and cut her finger with it until it bled, then she held a white handkerchief to it into which she let three drops of blood fall, gave it to her daughter and said, "Dear child, preserve this carefully, it will be of service to you on your way."

So they took a sorrowful leave of each other; the princess put the piece of cloth in her bosom, mounted her horse, and then went away to her bridegroom. After she had ridden for a while she felt a burning thirst, and said to her waiting maid, "Dismount, and take my cup which thou hast brought with thee for



me, and get me some water from the stream, for I should like to drink." "If you are thirsty," said the waiting maid, "get off your horse yourself, and lie down and drink out of the stream; I don't chose to be your servant." So in her great thirst the princess alighted, bent down over the stream and drank and was not allowed to drink out of the golden cup. Then she said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the three drops of blood answered, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." But the King's daughter was humble, said nothing, and mounted her horse again. She rode some miles farther, but the day was warm, the sun scorched her, and she was thirsty once more, and when they came to a stream of water, she again cried to her waiting-maid, "Dismount, and give me some water in my golden cup," for she had long ago forgotten the girl's ill words. But the waiting maid said still more haughtily, "If you wish to drink, drink as you can; I don't choose to be your maid." Then in her great thirst the King's daughter alighted, bent over the flowing stream, wept and said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the drops of blood again replied, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." And as she was thus drinking and leaning right over the stream, the handkerchief with the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom, and floated away with the water without her observing it, so great was her trouble. The waiting maid, however, had seen it, and she rejoiced to think that she had now power over the bride, for since the princess had lost the drops of blood, she had become weak and powerless. So now when she wanted to mount her horse again, the one that was called Falada, the waiting maid said, "Falada is more suitable for me,

and my nag will do for thee," and the princess had to be content with that. Then the waiting maid, with many hard words, bade the princess exchange her royal apparel for her own shabby clothes; and at length she was compelled to swear by the clear sky above her, that she would not say one word of this to anyone at the royal court, and if she had not taken this oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this, and observed it well.

The waiting maid now mounted Falada, and the true bride the bad horse, and thus they traveled onwards, until at length they entered the royal palace. There were great rejoicings over her arrival, and the prince sprang forward to meet her, lifted the waiting maid from her horse, and thought she was his consort. She was conducted upstairs, but the real princess was left standing below. Then the old King looked out of the window and saw her standing in the courtyard, and how dainty and delicate and beautiful she was, and instantly went to the royal apartment, and asked the bride about the girl she had with her who was standing down below in the courtyard, and who she was. "I picked her up on my way for a companion; give the girl something to work at, that she may not stand idle." But the old King had no work for her, and knew of none, so he said, "I have a little boy who tends the geese; she may help him." The boy was called Conrad, and the true bride had to help him to tend the geese. Soon afterwards the false bride said to the young King, "Dearest husband, I beg you to do me a favor." He answered, "I will do so most willingly." "Then send for the knacker, and have the head of the horse on which I rode cut off, for it vexed

me on the way." In reality, she was afraid that the horse might tell how she had behaved to the King's daughter. Then she succeeded in making the King promise that it should be done, and the faithful Falada was to die. This came to the ears of the real princess, and she secretly promised the knacker a piece of gold if he would perform a small service for her. There was a great dark looking gateway in the town, through which morning and evening she had to pass with the geese; would he be so good as to nail up Falada's head on it, so that she might see him again, more than once? The knacker promised, and cut off the head, and nailed it beneath the dark gateway.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove out their flock beneath this gateway, she said in passing,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

Then the head answered,

"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

Then they went still further out of the town, and drove their geese into the country. And when they had come to the meadow, she sat down and unbound her hair which was like pure gold, and Conrad saw it and delighted in its brightness, and wanted to pluck out a few hairs. Then she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

And there came such a violent wind that it blew Conrad's hat far away across country, and he was forced to run after it. When he came back, she had finished combing her hair and was putting it up again, and he could not get any of it. Then Conrad was angry, and would not speak to her, and thus they watched the geese until the evening, and then they went home.

Next day when they were driving the geese out through the dark gateway, the maiden said,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

Falada answered,

"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two."

And she sat down again in the field and began to comb out her hair, and Conrad ran and tried to clutch it, so she said in haste,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

Then the wind blew, and blew his little hat off his head and far away, and Conrad was forced to run after it, and when he came back, her hair had been put up a long time, and he could get none of it, and so they looked after their geese till evening came.

But in the evening after they had got home, Conrad went to the old King, and said, "I won't tend the geese

with that girl any longer!" "Why not?" inquired the aged King. "Oh, because she vexes me the whole day long." Then the aged King commanded him to relate what it was that she did to him. And Conrad said, "In the morning when we pass beneath the dark gateway with the flock, there is a sorry horse's head on the wall, and she says to it,

'Alas, Falada, hanging there!'

And the head replies,

'Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!
If this your tender mother knew,
Her heart would surely break in two.'"

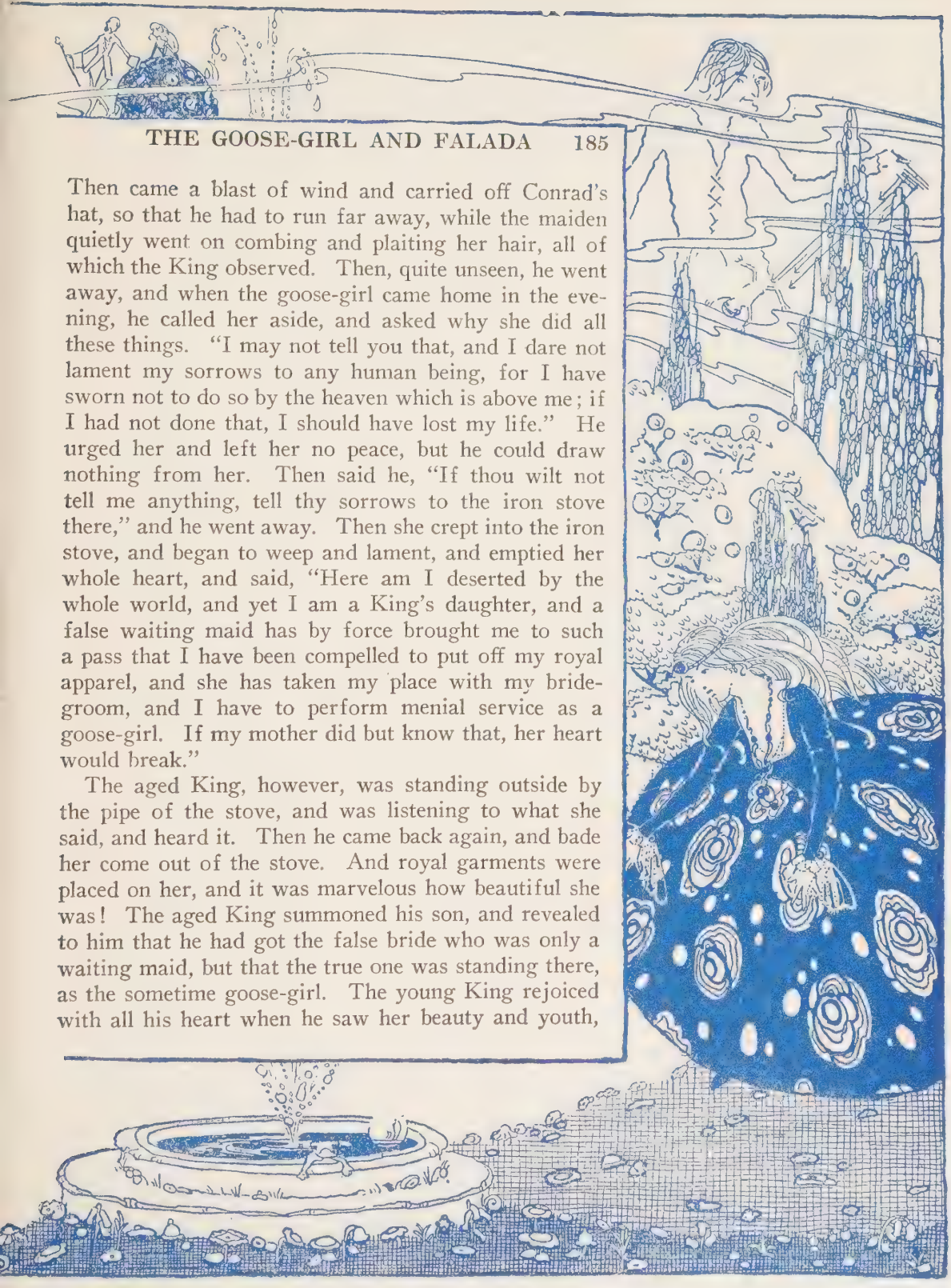
And Conrad went on to relate what happened on the goose pasture, and how when there he had to chase his hat.

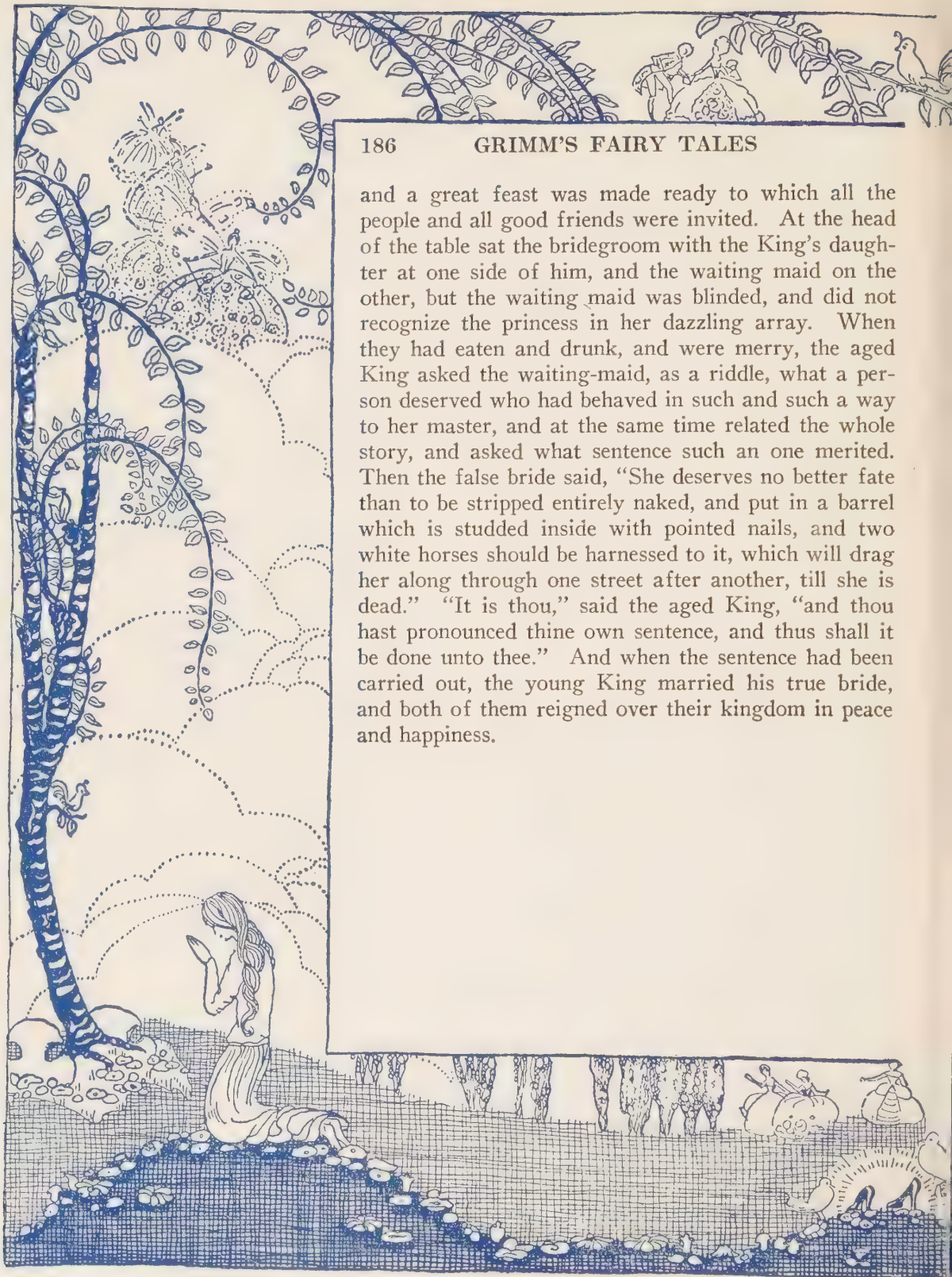
The aged King commanded him to drive his flock out again next day, and as soon as morning came, he placed himself behind the dark gateway, and heard how the maiden spoke to the head of Falada, and then he, too, went into the country, and hid himself in the thicket in the meadow. Then he soon saw with his own eyes the goose-girl and the goose-boy bringing their flock, and how after a while she sat down and unplaited her hair, which shone with radiance. And soon she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,
Blow Conrad's little hat away,
And make him chase it here and there,
Until I have braided all my hair,
And bound it up again."

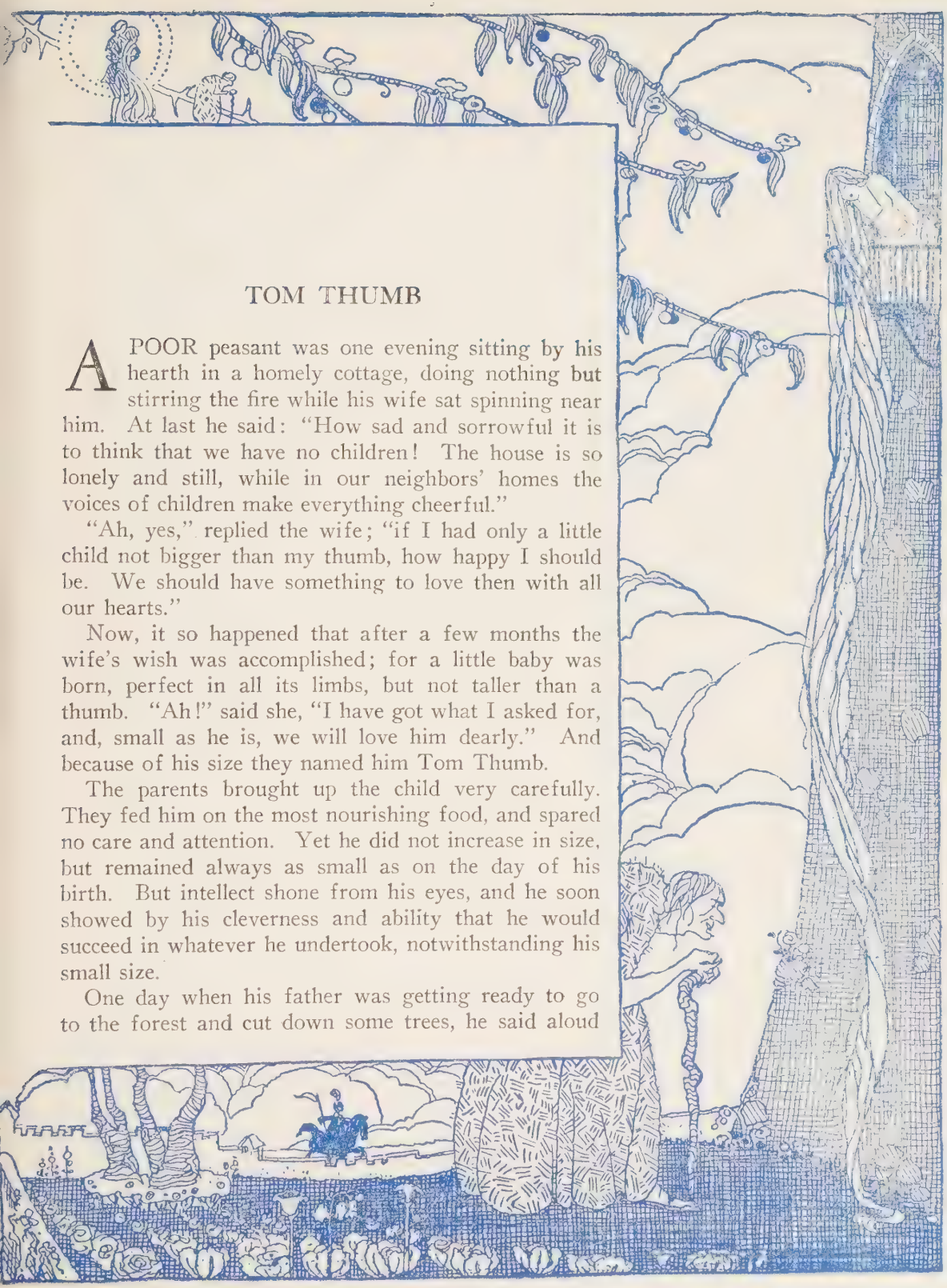
Then came a blast of wind and carried off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run far away, while the maiden quietly went on combing and plaiting her hair, all of which the King observed. Then, quite unseen, he went away, and when the goose-girl came home in the evening, he called her aside, and asked why she did all these things. "I may not tell you that, and I dare not lament my sorrows to any human being, for I have sworn not to do so by the heaven which is above me; if I had not done that, I should have lost my life." He urged her and left her no peace, but he could draw nothing from her. Then said he, "If thou wilt not tell me anything, tell thy sorrows to the iron stove there," and he went away. Then she crept into the iron stove, and began to weep and lament, and emptied her whole heart, and said, "Here am I deserted by the whole world, and yet I am a King's daughter, and a false waiting maid has by force brought me to such a pass that I have been compelled to put off my royal apparel, and she has taken my place with my bridegroom, and I have to perform menial service as a goose-girl. If my mother did but know that, her heart would break."

The aged King, however, was standing outside by the pipe of the stove, and was listening to what she said, and heard it. Then he came back again, and bade her come out of the stove. And royal garments were placed on her, and it was marvelous how beautiful she was! The aged King summoned his son, and revealed to him that he had got the false bride who was only a waiting maid, but that the true one was standing there, as the sometime goose-girl. The young King rejoiced with all his heart when he saw her beauty and youth,





and a great feast was made ready to which all the people and all good friends were invited. At the head of the table sat the bridegroom with the King's daughter at one side of him, and the waiting maid on the other, but the waiting maid was blinded, and did not recognize the princess in her dazzling array. When they had eaten and drunk, and were merry, the aged King asked the waiting-maid, as a riddle, what a person deserved who had behaved in such and such a way to her master, and at the same time related the whole story, and asked what sentence such an one merited. Then the false bride said, "She deserves no better fate than to be stripped entirely naked, and put in a barrel which is studded inside with pointed nails, and two white horses should be harnessed to it, which will drag her along through one street after another, till she is dead." "It is thou," said the aged King, "and thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and thus shall it be done unto thee." And when the sentence had been carried out, the young King married his true bride, and both of them reigned over their kingdom in peace and happiness.



TOM THUMB

A POOR peasant was one evening sitting by his hearth in a homely cottage, doing nothing but stirring the fire while his wife sat spinning near him. At last he said: "How sad and sorrowful it is to think that we have no children! The house is so lonely and still, while in our neighbors' homes the voices of children make everything cheerful."

"Ah, yes," replied the wife; "if I had only a little child not bigger than my thumb, how happy I should be. We should have something to love then with all our hearts."

Now, it so happened that after a few months the wife's wish was accomplished; for a little baby was born, perfect in all its limbs, but not taller than a thumb. "Ah!" said she, "I have got what I asked for, and, small as he is, we will love him dearly." And because of his size they named him Tom Thumb.

The parents brought up the child very carefully. They fed him on the most nourishing food, and spared no care and attention. Yet he did not increase in size, but remained always as small as on the day of his birth. But intellect shone from his eyes, and he soon showed by his cleverness and ability that he would succeed in whatever he undertook, notwithstanding his small size.

One day when his father was getting ready to go to the forest and cut down some trees, he said aloud

to himself: "I wish I had some one who could drive the cart, for I want to go on first by myself."

"Oh, father!" cried Tom Thumb, "I can do that easily. Leave the cart with me. I will take care to be in good time."

"Oh, yes," replied the father, laughing; "it is very likely I should trust you to drive. Why, you are much too little even to lead the horse by the bridle."

"Never mind how small I am," said the boy; "only, you go as soon as you like, and if mother will harness the horse, I will seat myself on his ear, and tell him which way to go."

"Well," replied his father, "I'll try for once what you can do." So he went off to the forest, and when the hour to start arrived, the mother harnessed the horse in the cart and seated Tom Thumb on his ear.

"Gee up!" shouted the little one into the ear, and the horse went on immediately.

And so he kept on, using the right words when he wanted the horse to turn to the right or the left, and crying out, "Gee, woa!" so cleverly that the cart reached the wood as safely as if his master had driven him. Just as the horse and cart were turning into a path through the forest, two strange men came by. They stood still in astonishment, for they heard the voice of the driver, and saw the horse take the right turning, but no one was visible.

"Hallo!" cried one; "there is something queer about this. Let us follow and see where the cart stops."

So they turned and went after the cart till it came to the place where several trees had been cut down, and there it stopped.

As soon as Tom Thumb saw his father he cried

out: "See, father, I have brought the horse and cart. Can't I drive well? And now, please lift me down." The father held the horse by the bridle with one hand, and lifting his little son from the horse's ear with the other, placed him on the ground. In a few moments the merry little fellow seated himself on a shaving and felt quite comfortable.

When the strangers caught sight of Tom Thumb they were much astonished, and scarcely knew what to think. Presently one took the other aside and said: "That little chap would make our fortune if we could exhibit him in great towns for money. Suppose we buy him." So they went up to the father and said: "Will you sell this little man to us? We will take the greatest care of him." "No," he replied; "he is my dear child, and I would not sell him for all the gold in the world."

But little Tom Thumb, who had crept into the folds of his father's coat, heard what was said, and climbing to his shoulder, whispered into his ear: "Father, let me go with these men. I am sure to come back again."

So the father gave him up for a large sum in gold.

"Where shall we put you?" they asked.

"Oh!" replied Tom Thumb, "place me on the brim of your hat. I can walk about there, and see where I am going, and I'll take care not to fall off."

They very willingly did as he wished, and as soon as little Tom Thumb had taken leave of his father the men walked away with him.

They traveled all day, but when evening came on little Tom Thumb was tired of sitting up there so long, and cried out: "Stop; lift me down, please!" "No," said

the man; "stay where you are, little one. I don't mind your being there in the least. The birds often perch on my hat without causing me the slightest inconvenience. Stay where you are, my little man." "No, no!" cried Tom Thumb; "I know best what to do. I want you to lift me down directly." Then the man took his hat off and placed it on the ground by the roadside.

In a moment the little fellow sprang from the hat, ran through the hedge into a field, in and out between the clods of earth, then suddenly slipped into the nest of a field mouse, which he had seen from his seat on the man's hat. "Good evening, gentlemen; you must go home without me now," he shouted, laughing merrily. They were terribly annoyed, and tried to catch him by poking their sticks into the hole; but it was useless trouble, for little Tom Thumb crept to the furthest corner of the nest; and so night came on, and the men were obliged to go home in a great rage without him and with empty purses.

As soon as little Tom Thumb knew they were gone he crept through the underground passages and got out of his hole; but at first he stood still and said to himself: "It will not be safe for me to cross the field in the dark; most likely I shall break my limbs or my neck if I do."

All at once he saw an empty snail-shell. "Oh, how lucky!" he exclaimed: "I can spend the night here in comfort."

So he crept in; but just as he was dropping off to sleep he heard voices and the footsteps of two men who were planning a robbery at the rector's house.

"There is gold and silver in abundance there," said one; "but how are we going to get at it?"

"I will tell you!" shouted Tom Thumb.

"What was that?" cried one of the thieves in a fright. "I am certain I heard some one speak."

They stood still to listen, and Tom Thumb spoke again: "Take me with you; I will help you!" he said.

"Where are you, then?" asked one.

"Look for me on the ground, where my voice comes from," said he.

On this they began to search, and at last found him; and one of the thieves lifted him up, and said: "You little mite, how can you help us?"

"Try me," cried little Tom Thumb. "Why, I can creep between the iron bars of the window into the rector's room, and pass out to you whatever you want."

"Oh, well," they replied, "you are too small to do us any harm, so we will take you with us and see what you can do."

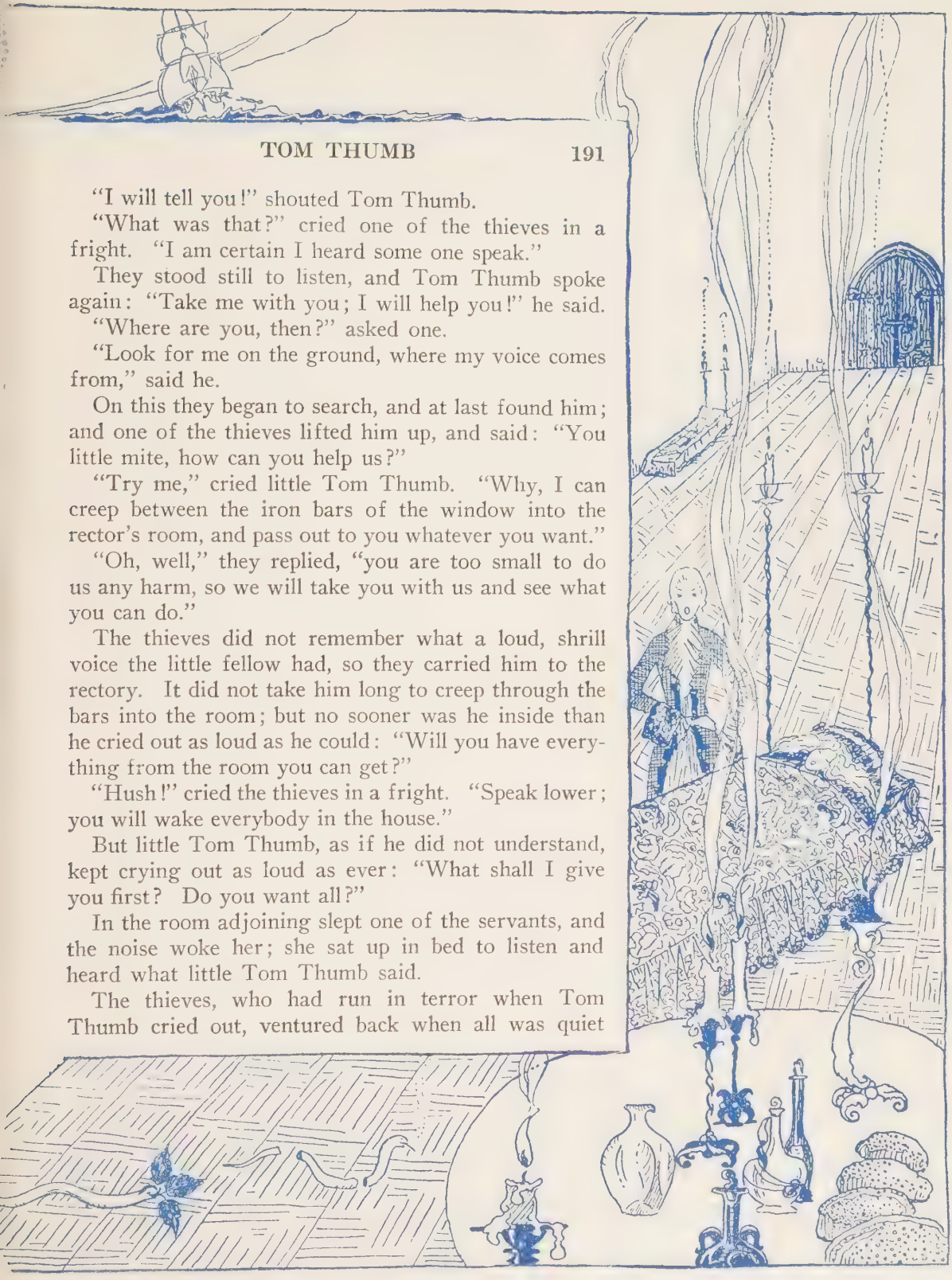
The thieves did not remember what a loud, shrill voice the little fellow had, so they carried him to the rectory. It did not take him long to creep through the bars into the room; but no sooner was he inside than he cried out as loud as he could: "Will you have everything from the room you can get?"

"Hush!" cried the thieves in a fright. "Speak lower; you will wake everybody in the house."

But little Tom Thumb, as if he did not understand, kept crying out as loud as ever: "What shall I give you first? Do you want all?"

In the room adjoining slept one of the servants, and the noise woke her; she sat up in bed to listen and heard what little Tom Thumb said.

The thieves, who had run in terror when Tom Thumb cried out, ventured back when all was quiet



and said: "Come now, this is not a time for joking; get us what we want and pass it through the window to us."

Then cried the little man: "Oh, you want everything, do you? Now, then, hold out your hands!"

The maid servant heard this plainly enough; she jumped out of bed, and being in the dark, stumbled against the door. On hearing the noise the thieves took to their heels and ran as if wild hunters were behind them. The girl, who had gone to fetch a light, quickly returned and determined to examine every part of the room. As soon as Tom Thumb saw her coming he slipped out of the window and hid himself in a barn, so that she did not even see him. After a good search in every corner, and finding no one there she went back to bed and fancied that she must have been dreaming.

Little Tom Thumb found a snug bed in a truss of hay, and made up his mind to sleep comfortably there till morning, and then return home to his parents; but there were other troubles for him to endure first. This is a world of trouble.

At daybreak the next morning the maid servant rose and went out to give the cattle their fodder. Her first visit was to the hayloft, and unluckily the truss of hay nearest the opening was the one in which little Tom Thumb lay sleeping, and in pulling out an armful she carried him with it. So soundly did he sleep that he knew nothing of what had happened till he awoke and found himself in the mouth of a cow, who had taken him up with the hay.

"Oh, dear! I might as well be in a crushing machine," he cried as soon as he found out where he

was. But he had little time for reflection as he shifted from side to side to avoid the teeth of the cow, and presently he slid downward into her stomach.

"This is a room without any windows, at all events," he exclaimed; "the sun cannot shine here, and to light a candle is out of the question."

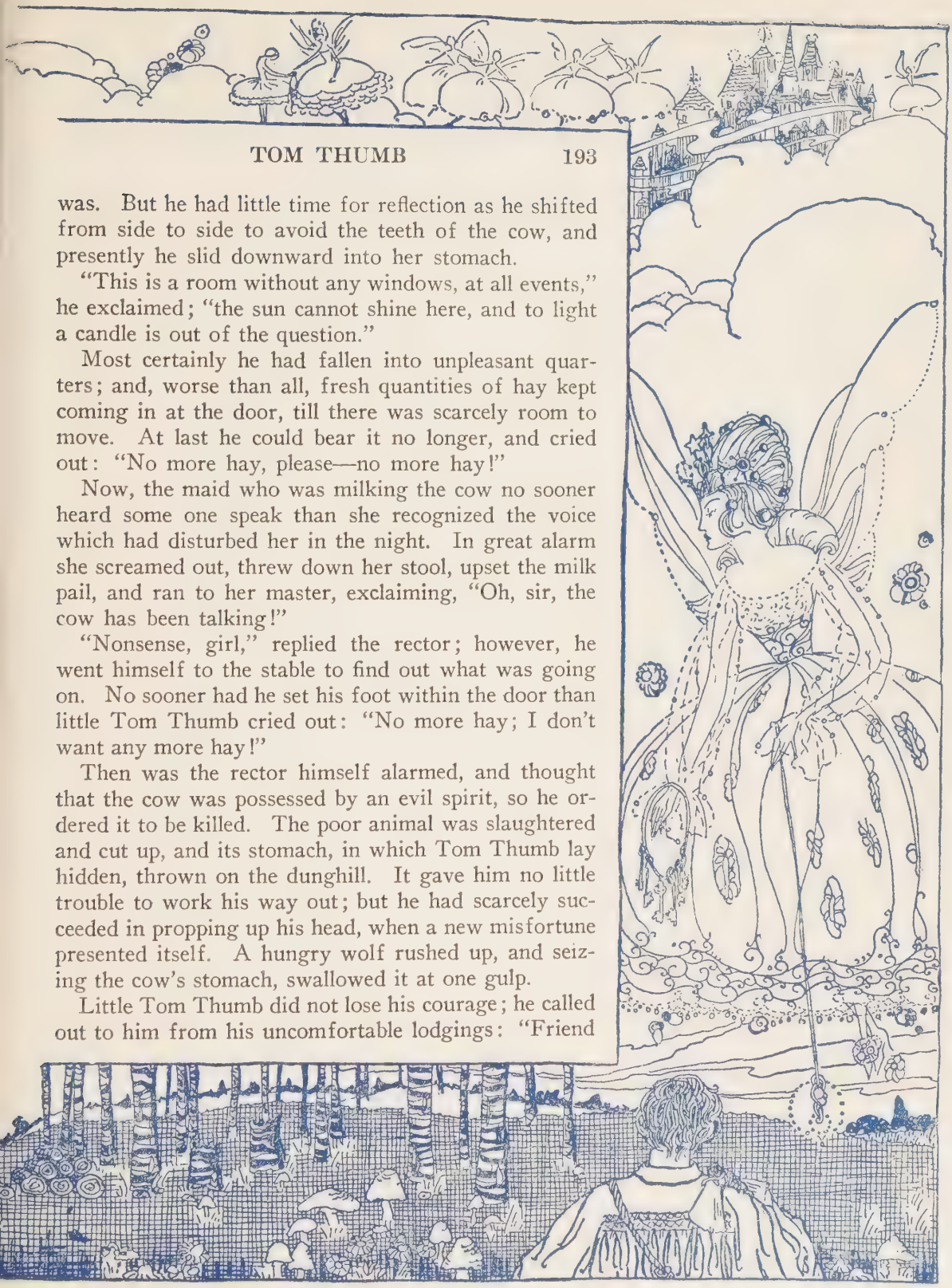
Most certainly he had fallen into unpleasant quarters; and, worse than all, fresh quantities of hay kept coming in at the door, till there was scarcely room to move. At last he could bear it no longer, and cried out: "No more hay, please—no more hay!"

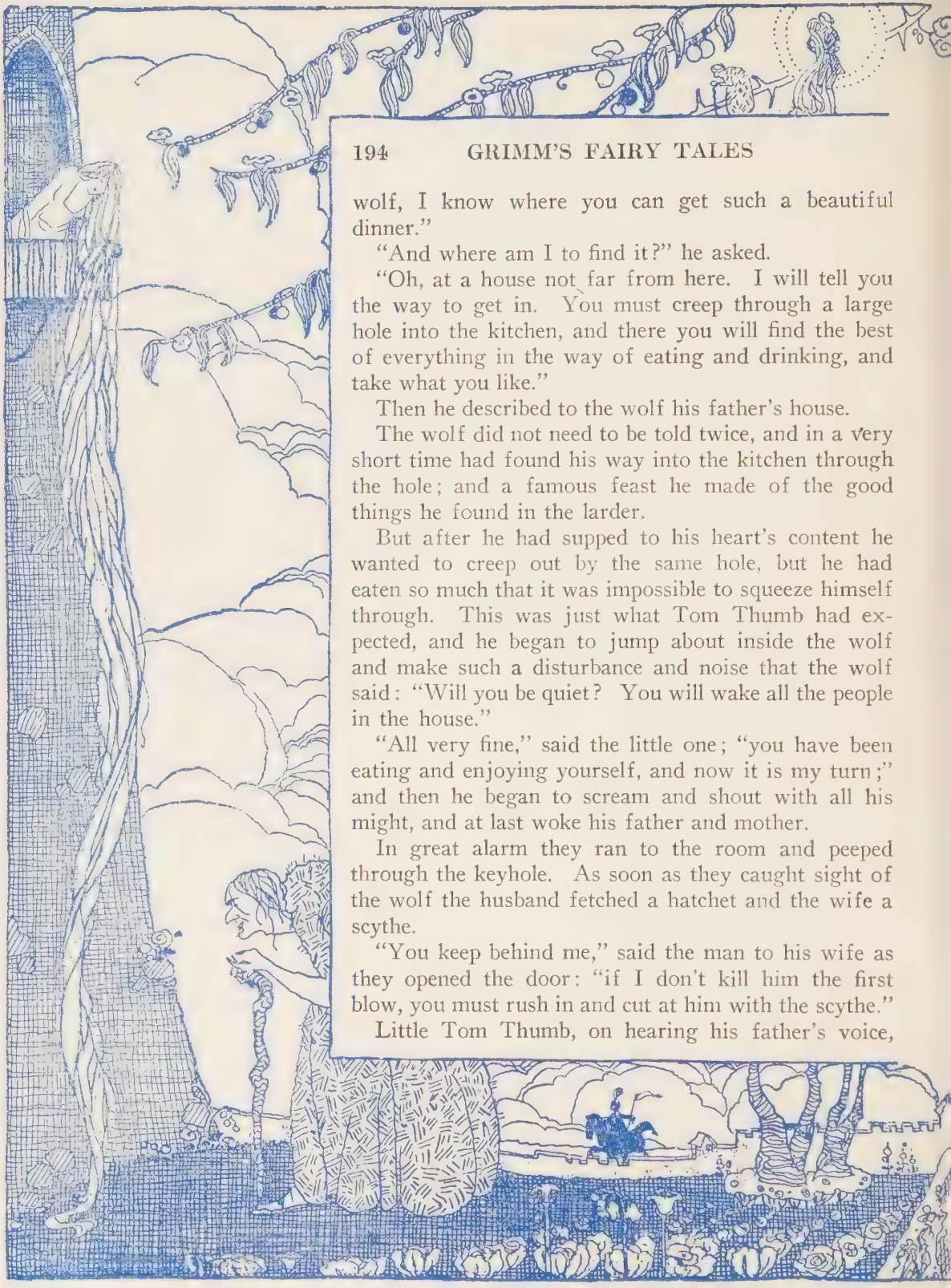
Now, the maid who was milking the cow no sooner heard some one speak than she recognized the voice which had disturbed her in the night. In great alarm she screamed out, threw down her stool, upset the milk pail, and ran to her master, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, the cow has been talking!"

"Nonsense, girl," replied the rector; however, he went himself to the stable to find out what was going on. No sooner had he set his foot within the door than little Tom Thumb cried out: "No more hay; I don't want any more hay!"

Then was the rector himself alarmed, and thought that the cow was possessed by an evil spirit, so he ordered it to be killed. The poor animal was slaughtered and cut up, and its stomach, in which Tom Thumb lay hidden, thrown on the dunghill. It gave him no little trouble to work his way out; but he had scarcely succeeded in propping up his head, when a new misfortune presented itself. A hungry wolf rushed up, and seizing the cow's stomach, swallowed it at one gulp.

Little Tom Thumb did not lose his courage; he called out to him from his uncomfortable lodgings: "Friend





wolf, I know where you can get such a beautiful dinner."

"And where am I to find it?" he asked.

"Oh, at a house not far from here. I will tell you the way to get in. You must creep through a large hole into the kitchen, and there you will find the best of everything in the way of eating and drinking, and take what you like."

Then he described to the wolf his father's house.

The wolf did not need to be told twice, and in a very short time had found his way into the kitchen through the hole; and a famous feast he made of the good things he found in the larder.

But after he had supped to his heart's content he wanted to creep out by the same hole, but he had eaten so much that it was impossible to squeeze himself through. This was just what Tom Thumb had expected, and he began to jump about inside the wolf and make such a disturbance and noise that the wolf said: "Will you be quiet? You will wake all the people in the house."

"All very fine," said the little one; "you have been eating and enjoying yourself, and now it is my turn;" and then he began to scream and shout with all his might, and at last woke his father and mother.

In great alarm they ran to the room and peeped through the keyhole. As soon as they caught sight of the wolf the husband fetched a hatchet and the wife a scythe.

"You keep behind me," said the man to his wife as they opened the door: "if I don't kill him the first blow, you must rush in and cut at him with the scythe."

Little Tom Thumb, on hearing his father's voice,

cried out, "Dear father, here I am, in the wolf's body."

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, "here's our child again come back to us," and called to his wife not to use the scythe for fear of hurting their son. Then he raised the ax and with one blow struck the wolf dead at his feet. A knife and a pair of scissors were soon found, and with these they ripped open the wolf's body and set little Tom Thumb free.

"Ah," said the father, "what trouble we have suffered about you!"

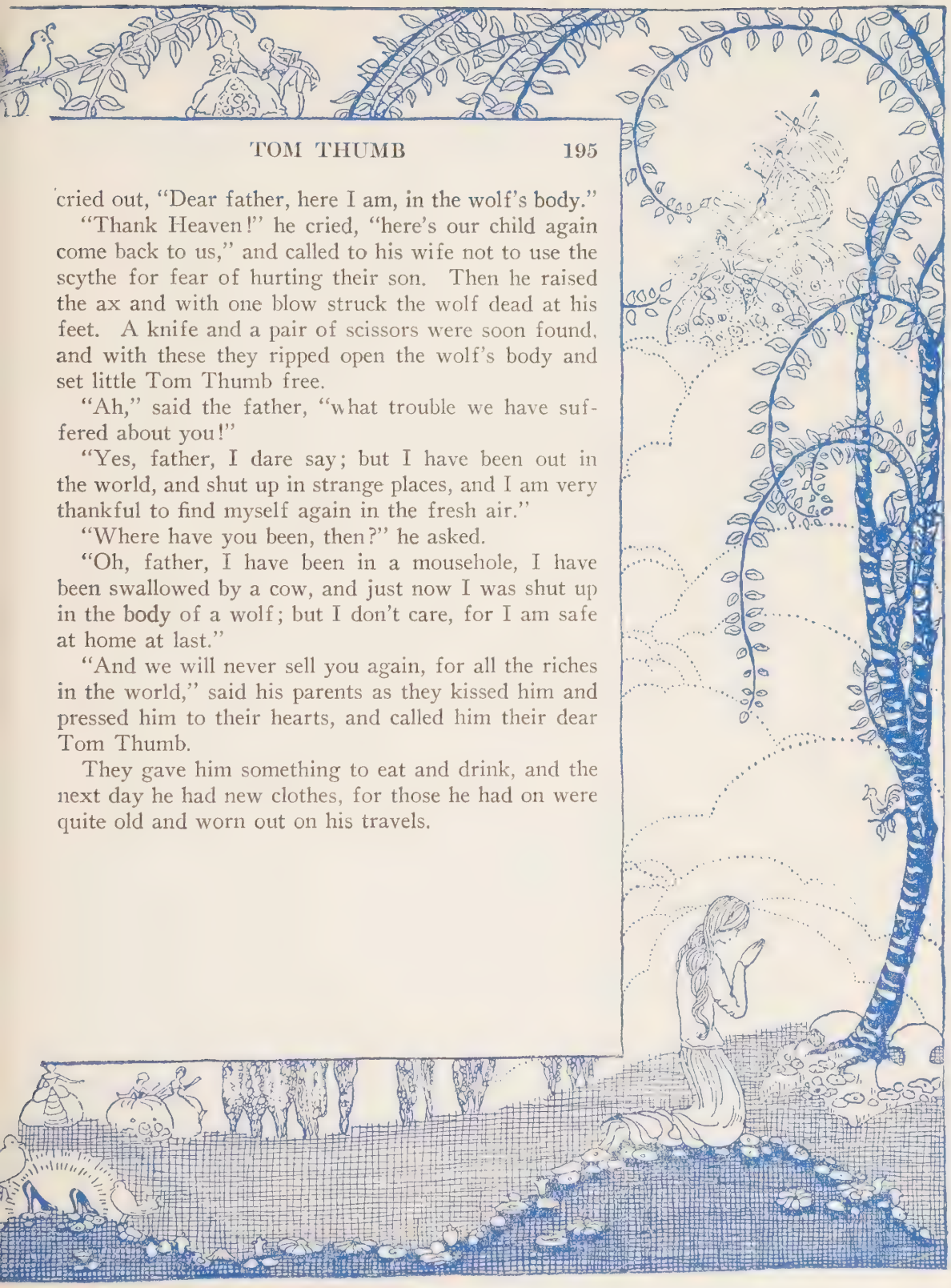
"Yes, father, I dare say; but I have been out in the world, and shut up in strange places, and I am very thankful to find myself again in the fresh air."

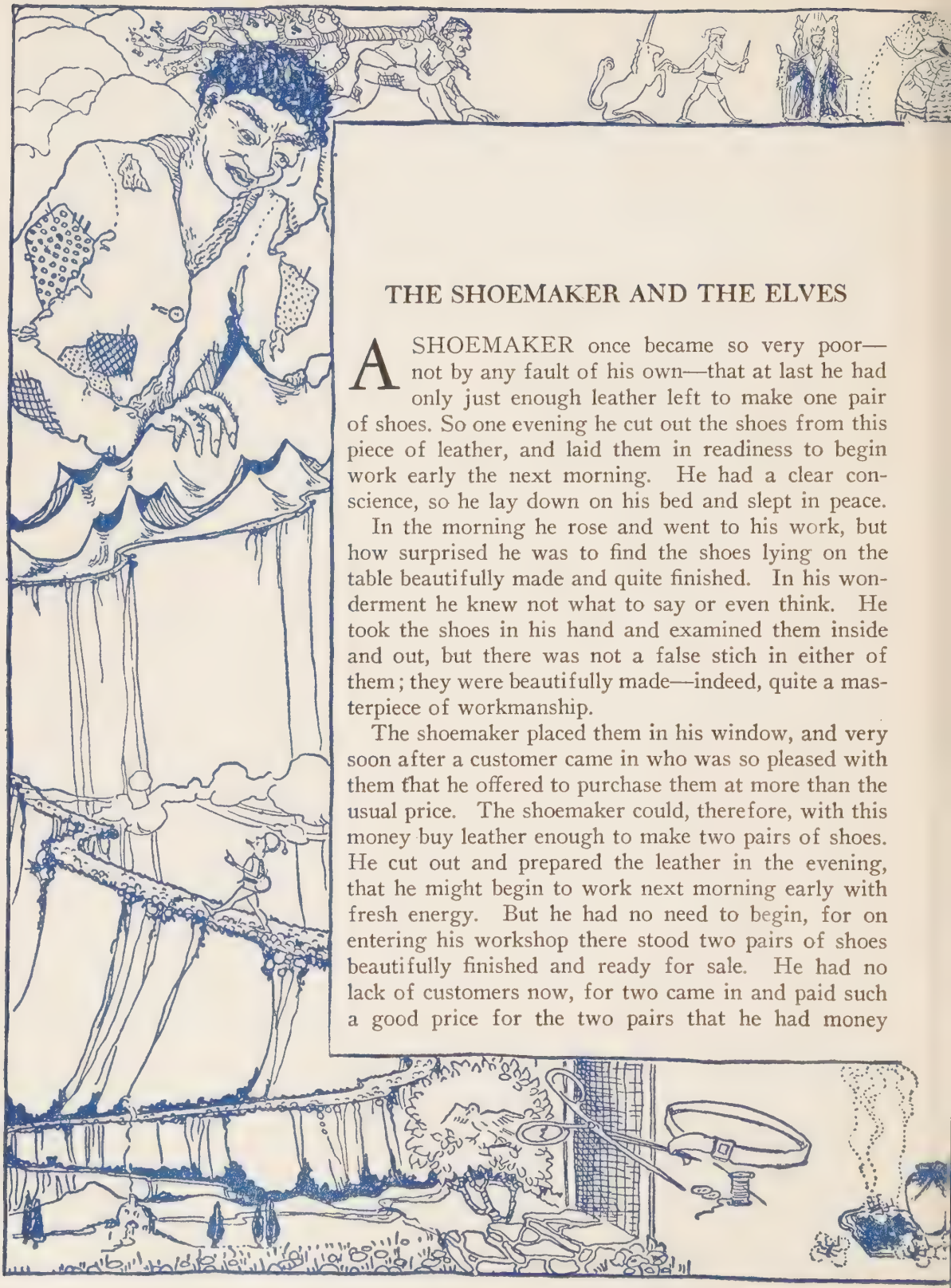
"Where have you been, then?" he asked.

"Oh, father, I have been in a mousehole, I have been swallowed by a cow, and just now I was shut up in the body of a wolf; but I don't care, for I am safe at home at last."

"And we will never sell you again, for all the riches in the world," said his parents as they kissed him and pressed him to their hearts, and called him their dear Tom Thumb.

They gave him something to eat and drink, and the next day he had new clothes, for those he had on were quite old and worn out on his travels.





THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

A SHOEMAKER once became so very poor—not by any fault of his own—that at last he had only just enough leather left to make one pair of shoes. So one evening he cut out the shoes from this piece of leather, and laid them in readiness to begin work early the next morning. He had a clear conscience, so he lay down on his bed and slept in peace.

In the morning he rose and went to his work, but how surprised he was to find the shoes lying on the table beautifully made and quite finished. In his wonderment he knew not what to say or even think. He took the shoes in his hand and examined them inside and out, but there was not a false stich in either of them; they were beautifully made—indeed, quite a masterpiece of workmanship.

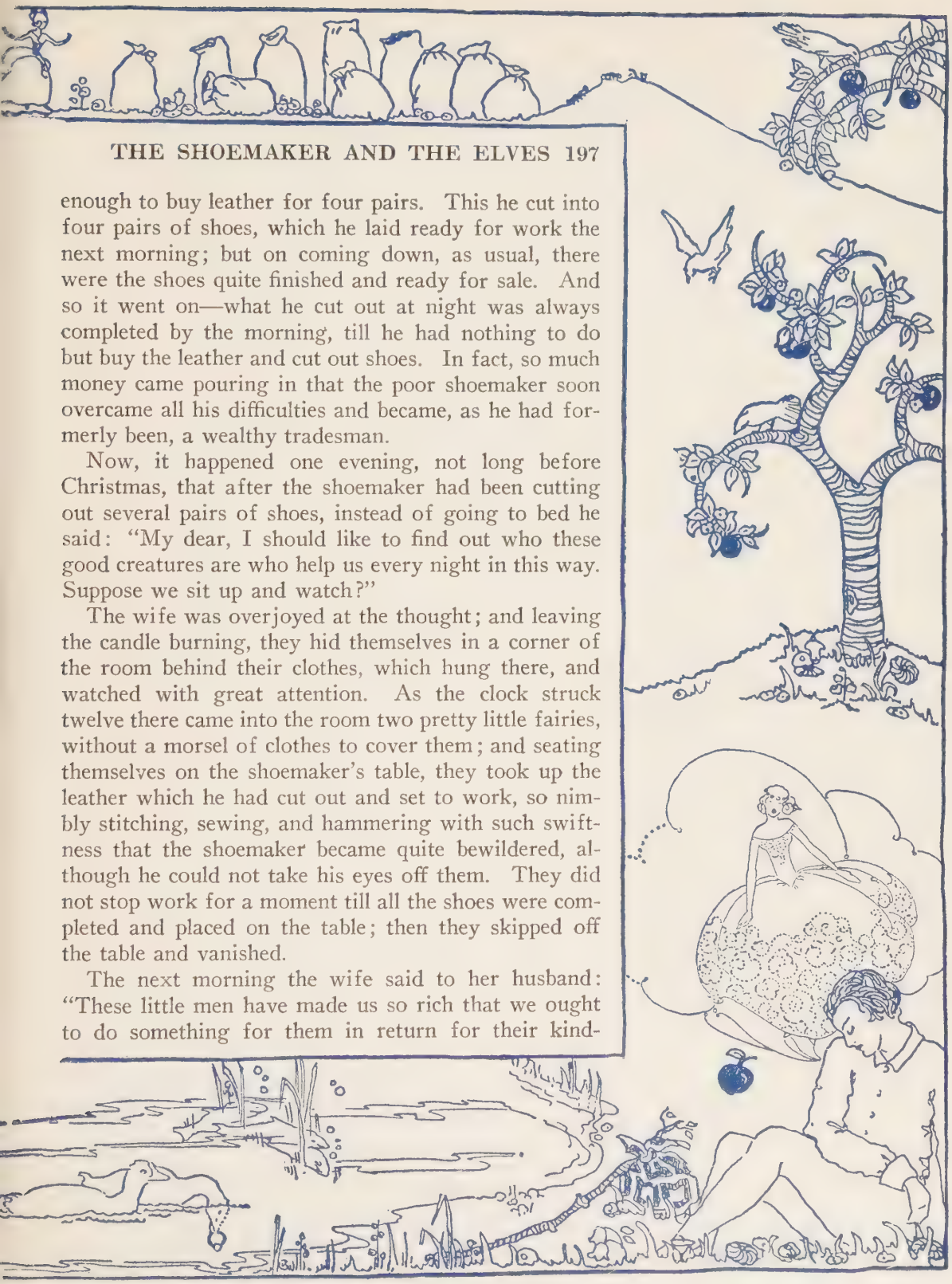
The shoemaker placed them in his window, and very soon after a customer came in who was so pleased with them that he offered to purchase them at more than the usual price. The shoemaker could, therefore, with this money buy leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He cut out and prepared the leather in the evening, that he might begin to work next morning early with fresh energy. But he had no need to begin, for on entering his workshop there stood two pairs of shoes beautifully finished and ready for sale. He had no lack of customers now, for two came in and paid such a good price for the two pairs that he had money

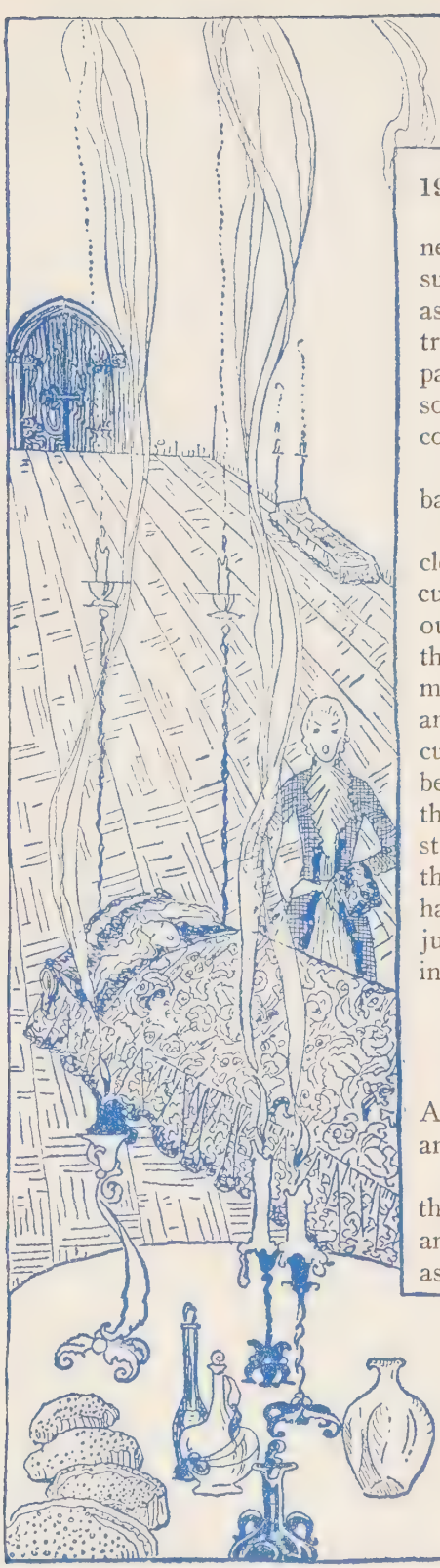
enough to buy leather for four pairs. This he cut into four pairs of shoes, which he laid ready for work the next morning; but on coming down, as usual, there were the shoes quite finished and ready for sale. And so it went on—what he cut out at night was always completed by the morning, till he had nothing to do but buy the leather and cut out shoes. In fact, so much money came pouring in that the poor shoemaker soon overcame all his difficulties and became, as he had formerly been, a wealthy tradesman.

Now, it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, that after the shoemaker had been cutting out several pairs of shoes, instead of going to bed he said: "My dear, I should like to find out who these good creatures are who help us every night in this way. Suppose we sit up and watch?"

The wife was overjoyed at the thought; and leaving the candle burning, they hid themselves in a corner of the room behind their clothes, which hung there, and watched with great attention. As the clock struck twelve there came into the room two pretty little fairies, without a morsel of clothes to cover them; and seating themselves on the shoemaker's table, they took up the leather which he had cut out and set to work, so nimbly stitching, sewing, and hammering with such swiftness that the shoemaker became quite bewildered, although he could not take his eyes off them. They did not stop work for a moment till all the shoes were completed and placed on the table; then they skipped off the table and vanished.

The next morning the wife said to her husband: "These little men have made us so rich that we ought to do something for them in return for their kind-





ness. I will tell you what I have thought of. I am sure they must be almost frozen, running about naked as they do. So I mean to make them little shirts, trousers, waistcoats, and coats; and if you will get a pair of little shoes ready for each of them, I will knit some stockings, and then these good little men will be comfortably clothed from head to foot."

"I shall only be too glad to help you," said the husband.

So they set to work busily, and in a few days the clothes were quite ready. In the evening, instead of cutting out any more shoes, the man and woman laid out their gifts on the table in the workshop, and hid themselves, as before, in a corner, to see what the little men would do. At midnight they came bounding in, and jumped on the table, expecting to see the leather cut out for them to begin work. But nothing was to be seen except these beautiful little clothes. At first they were much surprised, but as soon as they understood that the shirts, and stockings, and coats were for themselves, they began to dress themselves in eager haste, and were so delighted that they danced and jumped about the room, over stools and chairs, singing:

"Happy little men are we,
Smartly dressed, as you can see,
No more shoemakers to be."

And at last danced out of the room through the door, and never came back to work any more.

But after this the shoemaker, who had been kind to those who helped him, prospered in everything he did, and neither he nor his wife ever wanted money again as long as they lived.

THE MAIDEN'S VISIT

THERE was once a poor servant maid whose neatness and industry made her quite a favorite with her master and mistress. She swept and dusted and kept the house in such beautiful order that everybody said she must have help from the fairies.

One morning, while she was busy at her work, she found a letter on the doorstep, and not being able to read the address, she placed her broom in the corner and carried the letter to her master. She was greatly surprised to find that it was addressed to herself, and that it contained an invitation for her to attend at the christening of one of the pixies' children. She knew that these pixies were good fairies, who are always kind to industrious human beings, yet she was half afraid to go.

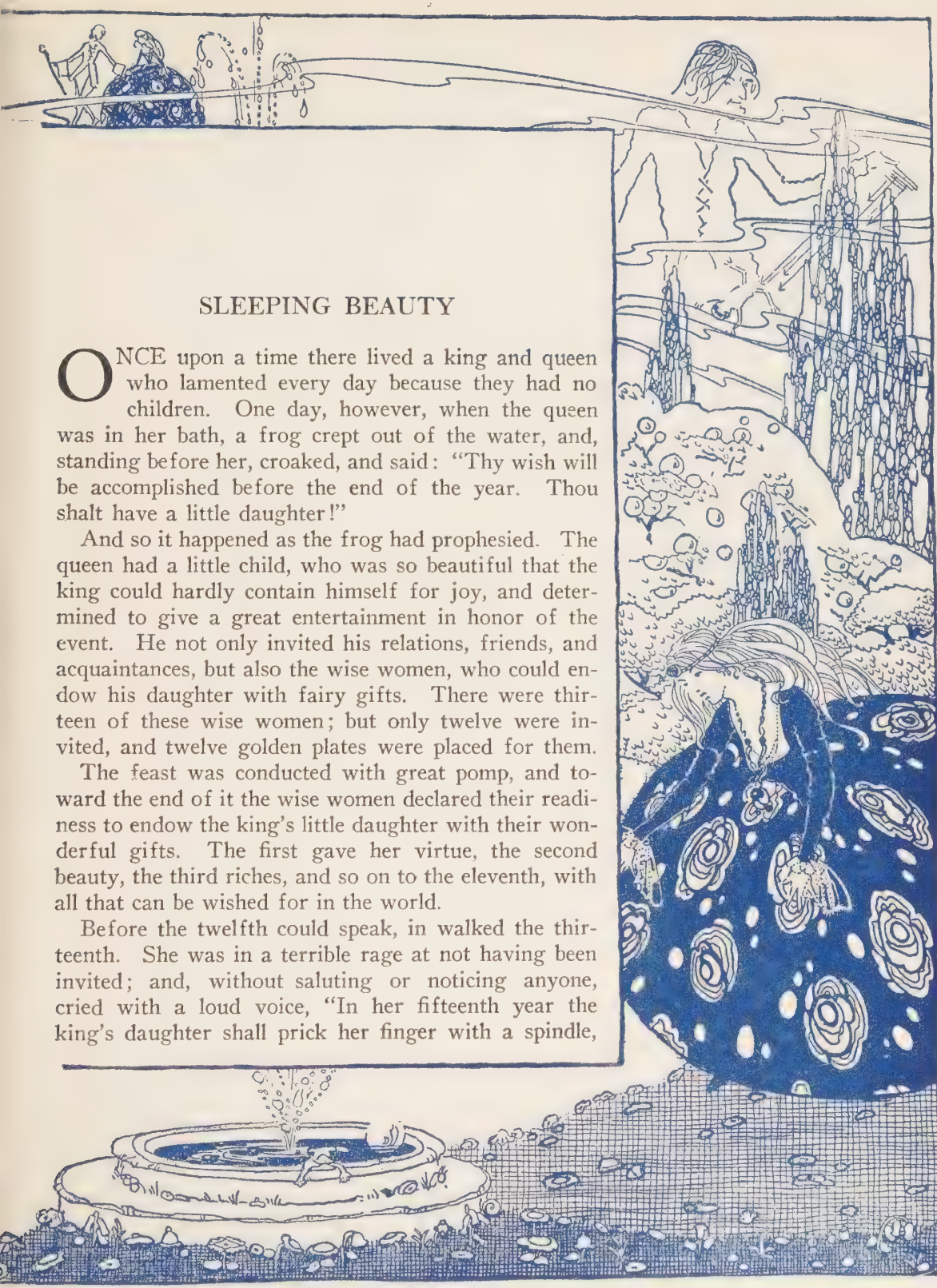
At last after much talk with her master and mistress, who said that they could not dare to allow her to refuse, she consented to go. No sooner had she done so than three of these good little people arrived and carried her away with them to a mountain, where the mother and the baby lived.

As soon as they arrived the mountain opened to receive them, and closed behind them after they had entered. What a beautiful place it was, all glittering with pearls and precious stones, very tiny, but so wonderfully neat and elegant that it cannot be described! The little lady was lying on a beautiful bed made of

shining ebony with pearl ornaments; the counterpane was of embroidered gold, the baby's cradle of carved ivory, and the front of burnished gold.

The maiden was at first too much astonished to speak, but they were kind and encouraging to her, and she stood godmother to the baby. After the ceremony was over she asked the fairies to take her home, but they begged her to remain for three days, and she consented, for they were all so kind and loving to her that she knew not how to refuse. These three days were passed in the most delightful manner, but they came to an end, then she requested to be taken home, so they stuffed her pockets full of money, and sent her home through the mountain entrance back into the world. When she reached her old home, being willing to begin work at once, she took the broom which stood in the corner and began to sweep.

Then a strange servant came and asked her what she was doing there, and a strange mistress sent for her, and she found to her surprise that, instead of being only three days absent, as she thought, she had been seven years with the good people in the mountain; her former master had died during the time, and the house had been let to strangers.



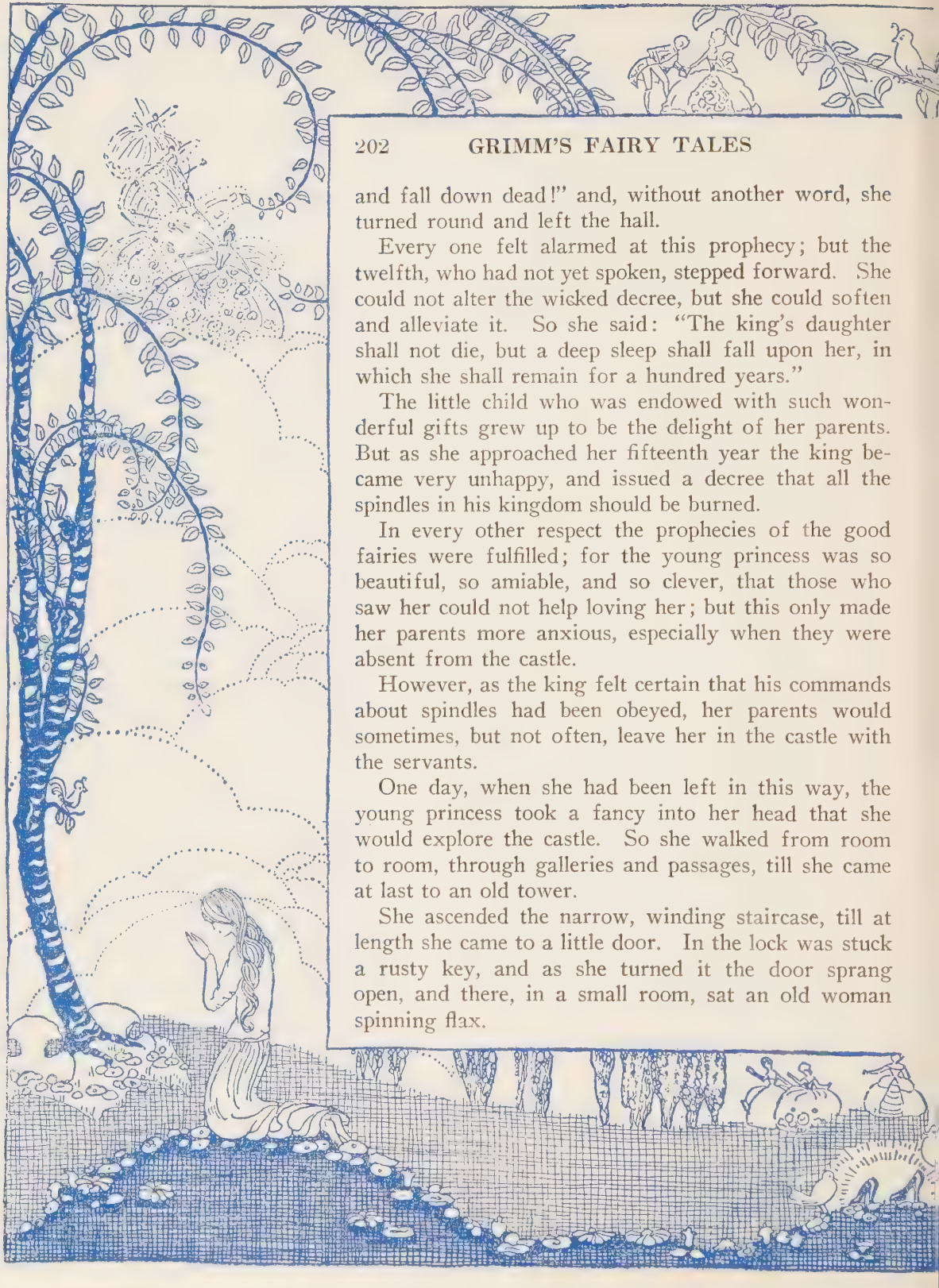
SLEEPING BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who lamented every day because they had no children. One day, however, when the queen was in her bath, a frog crept out of the water, and, standing before her, croaked, and said: "Thy wish will be accomplished before the end of the year. Thou shalt have a little daughter!"

And so it happened as the frog had prophesied. The queen had a little child, who was so beautiful that the king could hardly contain himself for joy, and determined to give a great entertainment in honor of the event. He not only invited his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, who could endow his daughter with fairy gifts. There were thirteen of these wise women; but only twelve were invited, and twelve golden plates were placed for them.

The feast was conducted with great pomp, and toward the end of it the wise women declared their readiness to endow the king's little daughter with their wonderful gifts. The first gave her virtue, the second beauty, the third riches, and so on to the eleventh, with all that can be wished for in the world.

Before the twelfth could speak, in walked the thirteenth. She was in a terrible rage at not having been invited; and, without saluting or noticing anyone, cried with a loud voice, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall prick her finger with a spindle,



and fall down dead!" and, without another word, she turned round and left the hall.

Every one felt alarmed at this prophecy; but the twelfth, who had not yet spoken, stepped forward. She could not alter the wicked decree, but she could soften and alleviate it. So she said: "The king's daughter shall not die, but a deep sleep shall fall upon her, in which she shall remain for a hundred years."

The little child who was endowed with such wonderful gifts grew up to be the delight of her parents. But as she approached her fifteenth year the king became very unhappy, and issued a decree that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burned.

In every other respect the prophecies of the good fairies were fulfilled; for the young princess was so beautiful, so amiable, and so clever, that those who saw her could not help loving her; but this only made her parents more anxious, especially when they were absent from the castle.

However, as the king felt certain that his commands about spindles had been obeyed, her parents would sometimes, but not often, leave her in the castle with the servants.

One day, when she had been left in this way, the young princess took a fancy into her head that she would explore the castle. So she walked from room to room, through galleries and passages, till she came at last to an old tower.

She ascended the narrow, winding staircase, till at length she came to a little door. In the lock was stuck a rusty key, and as she turned it the door sprang open, and there, in a small room, sat an old woman spinning flax.

"Good morning, old lady," said the princess; "what are you doing?"

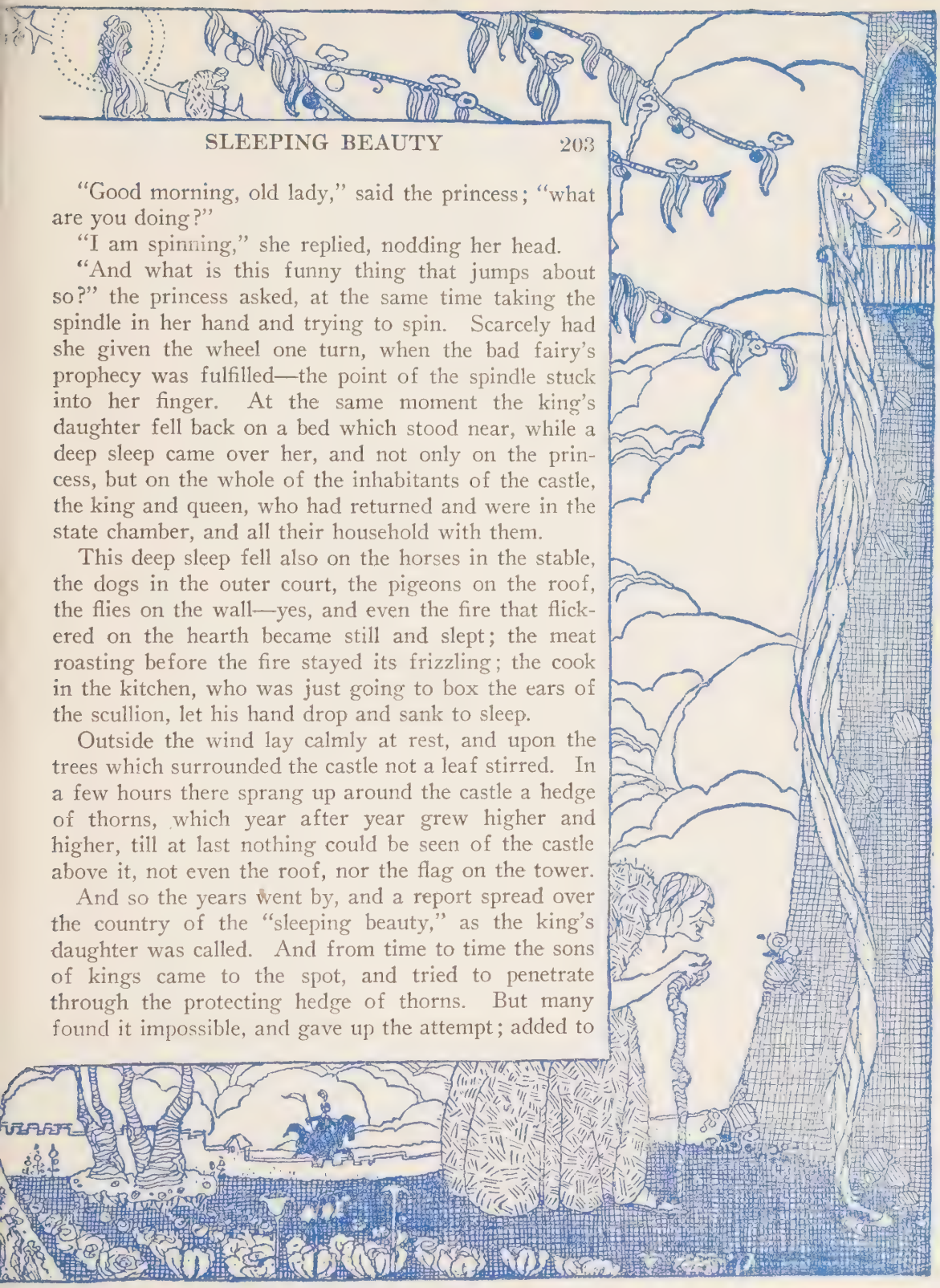
"I am spinning," she replied, nodding her head.

"And what is this funny thing that jumps about so?" the princess asked, at the same time taking the spindle in her hand and trying to spin. Scarcely had she given the wheel one turn, when the bad fairy's prophecy was fulfilled—the point of the spindle stuck into her finger. At the same moment the king's daughter fell back on a bed which stood near, while a deep sleep came over her, and not only on the princess, but on the whole of the inhabitants of the castle, the king and queen, who had returned and were in the state chamber, and all their household with them.

This deep sleep fell also on the horses in the stable, the dogs in the outer court, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall—yes, and even the fire that flickered on the hearth became still and slept; the meat roasting before the fire stayed its frizzling; the cook in the kitchen, who was just going to box the ears of the scullion, let his hand drop and sank to sleep.

Outside the wind lay calmly at rest, and upon the trees which surrounded the castle not a leaf stirred. In a few hours there sprang up around the castle a hedge of thorns, which year after year grew higher and higher, till at last nothing could be seen of the castle above it, not even the roof, nor the flag on the tower.

And so the years went by, and a report spread over the country of the "sleeping beauty," as the king's daughter was called. And from time to time the sons of kings came to the spot, and tried to penetrate through the protecting hedge of thorns. But many found it impossible, and gave up the attempt; added to



this, the thorns had hands, with which they seized the young men who persisted, and held them so fast that they could not free themselves, and died a miserable death.

Many more years passed away, and at length another prince came to that part of the country and heard an old man relate the story of the thorn-surrounded castle, in which the wonderful sleeping beauty, the king's daughter, lay, and who had already slept for nearly a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole household.

The prince, when he heard his grandfather talk of the fate of former princes who had tried to force their way through the hedge of thorns, and how they were caught by the bushes, and died a miserable death, would say, "It matters not to me; I have no fear; I am determined to discover this Sleeping Beauty." The good old man gave up attempting to dissuade the willful prince, and said no more. Just at this time the hundred years had nearly come to a close, and the day at last arrived for Sleeping Beauty to be awaked from her long sleep. On this very day the prince started on his enterprise, and on reaching the hedge of thorns, what was his surprise to find it covered with large, delicately beautiful flowers, which separated from each other to allow him to pass, and closed again behind him like a wall. And so without difficulty he reached the court of the castle.

Here he saw a dapple gray horse and a staghound sleeping together. On the roof sat the pigeons, with their heads tucked under their wings.

He found the same silence in the castle; the cook, the kitchen-maid, and even the flies on the wall, still

slept; and in the presence chamber he found the king and queen sleeping on their thrones, surrounded by the courtiers and the household, all slumbering peacefully. So deep was the stillness that he could hear his own breathing; however, he wandered on from room to room, till he reached the tower where the beautiful princess lay asleep. He stood for awhile transfixed with surprise at the beauty of the sleeping maiden, which the hundred years had not injured or even changed. So strong was the fascination which held him that he could not resist stooping to kiss her. At the touch Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes and awoke, and with her the whole household.

At first they all stared at each other with wide-open eyes, but not for long; very soon they resumed the employments in which they had been engaged when the enchantment fell upon them. The horse rose and shook himself; the dog sprang up and barked; the pigeons drew out their heads from behind their wings, plumed their feathers, and flew to the field; even the fire roused itself, and its flickering flame soon burned into a steady blaze, to roast the dinner; and more than all this, the thorn hedge round the castle sank down and disappeared.

The king and queen, who had remembered the wicked fairy's prophecy, and how it had been limited to a sleep of a hundred years instead of death, were overjoyed, and so thankful to the prince for disenchanting them that they readily consented when he asked that the Sleeping Beauty should be his wife. But when those around came to visit the restored and awakened household, they were much amused and surprised at the strange dresses worn by the awakened sleepers.

They were equally astonished at the dress of the visitors, and no wonder, for in this hundred years the fashions had changed. The prince, however, did not care for this; he loved the princess for herself and not for her dress, and the marriage was celebrated in a very short time, with great splendor.

THE MAIDEN WITHOUT HANDS

A MILLER, who had by degrees become very poor, had nothing at last left but his mill and a large apple tree behind it. One day when he went into the forest to gather wood an old man, whom he had never seen before, came toward him, and said: "Why do you take the trouble to cut down wood? I will give you great riches if you will promise to let me have what stands behind your mill."

"That can be no other than my apple tree," thought the miller; "I possess nothing else." So he said to the old man: "Yes, I will let you have it."

Then the stranger smiled maliciously, and said, "In three years I will come again to claim what belongs to me," and after saying this he departed.

As soon as the miller returned home, his wife came toward him and said: "Miller, from whence have all these riches come so suddenly to our house? All at once every drawer and chest has become full of gold. No one brought it here, and I know not where it came from."

"Oh," replied her husband, "I know all about it. A strange man whom I met in the wood promised me great treasures if I would make over to him what stood behind the mill. I knew I had nothing there but the large apple tree, so I gave him my promise."

"Oh, husband!" said the wife in alarm, "that must

have been the wizard; he did not mean the apple tree, but our daughter, who was behind the mill sweeping out the court."

The miller's daughter was a modest and beautiful maiden, and lived in innocence and obedience to her parents for three years, until the day came on which the wicked wizard was to claim her. She knew he was coming, and after washing till she was pure and clean as snow, she drew a circle of white chalk and stood within it.

The wizard made his appearance very early, but he did not dare to venture over the white circle, therefore he could not get near her. In great anger he said to the miller, "Take away every drop of water, that she may not wash, otherwise I shall have no power over her!"

The frightened miller did as he desired, but on the next morning, when the wizard came again, her hands were as pure and clean as ever, for she had wept over them. On this account the wizard was still unable to approach her; so he flew into a rage, and said: "Chop her hands off, otherwise I cannot touch her."

Then the miller was terrified, and exclaimed: "How can I cut off the hands of my own child?"

Then the wicked wizard threatened him, and said, "If you will not do as I desire you, then I can claim you instead of your daughter, and carry you off."

The father listened in agony, and in his fright promised to obey. He went to his daughter, and said to her: "Oh, my child, unless I cut off your two hands the wizard will take me away with him, and in my anguish I have promised. Help me in my trouble, and forgive me for the wicked deed I have promised to do."

"Dear father," she replied, "do with me as you will; I am your child."

Thereupon she placed her two hands on the table before him, and he cut them off. The wizard came next day for the third time, but the poor girl had wept so bitterly over the stumps of her arms that they were as clean and white as ever. Then he was obliged to give way, for he had lost all right to the maiden.

As soon as the wizard departed the miller said: "My child, I have obtained so much good through thy conduct that for thy whole lifetime I shall hold thee most precious and dear."

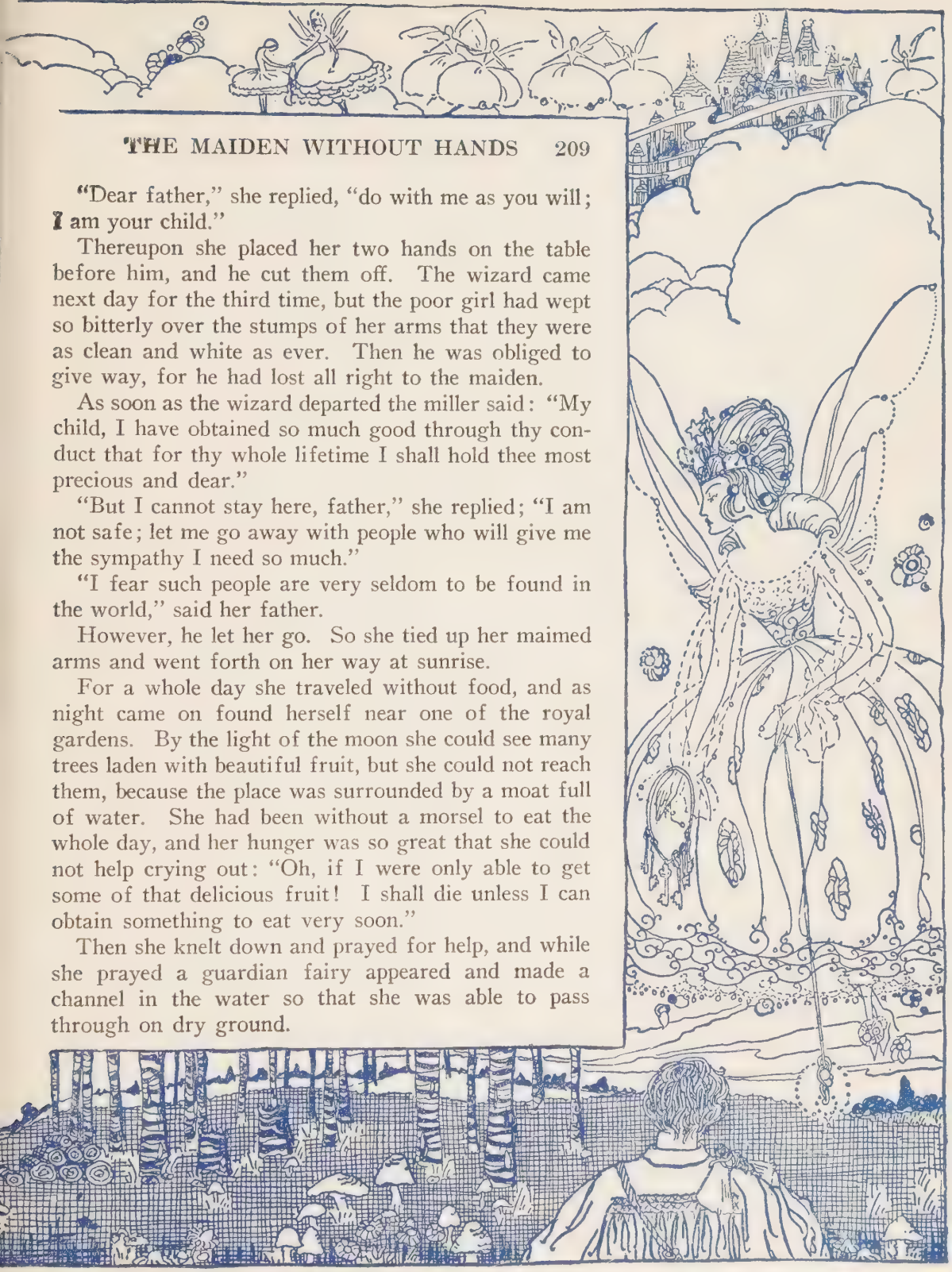
"But I cannot stay here, father," she replied; "I am not safe; let me go away with people who will give me the sympathy I need so much."

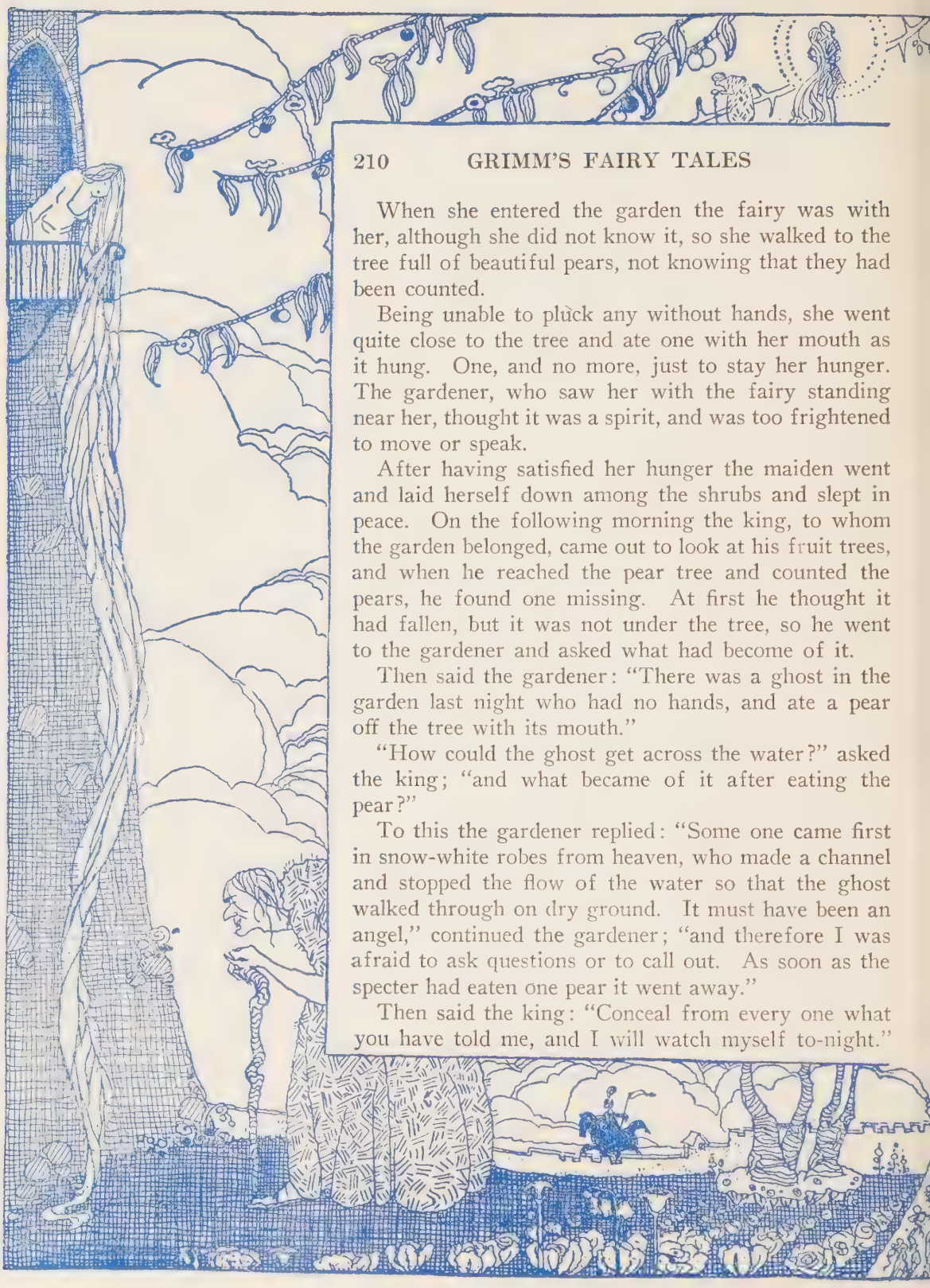
"I fear such people are very seldom to be found in the world," said her father.

However, he let her go. So she tied up her maimed arms and went forth on her way at sunrise.

For a whole day she traveled without food, and as night came on found herself near one of the royal gardens. By the light of the moon she could see many trees laden with beautiful fruit, but she could not reach them, because the place was surrounded by a moat full of water. She had been without a morsel to eat the whole day, and her hunger was so great that she could not help crying out: "Oh, if I were only able to get some of that delicious fruit! I shall die unless I can obtain something to eat very soon."

Then she knelt down and prayed for help, and while she prayed a guardian fairy appeared and made a channel in the water so that she was able to pass through on dry ground.





When she entered the garden the fairy was with her, although she did not know it, so she walked to the tree full of beautiful pears, not knowing that they had been counted.

Being unable to plück any without hands, she went quite close to the tree and ate one with her mouth as it hung. One, and no more, just to stay her hunger. The gardener, who saw her with the fairy standing near her, thought it was a spirit, and was too frightened to move or speak.

After having satisfied her hunger the maiden went and laid herself down among the shrubs and slept in peace. On the following morning the king, to whom the garden belonged, came out to look at his fruit trees, and when he reached the pear tree and counted the pears, he found one missing. At first he thought it had fallen, but it was not under the tree, so he went to the gardener and asked what had become of it.

Then said the gardener: "There was a ghost in the garden last night who had no hands, and ate a pear off the tree with its mouth."

"How could the ghost get across the water?" asked the king; "and what became of it after eating the pear?"

To this the gardener replied: "Some one came first in snow-white robes from heaven, who made a channel and stopped the flow of the water so that the ghost walked through on dry ground. It must have been an angel," continued the gardener; "and therefore I was afraid to ask questions or to call out. As soon as the specter had eaten one pear it went away."

Then said the king: "Conceal from every one what you have told me, and I will watch myself to-night."

As soon as it was dark the king came into the garden and brought a priest with him to address the ghost, and they both seated themselves under a tree, with the gardener standing near them, and waited in silence. About midnight the maiden crept out from the bushes and went to the pear tree, and the three watchers saw her eat a pear from the tree without plucking it, while an angel stood near in white garments.

Then the priest went toward her, and said: "Art thou come from heaven or from earth? Art thou a spirit or a human being?"

Then the maiden answered: "Ah, me! I am no ghost, only a poor creature forsaken by every one but God."

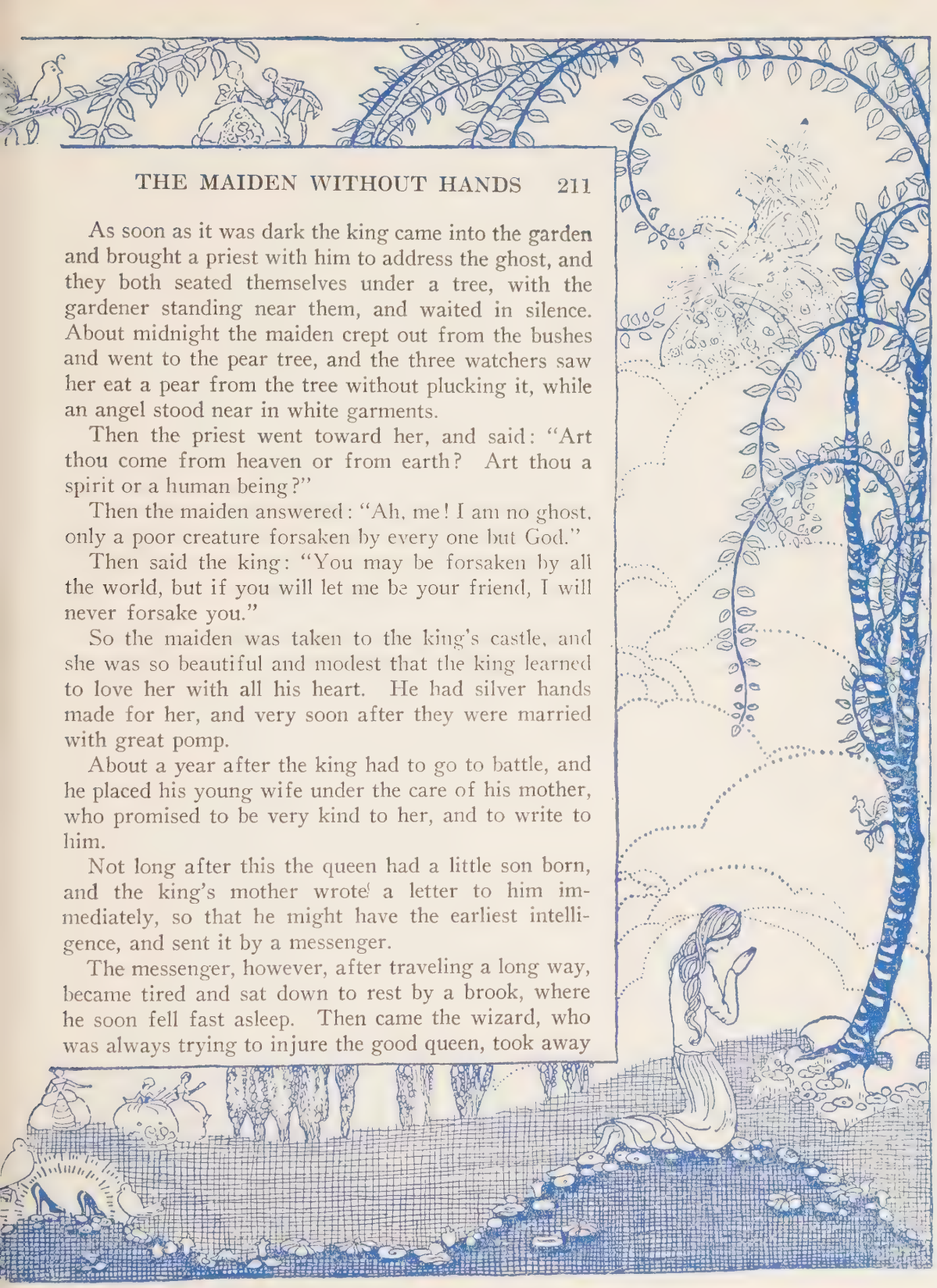
Then said the king: "You may be forsaken by all the world, but if you will let me be your friend, I will never forsake you."

So the maiden was taken to the king's castle, and she was so beautiful and modest that the king learned to love her with all his heart. He had silver hands made for her, and very soon after they were married with great pomp.

About a year after the king had to go to battle, and he placed his young wife under the care of his mother, who promised to be very kind to her, and to write to him.

Not long after this the queen had a little son born, and the king's mother wrote a letter to him immediately, so that he might have the earliest intelligence, and sent it by a messenger.

The messenger, however, after traveling a long way, became tired and sat down to rest by a brook, where he soon fell fast asleep. Then came the wizard, who was always trying to injure the good queen, took away



the letter from the sleeping messenger, and replaced it by another, in which it was stated that the little child was a changeling.

Knowing nothing of the change, the messenger carried this letter to the king, who, when he read it, was terribly distressed and troubled. However, he wrote in reply to say that the young queen was to have every attention and care till his return.

The wicked wizard again watched for the messenger, and while he slept exchanged the king's kind letter for another, in which was written to the king's mother an order to kill both the queen and her child.

The old mother was quite terrified when she read this letter, for she could not believe the king meant her to do anything so dreadful. She wrote again to the king, but there was no answer, for the wicked wizard always interrupted the messengers, and sent false letters. The last was worse than all, for it stated that instead of killing the mother and her child, they were to cut out the tongue of the changeling and put out the mother's eyes.

But the king's mother was too good to attend to these dreadful orders, so she said to the queen, while her eyes streamed with tears: "I cannot kill you both, as the king desires me to do; but I must not let you remain here any longer. Go, now, out into the world with thy child, and do not come back here again." Then she bound the boy on his mother's back, and the poor woman departed, weeping as she went.

After walking some time she reached a dense forest, and knew not which road to take. So she knelt down and prayed for help. As she rose from her knees she saw a light shining from the window of a little cottage,

on which was hung a small sign-board, with these words: "Every one who dwells here is safe." Out of the cottage stepped a maiden dressed in snowy garments, and said, "Welcome, queen wife," and led her in. Then she unfastened the baby from his mother's back, and hushed him in her arms till he slept so peacefully that she laid him on a bed in another room, and came back to his mother.

The poor woman looked at her earnestly, and said: "How did you know I was a queen?"

The white maiden replied:

"I am a good fairy sent to take care of thee and thy child."

So she remained in that cottage many years, and was very happy, and so pious and good that her hands, which had been cut off, were allowed to grow again, and the little boy became her great comfort.

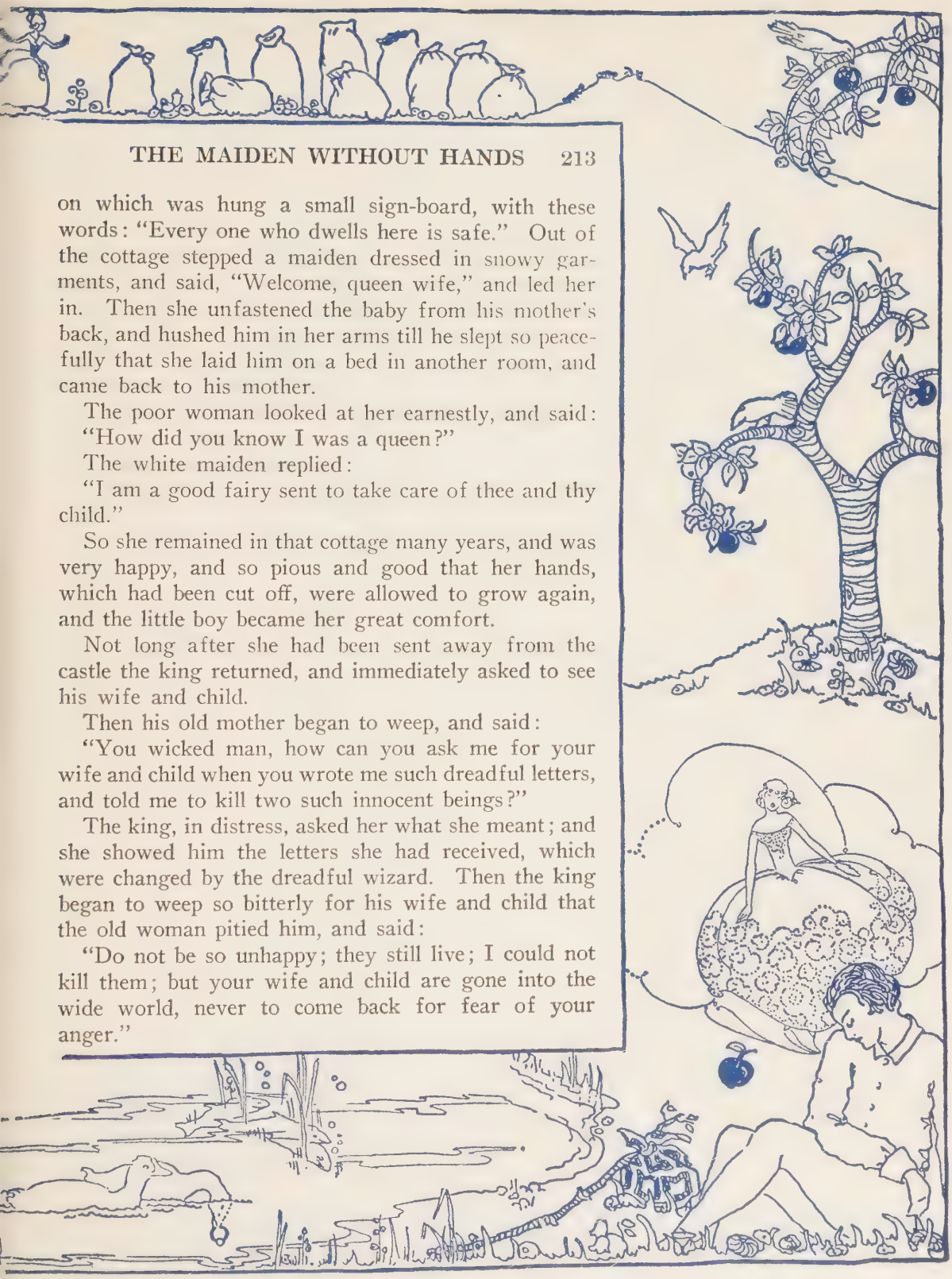
Not long after she had been sent away from the castle the king returned, and immediately asked to see his wife and child.

Then his old mother began to weep, and said:

"You wicked man, how can you ask me for your wife and child when you wrote me such dreadful letters, and told me to kill two such innocent beings?"

The king, in distress, asked her what she meant; and she showed him the letters she had received, which were changed by the dreadful wizard. Then the king began to weep so bitterly for his wife and child that the old woman pitied him, and said:

"Do not be so unhappy; they still live; I could not kill them; but your wife and child are gone into the wide world, never to come back for fear of your anger."



Then said the king:

"I will go to the ends of the earth to find them, and I will neither eat nor drink till I find my dear wife, even if I should die of hunger."

Thereupon the king started on his expedition, traveling over rocks and valleys, over mountains and highways, for seven long years; but he found her not, and he thought she was starved to death, and that he should never see her again.

He neither ate nor drank, during the whole time, of earthly food, but Heaven sent him help. At last he arrived at a large forest and found the little cottage with the sign-board, and the words upon it: "Every one who dwells here is safe."

While he stood reading the words the maiden in white raiment came out, took him by the hand, and led him into the cottage, saying:

"My lord the king is welcome; but why is he here?"

Then he replied:

"I have been for seven years traveling about the world hoping to find my wife and child, but I have not yet succeeded. Can you help me?"

"Sit down," said the angel, "and take something to eat and drink first."

The king was so tired that he gladly obeyed, for he really wanted rest. Then he laid himself down and slept, and the maiden in the white raiment covered his face.

Then she went into an inner chamber where the queen sat with her little son, whom she had named "Pain-bringer," and said to her:

"Go out together into the other chamber; thy husband is come."

The queen went out, but still sorrowfully, for she remembered the cruel letters his mother had received, and knew not that he still loved her.

Just as she entered the room the covering fell off his face, and she told her little son to replace it.

The boy went forward and laid the cloth gently over the face of the strange man. But the king heard the voice in his slumber, and moved his head so that the covering again fell off.

"My child," said the queen, "cover the face of thy father."

He looked at her in surprise, and said:

"How can I cover my father's face, dear mother? I have no father in this world. You have taught me to pray to 'Our Father, which art in heaven;' and I thought my father was God. This strange man is not my father; I don't know him."

When the king heard this he started up and asked who they were.

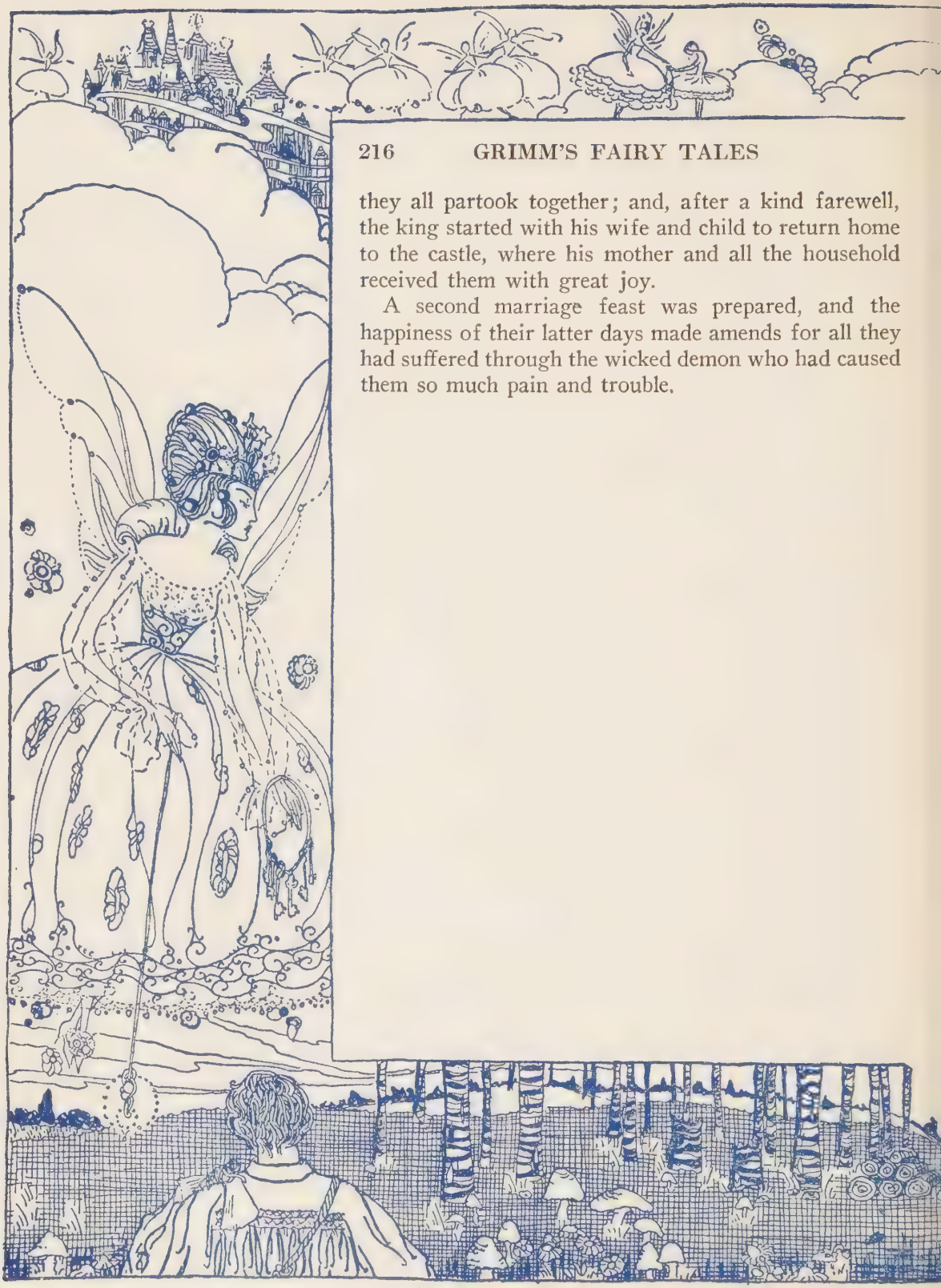
Then said the queen: "I am thy wife, and this is thy son."

The king looked at her with surprise. "Your face and your voice are the same," he said; "but my wife had silver hands, and yours are natural."

"My hands have mercifully been allowed to grow again," she replied; and, as he still doubted, the maiden in white entered the room, carrying the silver hands, which she showed to the king.

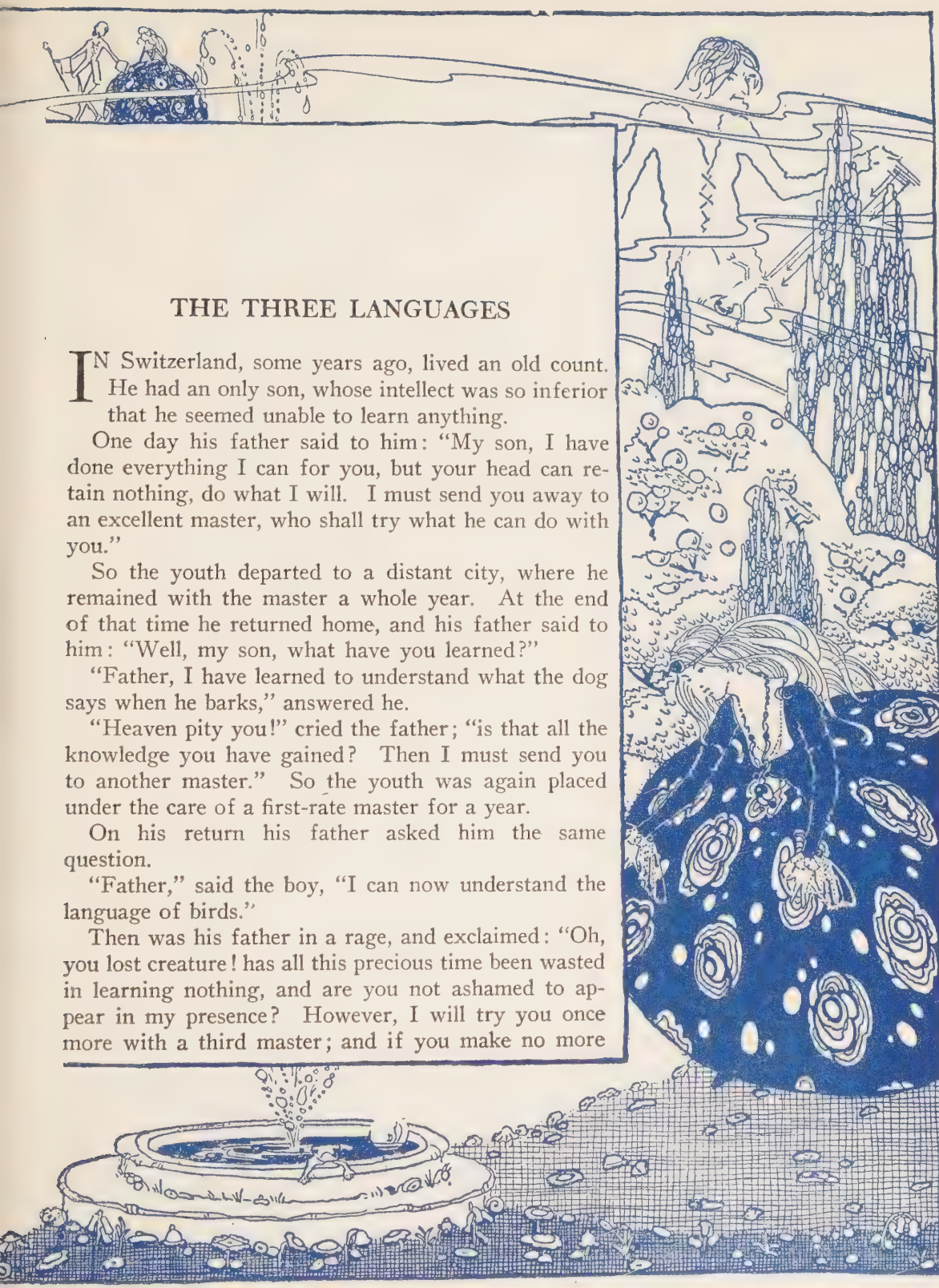
Then he saw at once that this was indeed his dear lost wife and his own little son; and he embraced them, full of joy, exclaiming: "Now has a heavy stone fallen from my heart!"

The maiden prepared a dinner for them, of which



they all partook together; and, after a kind farewell, the king started with his wife and child to return home to the castle, where his mother and all the household received them with great joy.

A second marriage feast was prepared, and the happiness of their latter days made amends for all they had suffered through the wicked demon who had caused them so much pain and trouble.



THE THREE LANGUAGES

IN Switzerland, some years ago, lived an old count. He had an only son, whose intellect was so inferior that he seemed unable to learn anything.

One day his father said to him: "My son, I have done everything I can for you, but your head can retain nothing, do what I will. I must send you away to an excellent master, who shall try what he can do with you."

So the youth departed to a distant city, where he remained with the master a whole year. At the end of that time he returned home, and his father said to him: "Well, my son, what have you learned?"

"Father, I have learned to understand what the dog says when he barks," answered he.

"Heaven pity you!" cried the father; "is that all the knowledge you have gained? Then I must send you to another master." So the youth was again placed under the care of a first-rate master for a year.

On his return his father asked him the same question.

"Father," said the boy, "I can now understand the language of birds."

Then was his father in a rage, and exclaimed: "Oh, you lost creature! has all this precious time been wasted in learning nothing, and are you not ashamed to appear in my presence? However, I will try you once more with a third master; and if you make no more

progress than you have done during the last two years, with him, I will give you up—you shall be no longer my son."

So the youth went for a year to the third master, and on his return, when his father asked him what he had learned, he replied: "Dear father, I have this time learned to understand the croaking of the frogs."

Then was the father in a greater rage than ever. He started up, called the household together, and said: "This youth is my son no longer; he shall not stay here. I order you to chase him from the house, and you are any of you at liberty to take his life!"

The servants drove him out, but they pitied him too much to kill him. So they let him go away unhurt; but they killed a stag, and sent the eyes and the tongue to the old count, to make him believe that his son had been killed, as he commanded.

The youth wandered away far from home in a very sad mood, and came at last to a roadside inn, and asked the landlord if he could give him a night's lodging.

"Willingly," replied the burgomaster, "if you do not mind taking up your abode for the night in the old tower; but I warn you that your life will be in danger, for the place is full of wild dogs, who bark, and howl, and constantly seize and devour human beings. The whole neighborhood is kept in fear and terror about these dogs, and no one can do anything to get rid of them."

But the young man had no fear, and he said: "Let me go to these barking and howling dogs; only give me something to throw to them, and I'll warrant they won't injure me."

As he would not sleep in the tower unless they

agreed to his wishes, they gave him some meat for the wild animals, and then led him to the tower and left him.

As he entered, not one of the dogs barked at him, but they wagged their tails in the most friendly manner, ate what he had brought for them, and did not ruffle even a hair of his head.

On the following morning the youth made his appearance and stood before every one safe and sound, and said to the burgomaster: "I understand the language of dogs, and they have explained to me clearly why they have caused so much trouble in the land. They are kept in the tower by enchantment, to watch and protect a great treasure which is hidden beneath it; and until that treasure is removed there will be no rest for themselves or others, and the spell will remain unbroken. This I have discovered from their conversation."

All who heard this news were overjoyed at the discovery; and the burgomaster said that if the young man should be successful in bringing away the treasure he would adopt him as his son, for he had no children of his own.

Then the youth went up again to the tower, and having understood well from the conversation of the dogs where to find the treasure, he knew what to do, and very soon returned to the burgomaster's house carrying a chest full of gold.

The spell was broken; the howling and barking of the wild dogs ceased from that hour, and the land was freed from the dreadful plague.

A short time after this the young man thought he should like to take a journey to Rome. On the way he

came to a marsh in which a number of frogs were croaking loudly. He stopped to listen, and as he understood their language, what he heard them say made him quite thoughtful and sad as he continued his journey. He arrived at Rome in time to hear of the pope's death, and the great doubts which had arisen as to which of the cardinals should be chosen as his successor.

At last it was decided that whoever received a sign from Heaven should be at once elected as pope.

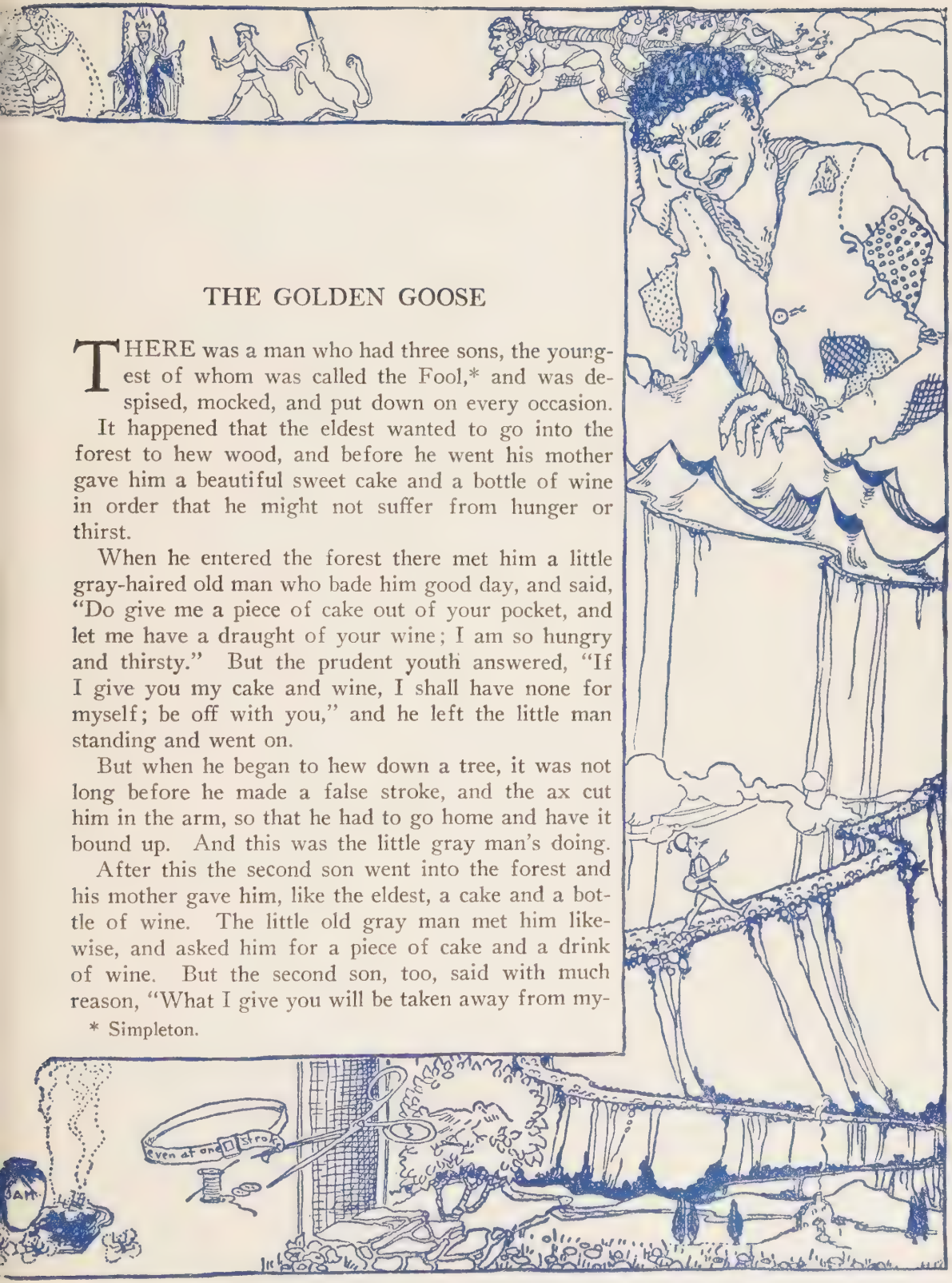
Scarcely had this decision been arrived at, when the young count entered the church; and no sooner did he appear than two snow-white doves flew toward him and placed themselves one on each shoulder.

The clergy who were present acknowledged at once that this was a sign from Heaven, and asked the young count if he would accept the position of pope.

At first he hesitated to reply, for he could scarcely believe he was suitable for such a high station, but the doves, whose language he understood, whispered that it was right to do as the people wished, so at last he said "Yes."

Then was he anointed and consecrated; and so was fulfilled the prophecy which he had heard in the frogs' croak, and which had made him so unhappy—namely, that before a month had passed he would be a priest.

Of course after this he had to be present at high mass, and sing the parts, although he could not read a word of the Latin. However, the two doves, who again perched themselves on his shoulders, whispered the words into his ears; and so, after all, his acquaintance with the languages of dogs, frogs, and birds was of as much use to him as if he had been a man of great learning.



THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THERE was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called the Fool,* and was despised, mocked, and put down on every occasion.

It happened that the eldest wanted to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a beautiful sweet cake and a bottle of wine in order that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst.

When he entered the forest there met him a little gray-haired old man who bade him good day, and said, "Do give me a piece of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a draught of your wine; I am so hungry and thirsty." But the prudent youth answered, "If I give you my cake and wine, I shall have none for myself; be off with you," and he left the little man standing and went on.

But when he began to hew down a tree, it was not long before he made a false stroke, and the ax cut him in the arm, so that he had to go home and have it bound up. And this was the little gray man's doing.

After this the second son went into the forest and his mother gave him, like the eldest, a cake and a bottle of wine. The little old gray man met him likewise, and asked him for a piece of cake and a drink of wine. But the second son, too, said with much reason, "What I give you will be taken away from my-

* Simpleton.

self; be off!" and he left the little man standing and went on. His punishment, however, was not delayed; when he had made a few strokes at the tree he struck himself in the leg, so that he had to be carried home.

Then the Fool said, "Father, do let me go and cut wood." The father answered, "Your brothers have hurt themselves with it, leave it alone, you do not understand anything about it." But the Fool begged so long that at last he said, "Just go then, you will get wiser by hurting yourself." His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and with it a bottle of sour beer.

When he came to the forest the little old gray man met him likewise, and greeting him, said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a drink out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty." The Fool answered, "I have only cinder cake and sour beer; if that pleases you, we will sit down and eat." So they sat down, and when the Fool pulled out his cinder cake, it was a fine sweet cake, and the sour beer had become good wine. So they ate and drank, and after that the little man said, "Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Then the old man took leave.

The Fool went and cut down the tree, and when it fell there was a goose sitting in the roots with feathers of pure gold. He lifted her up, and taking her with him, went to an inn where he thought he would stay the night. Now the host had three daughters, who saw the goose and were curious to know what such a wonderful bird might be, and would have liked to have one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, "I shall soon find an opportunity of pulling out a feather," and as soon as the Fool had gone out she seized the goose by the wing, but her finger and hand remained sticking fast to it.

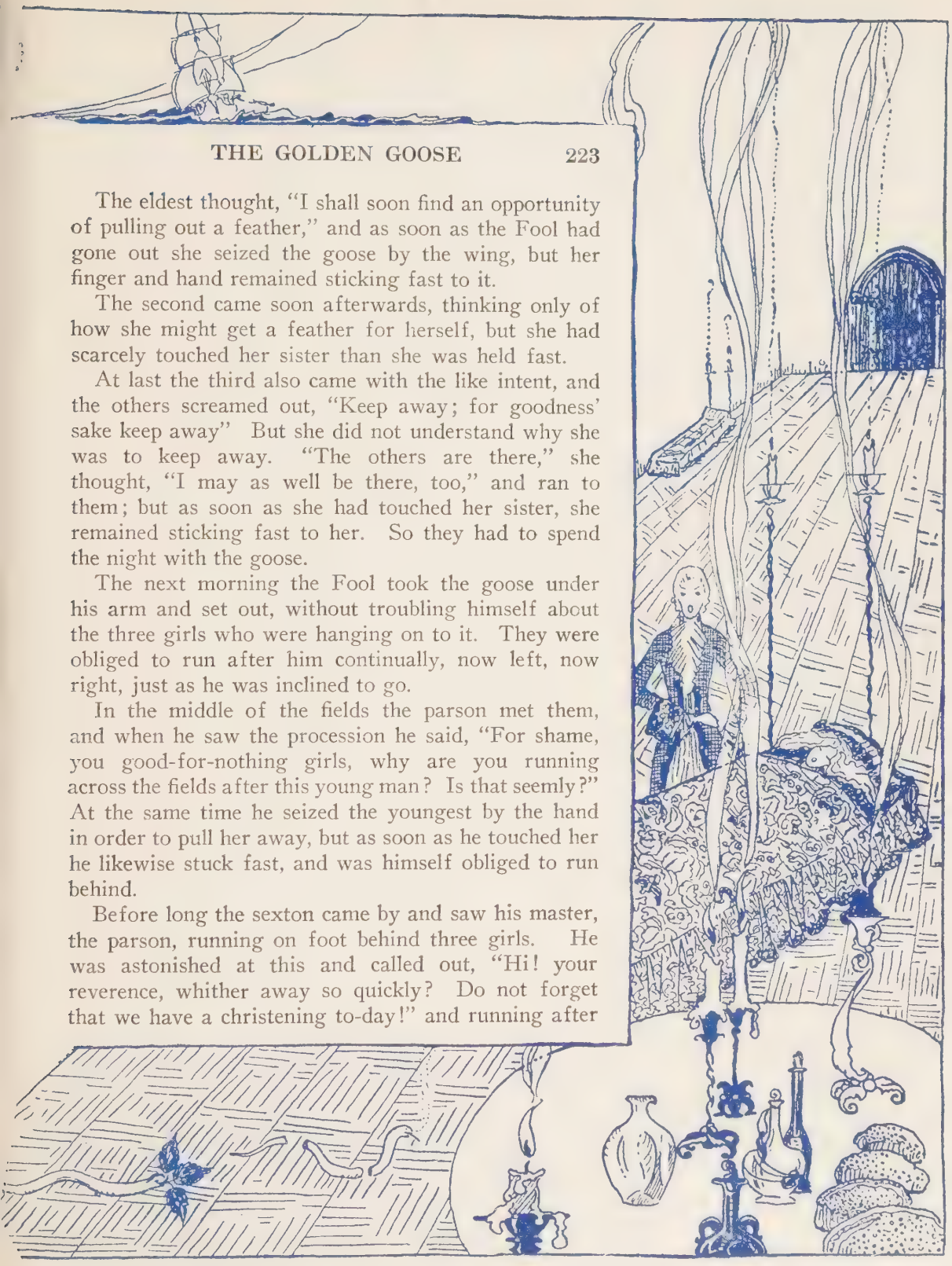
The second came soon afterwards, thinking only of how she might get a feather for herself, but she had scarcely touched her sister than she was held fast.

At last the third also came with the like intent, and the others screamed out, "Keep away; for goodness' sake keep away" But she did not understand why she was to keep away. "The others are there," she thought, "I may as well be there, too," and ran to them; but as soon as she had touched her sister, she remained sticking fast to her. So they had to spend the night with the goose.

The next morning the Fool took the goose under his arm and set out, without troubling himself about the three girls who were hanging on to it. They were obliged to run after him continually, now left, now right, just as he was inclined to go.

In the middle of the fields the parson met them, and when he saw the procession he said, "For shame, you good-for-nothing girls, why are you running across the fields after this young man? Is that seemly?" At the same time he seized the youngest by the hand in order to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he likewise stuck fast, and was himself obliged to run behind.

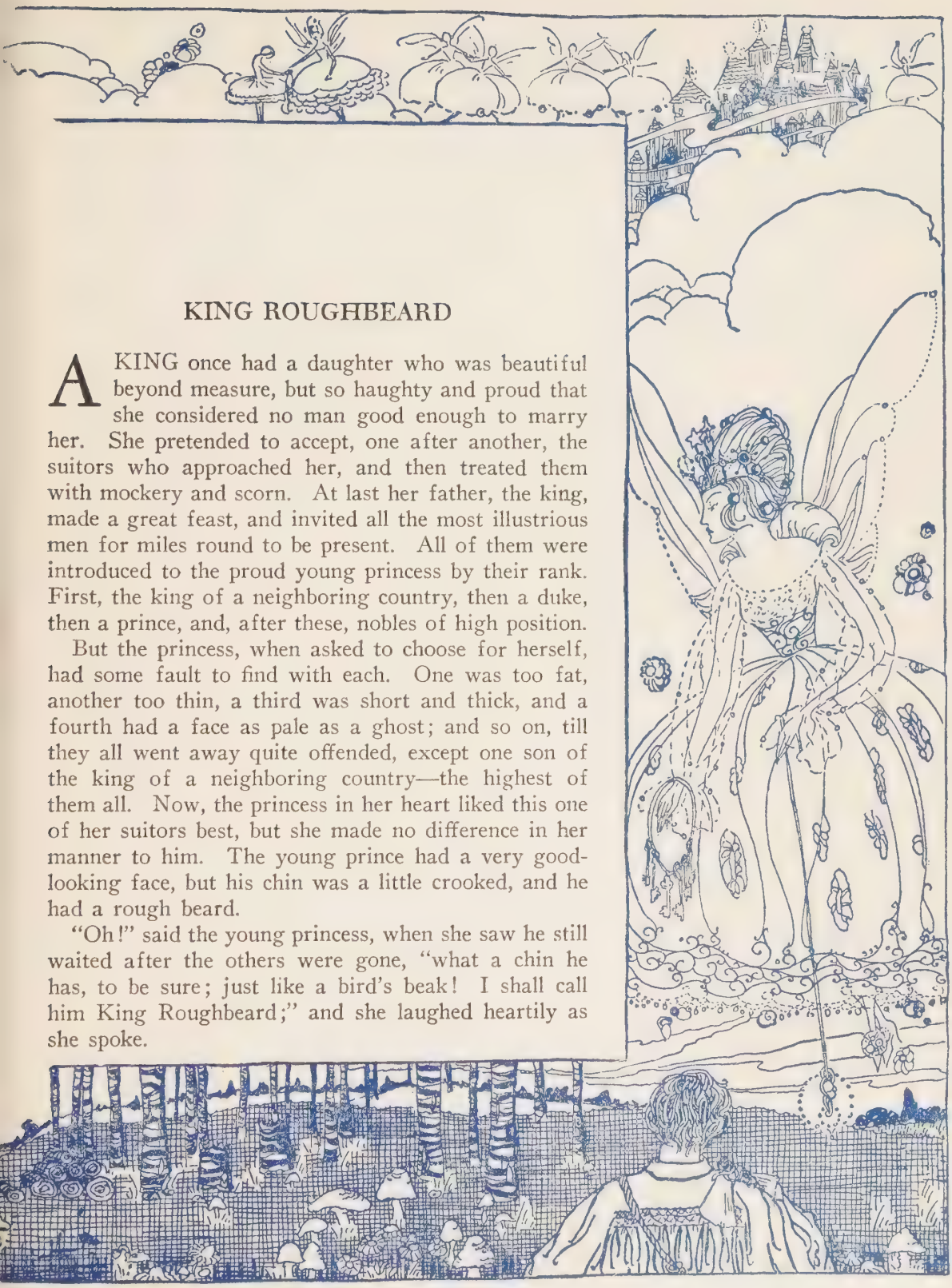
Before long the sexton came by and saw his master, the parson, running on foot behind three girls. He was astonished at this and called out, "Hi! your reverence, whither away so quickly? Do not forget that we have a christening to-day!" and running after



him he took him by the sleeve, but was also held fast to it.

Whilst the five were trotting thus one behind the other, two laborers came with their hoes from the fields; the parson called out to them and begged that they would set him and the sexton free. But they had scarcely touched the sexton when they were held fast, and now there were seven of them running behind the Fool and the goose.

Soon afterwards he came to a city, where a King ruled who had a daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh. So he had put forth a decree that whosoever should be able to make her laugh should marry her. When the Fool heard this, he went with his goose and all her train before the King's daughter, and as soon as she saw the seven people running on and on, one behind the other, she began to laugh quite loudly, and as if she would never leave off. Thereupon the Fool asked to have her for his wife, and the wedding was celebrated. After the King's death the Fool inherited the kingdom, and lived a long time contentedly with his wife.



KING ROUGHBEARD

A KING once had a daughter who was beautiful beyond measure, but so haughty and proud that she considered no man good enough to marry her. She pretended to accept, one after another, the suitors who approached her, and then treated them with mockery and scorn. At last her father, the king, made a great feast, and invited all the most illustrious men for miles round to be present. All of them were introduced to the proud young princess by their rank. First, the king of a neighboring country, then a duke, then a prince, and, after these, nobles of high position.

But the princess, when asked to choose for herself, had some fault to find with each. One was too fat, another too thin, a third was short and thick, and a fourth had a face as pale as a ghost; and so on, till they all went away quite offended, except one son of the king of a neighboring country—the highest of them all. Now, the princess in her heart liked this one of her suitors best, but she made no difference in her manner to him. The young prince had a very good-looking face, but his chin was a little crooked, and he had a rough beard.

"Oh!" said the young princess, when she saw he still waited after the others were gone, "what a chin he has, to be sure; just like a bird's beak! I shall call him King Roughbeard;" and she laughed heartily as she spoke.

The young prince turned away without a word, to show he was offended; but a report of what the princess had said soon got about, and people called him King Roughbeard from that day.

After the feast was over, and the king found that not only had his daughter dismissed all her lovers, but that she had mocked and insulted his guests, he was very angry, and took an oath that his daughter should take as a husband the first poor wayfarer who came to the castle. A day or two after the princess heard the sound of music under her window. The king also heard it, and said: "Go at once and fetch the musician in."

The servants obeyed, and presently returned with a wandering minstrel, who played and sang before the castle in hopes of receiving an alms. He was dressed in soiled and ragged clothes, but the king made him stay and sing to them, and when he had finished he asked for a little gift.

"Yes," replied the king, "you shall be rewarded. Your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter to be your wife!"

The princess was terrified at her father's words, and would have rushed from the room, but the king prevented her. "No," he said, "you shall not escape. I took an oath that you should marry the first wayfarer who came to the door, and I will keep my word."

All objections on the princess' part were useless. The priest was sent for, and she was obliged to plight her troth to a poor minstrel.

As soon as this was accomplished the king said to his daughter: "Now that you are the wife of a poor man you will see how unfit you are to remain in my

castle. You must therefore depart at once with your husband."

The musician took her by the hand as the king spoke, and led her away to travel on foot for a long distance. At length they came to the borders of an extensive forest, which the young wife knew belonged to King Roughbeard.

"Ah, me!" she cried, "this wood belongs to the prince that I mocked and insulted. Ah! poor delicate creature that I am! if I had only married him when he wanted me!"

By and by they entered a meadow, and she made the same lament, for it belonged to King Roughbeard. But when at last they came to a large city, near which was his palace, the repeated lamentation at length annoyed her husband.

"It is not pleasant to me to hear you constantly wishing that you had married some one else; am I not good enough for you?"

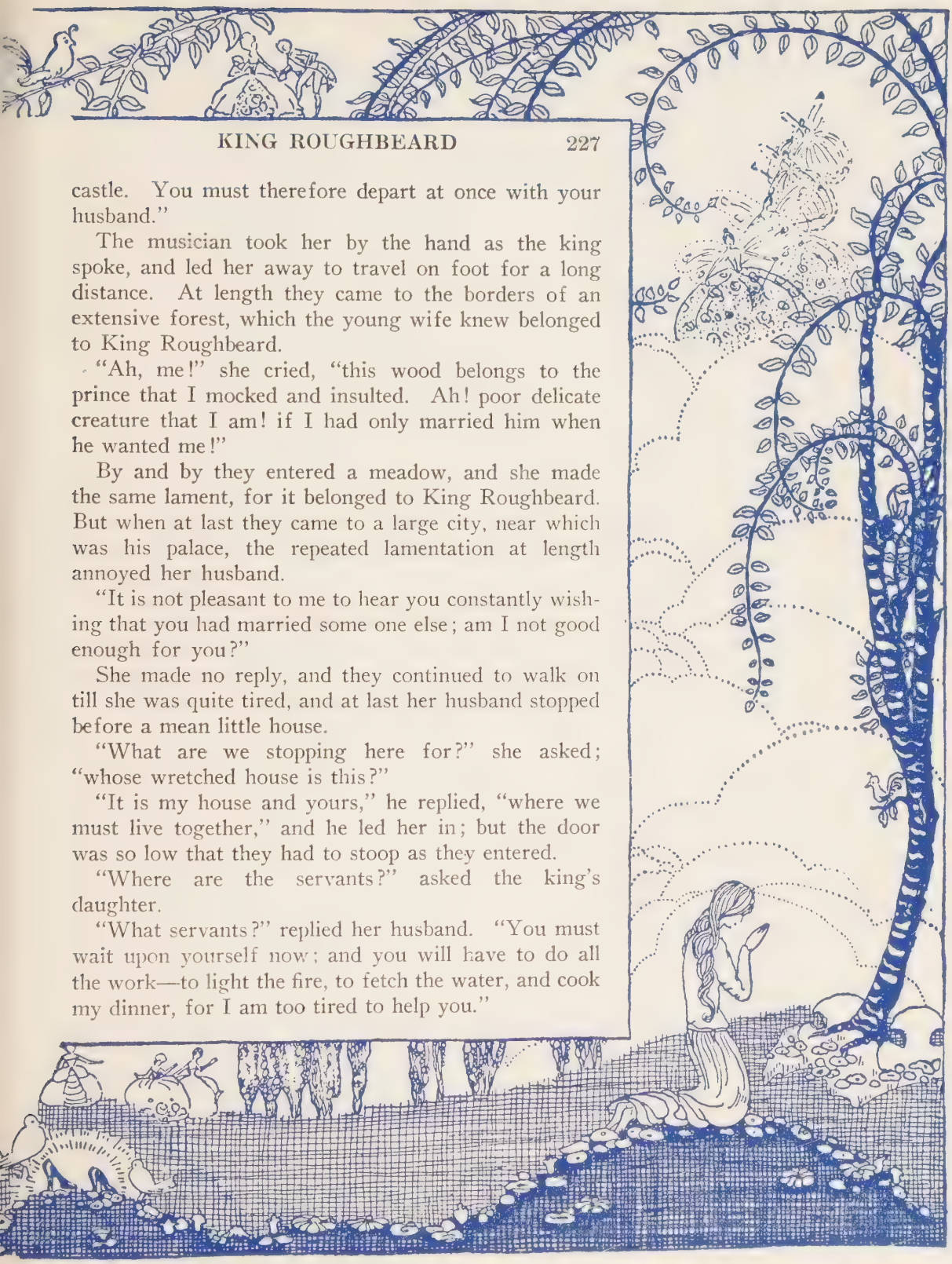
She made no reply, and they continued to walk on till she was quite tired, and at last her husband stopped before a mean little house.

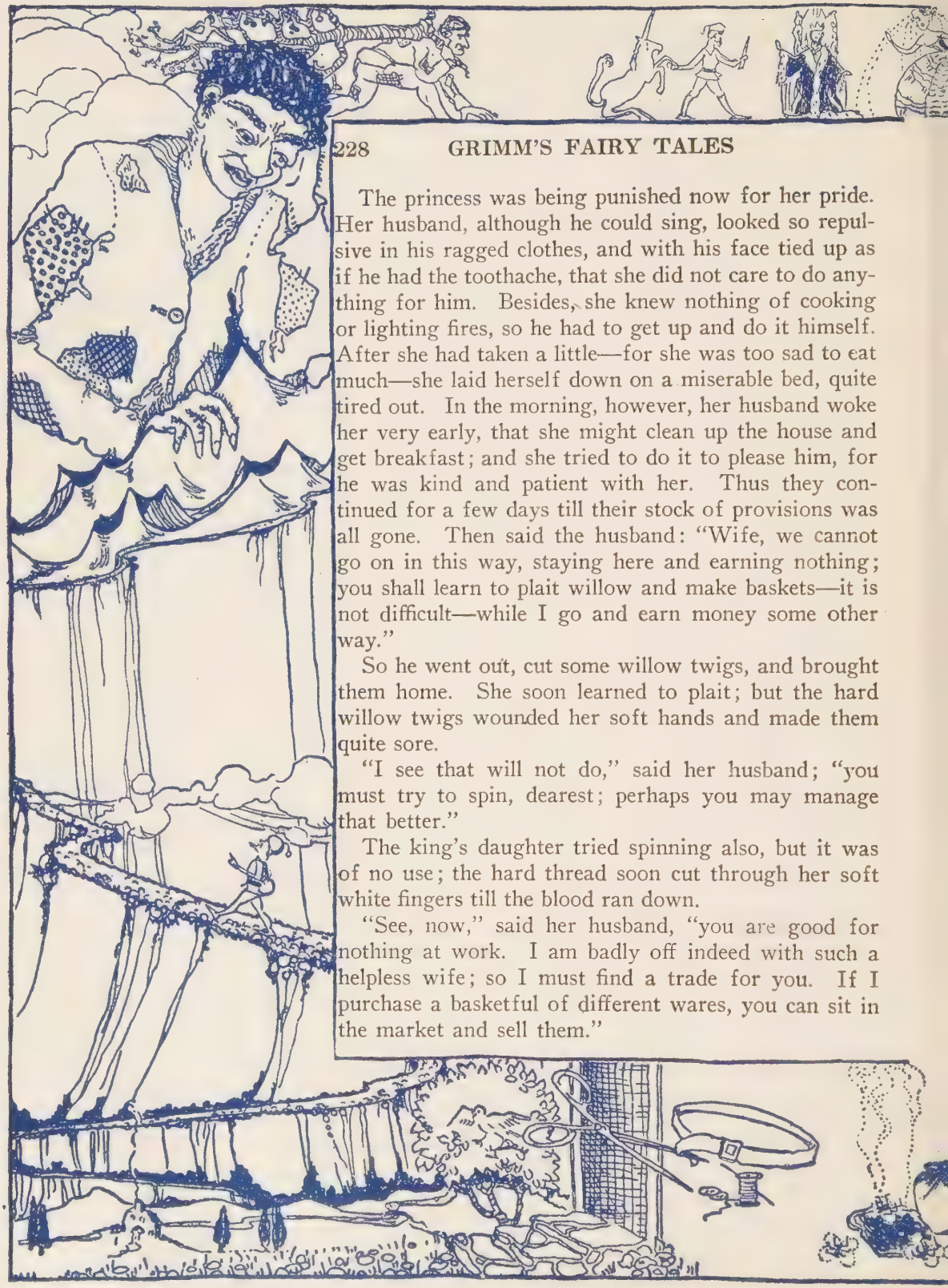
"What are we stopping here for?" she asked; "whose wretched house is this?"

"It is my house and yours," he replied, "where we must live together," and he led her in; but the door was so low that they had to stoop as they entered.

"Where are the servants?" asked the king's daughter.

"What servants?" replied her husband. "You must wait upon yourself now; and you will have to do all the work—to light the fire, to fetch the water, and cook my dinner, for I am too tired to help you."





The princess was being punished now for her pride. Her husband, although he could sing, looked so repulsive in his ragged clothes, and with his face tied up as if he had the toothache, that she did not care to do anything for him. Besides, she knew nothing of cooking or lighting fires, so he had to get up and do it himself. After she had taken a little—for she was too sad to eat much—she laid herself down on a miserable bed, quite tired out. In the morning, however, her husband woke her very early, that she might clean up the house and get breakfast; and she tried to do it to please him, for he was kind and patient with her. Thus they continued for a few days till their stock of provisions was all gone. Then said the husband: "Wife, we cannot go on in this way, staying here and earning nothing; you shall learn to plait willow and make baskets—it is not difficult—while I go and earn money some other way."

So he went out, cut some willow twigs, and brought them home. She soon learned to plait; but the hard willow twigs wounded her soft hands and made them quite sore.

"I see that will not do," said her husband; "you must try to spin, dearest; perhaps you may manage that better."

The king's daughter tried spinning also, but it was of no use; the hard thread soon cut through her soft white fingers till the blood ran down.

"See, now," said her husband, "you are good for nothing at work. I am badly off indeed with such a helpless wife; so I must find a trade for you. If I purchase a basketful of different wares, you can sit in the market and sell them."

"Ah!" thought she, "when the market people from my father's kingdom come out and see me sitting there with things to sell, how they will mock me."

But she could not help herself; she was obliged to go, for she did not want to die of hunger. The first time, however, everything turned out well. People bought goods willingly of such a beautiful woman; all she had was sold, even the basket, and they paid her whatever she asked, so that she went home with plenty of money. They lived on this for some time—as long as it lasted—and then her husband bought another basketful of wares and gave it to his wife, who went again to the market, seated herself in a corner, and spread out her goods for sale. Suddenly a drunken hussar came by on horseback, and not seeing the basket, rode right into it, breaking the delicate ware into a thousand pieces. Then she began to weep, and knew not in her distress what to do, crying out: "Oh! what will become of me? what will my husband say?"

She ran home and related to him her misfortune.

"Why did you seat yourself at such a dangerous corner of the market?" he said. "There, stop your weeping; I can see that you are quite unfit to perform the simplest work. I have just been to our king's castle, and they told me they wanted a kitchen-maid. I have promised to send you over every day, and they are ready to take you; so come and have your supper, and don't weep any more."

And so the proud king's daughter became a kitchen-maid in the castle of King Roughbeard. It was dreadfully hard work; she had to wait upon the cook, wash the plates and dishes, and the saucepans and kettles.

They brought her whatever pieces were left for her

to take home for dinner and supper; and she was often very tired. But she could hear what went on in King Roughbeard's castle, and at last the servants told her that a great festival was about to take place in honor of the young king's marriage.

The poor wife, who remembered that she could once have been his wife but for her pride, felt very sad; yet she could not help going to the door of the grand saloon that she might see the company arrive.

The room was full of light, and each one who stepped in seemed more elegant and beautiful than the last; and as the glory and splendor surrounded her she thought with a sorrowful heart of her fate, and lamented over the pride and haughtiness which had brought her into such terrible poverty and disgrace.

From the costly supper which was laid out for the guests came the most delicious odors; and the servants who waited threw her pieces that were left on the plates as they passed her, which she gathered up and put into her basket to carry home.

After supper, the company adjourned to the dancing-room, and as the king's daughter was looking earnestly at the beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen who passed, she saw all at once a noble looking prince approaching her. He was richly dressed in velvet and silver, and wore a golden order across his shoulders. He saw the beautiful princess who had lost her position through her own pride standing at the door. He knew her at once, although she was so meanly dressed; but when he advanced and took her by the hand to lead her into the ballroom, saying that she must dance with him, she was in a terrible fright, and struggled to get free, for she knew it was King

Roughbeard, her lover, whom she had treated with contempt. But it was useless to refuse, he held her hand so tightly, and led her in.

In the struggle the band that fastened her basket round her waist broke, and all the broken pieces which the servants had given her were scattered on the floor and rolled in all directions, while the company looked on and laughed, in tones of mockery. Her shame was now complete, and she wished she could at that moment hide herself a thousand fathoms deep in the earth. She rushed to the door to run away, but on the steps, in the dark, she met, as she supposed, her husband, for it was his voice.

He seized her firmly, and brought her back into the castle, and as soon as he appeared in the light, she saw to her astonishment that it was King Roughbeard.

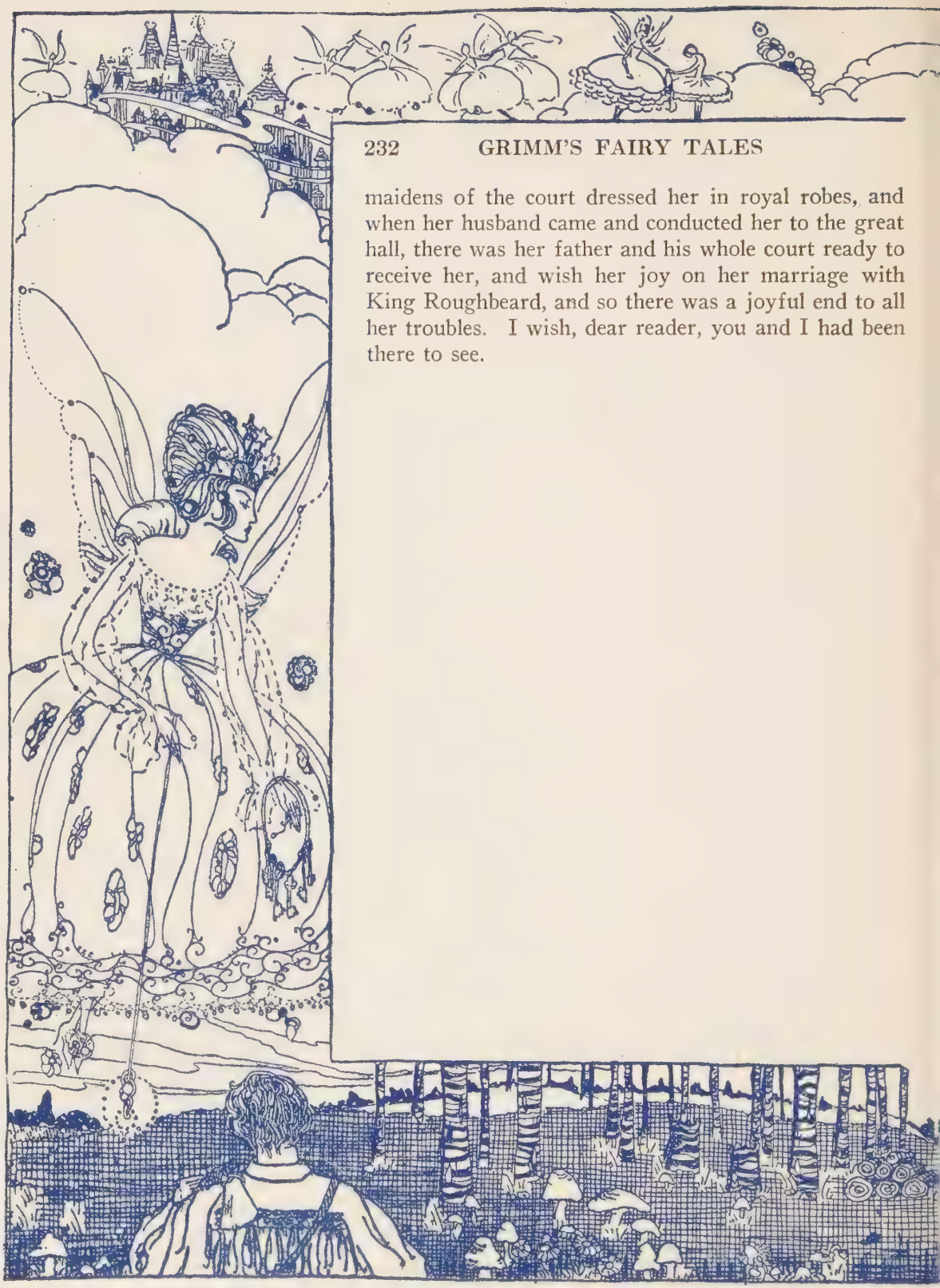
"Do not fear," said he in a gentle tone; "I and the wandering minstrel with whom you have lived in the wretched house in the wood are the same. My love for you made me disguise myself that I might win you through your father's oath. I was the hussar who upset your basket. I have done it to try if, after all, you really loved King Roughbeard, whom you refused and mocked; and I hoped that your proud thoughts would be humbled, and your haughty spirit bent, and that it would be a punishment for having mocked and spurned me."

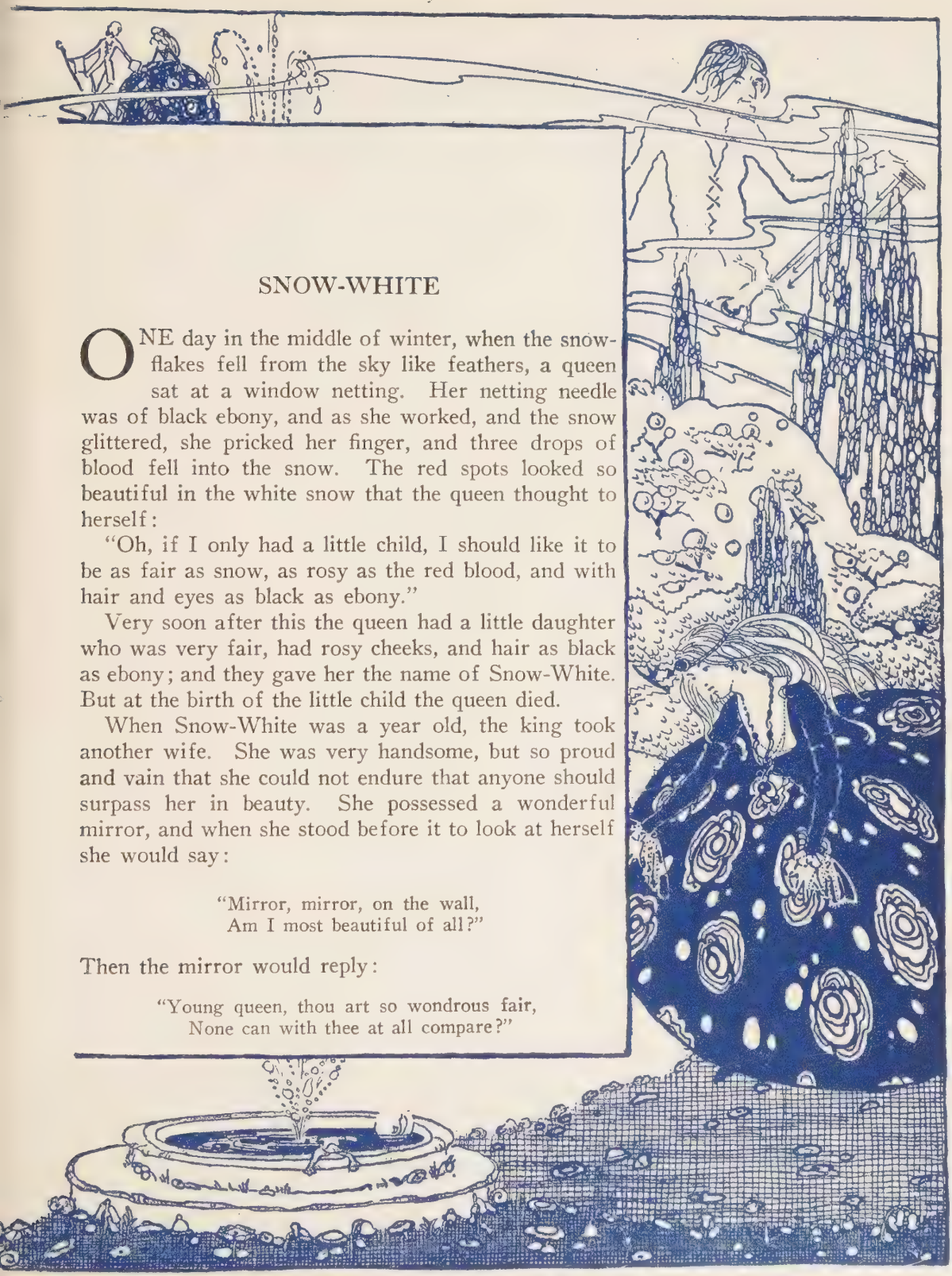
Then she wept bitterly, and said: "I know I have done wrong, and I am not worthy to be your wife."

But he said: "Be comforted; all is past now. You are my wife, and we have a splendid festival to celebrate the event after all."

Then he took her to a beautiful chamber, where the

maidens of the court dressed her in royal robes, and when her husband came and conducted her to the great hall, there was her father and his whole court ready to receive her, and wish her joy on her marriage with King Roughbeard, and so there was a joyful end to all her troubles. I wish, dear reader, you and I had been there to see.





SNOW-WHITE

ONE day in the middle of winter, when the snow-flakes fell from the sky like feathers, a queen sat at a window netting. Her netting needle was of black ebony, and as she worked, and the snow glittered, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell into the snow. The red spots looked so beautiful in the white snow that the queen thought to herself:

"Oh, if I only had a little child, I should like it to be as fair as snow, as rosy as the red blood, and with hair and eyes as black as ebony."

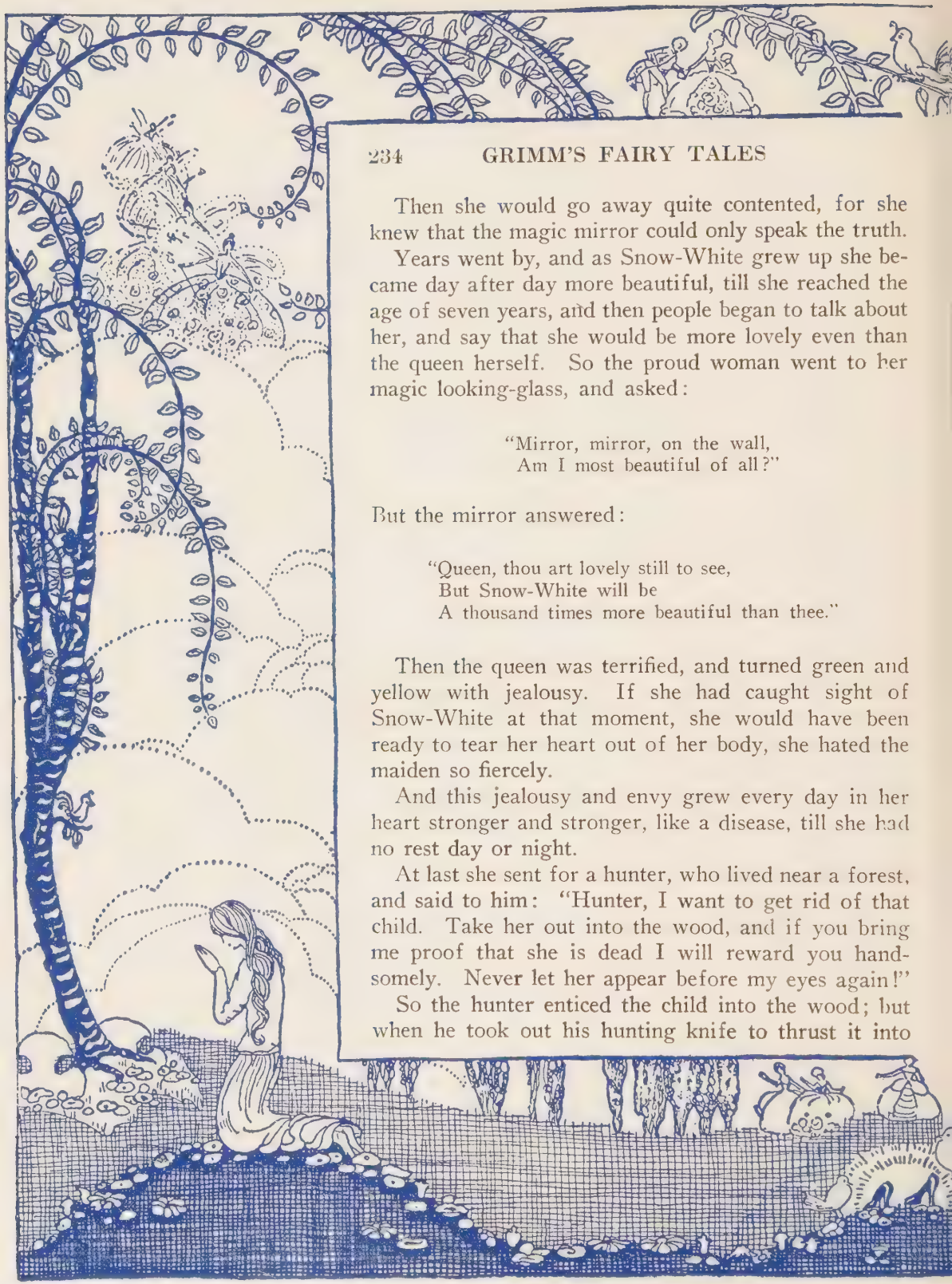
Very soon after this the queen had a little daughter who was very fair, had rosy cheeks, and hair as black as ebony; and they gave her the name of Snow-White. But at the birth of the little child the queen died.

When Snow-White was a year old, the king took another wife. She was very handsome, but so proud and vain that she could not endure that anyone should surpass her in beauty. She possessed a wonderful mirror, and when she stood before it to look at herself she would say:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

Then the mirror would reply:

"Young queen, thou art so wondrous fair,
None can with thee at all compare?"



Then she would go away quite contented, for she knew that the magic mirror could only speak the truth.

Years went by, and as Snow-White grew up she became day after day more beautiful, till she reached the age of seven years, and then people began to talk about her, and say that she would be more lovely even than the queen herself. So the proud woman went to her magic looking-glass, and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

But the mirror answered:

"Queen, thou art lovely still to see,
But Snow-White will be
A thousand times more beautiful than thee."

Then the queen was terrified, and turned green and yellow with jealousy. If she had caught sight of Snow-White at that moment, she would have been ready to tear her heart out of her body, she hated the maiden so fiercely.

And this jealousy and envy grew every day in her heart stronger and stronger, like a disease, till she had no rest day or night.

At last she sent for a hunter, who lived near a forest, and said to him: "Hunter, I want to get rid of that child. Take her out into the wood, and if you bring me proof that she is dead I will reward you handsomely. Never let her appear before my eyes again!"

So the hunter enticed the child into the wood; but when he took out his hunting knife to thrust it into

Snow-White's innocent heart, she fell on her knees and wept, and said: "Ah, dear hunter, leave me my life; I will run away into the wildwood, and never come home any more."

She looked so innocent and beautiful as she knelt that the hunter's heart was moved with compassion. "Run away, then, thou poor child!" he cried; "I cannot harm thee."

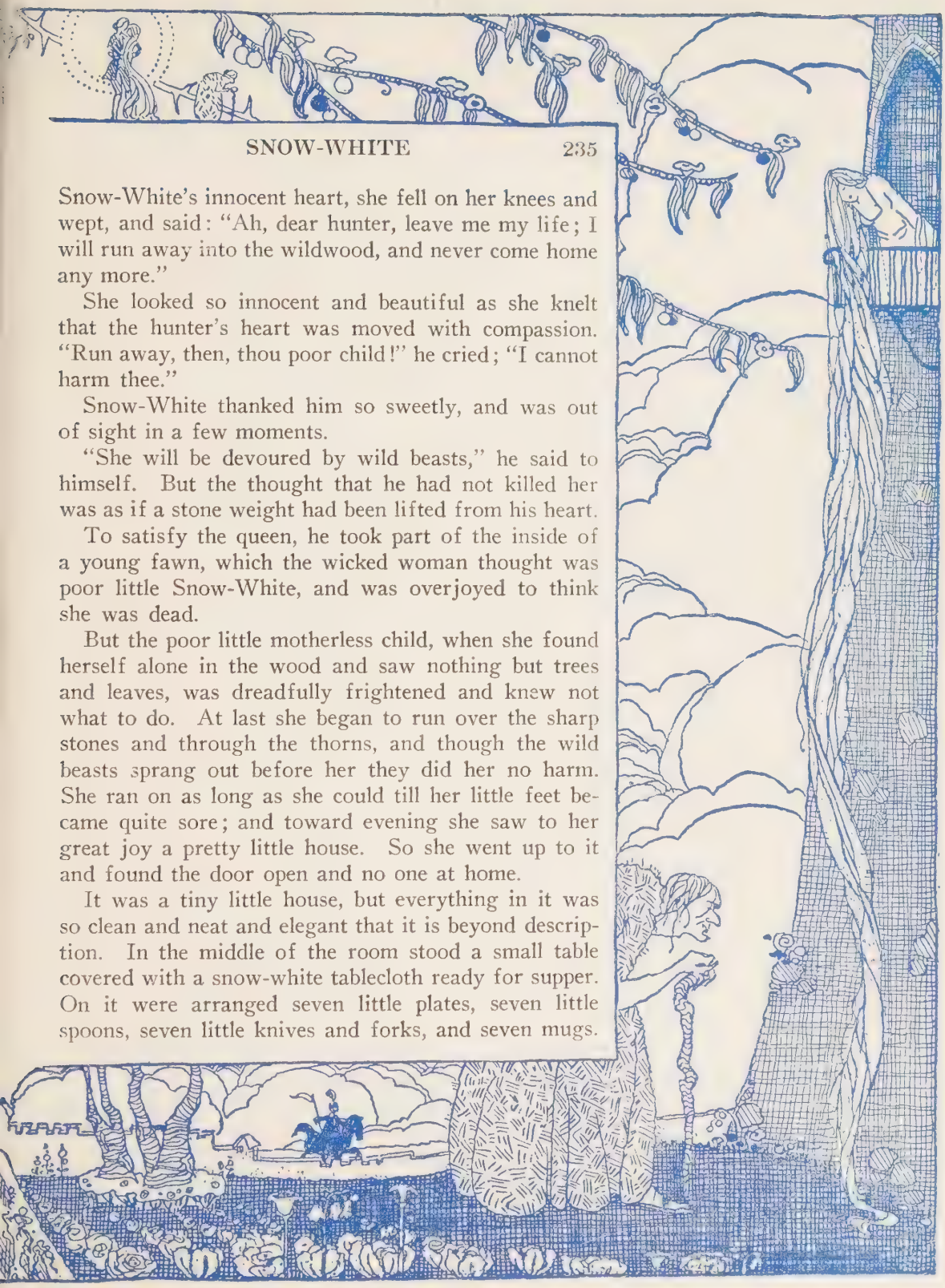
Snow-White thanked him so sweetly, and was out of sight in a few moments.

"She will be devoured by wild beasts," he said to himself. But the thought that he had not killed her was as if a stone weight had been lifted from his heart.

To satisfy the queen, he took part of the inside of a young fawn, which the wicked woman thought was poor little Snow-White, and was overjoyed to think she was dead.

But the poor little motherless child, when she found herself alone in the wood and saw nothing but trees and leaves, was dreadfully frightened and knew not what to do. At last she began to run over the sharp stones and through the thorns, and though the wild beasts sprang out before her they did her no harm. She ran on as long as she could till her little feet became quite sore; and toward evening she saw to her great joy a pretty little house. So she went up to it and found the door open and no one at home.

It was a tiny little house, but everything in it was so clean and neat and elegant that it is beyond description. In the middle of the room stood a small table covered with a snow-white tablecloth ready for supper. On it were arranged seven little plates, seven little spoons, seven little knives and forks, and seven mugs.



By the wall stood seven little beds near each other, covered with white quilts.

Poor Snow-White, who was hungry and thirsty, ate a few vegetables and a little bread from each plate and drank a little drop of wine from each cup, for she did not like to take all she wanted from one alone. After this, feeling very tired, she thought she would lie down and rest on one of the beds, but she found it difficult to choose one to suit her. One was too long, another too short; so she tried them all till she came to the seventh, and that was so comfortable that she laid herself down, and was soon fast asleep.

When it was quite dark the masters of the house came home. They were seven little dwarfs, who dug and searched in the mountains for minerals. First they lighted seven little lamps, and as soon as the room was full of light they saw that some one had been there, for everything did not stand in the order in which they had left it.

Then said the first: "Who has been sitting in my little chair?"

The second exclaimed: "Who has been eating from my little plate?"

The third cried: "Some one has taken part of my bread."

"Who has been eating my vegetables?" said the fourth.

Then said the fifth: "Some one has used my fork."

The sixth cried: "And who has been cutting with my knife?"

"And some one has been drinking out of my cup," said the seventh.

Then the eldest looked at his bed, and seeing that it looked tumbled, cried out that some one had been upon it. The others came runing forward, and found all their beds in the same condition. But when the seventh approached his bed and saw Snow-White lying there fast asleep, he called the others, who came quickly, and holding their lights over their head, cried out in wonder as they beheld the sleeping child. "Oh, what a beautiful little child!" they said to each other, and were so delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to sleep as long as she liked in the little bed, while its owner slept with one of his companions, and so the night passed away.

In the morning, when Snow-White awoke and saw all the dwarfs, she was terribly frightened. But they spoke kindly to her, till she lost her fear, and they asked her name.

"I am called Snow-White," she replied.

"But how came you to our house?" asked one.

Then she related to them all that had happened; how her stepmother had sent her into the wood with the hunter, who had spared her life, and that, after wandering about for a whole day, she had found their house.

The dwarfs talked a little while together, and then one said: "Do you think you could be our little housekeeper, to make the beds, cook the dinner, and wash and sew and knit for us, and keep everything neat and clean and orderly? If you can, then you shall stay here with us, and nobody shall hurt you."

"Oh, yes, I will try," said Snow-White. So they let her stay, and she was a clever little thing. She managed very well, and kept the house quite clean and

in order. And while they were gone to the mountains to find gold, she got their supper ready, and they were very happy together.

But every morning when they left her, the kind little dwarfs warned Snow-White to be careful. While the maiden was alone they knew she was in danger and told her not to show herself, for her stepmother would soon find out where she was, and said: "Whatever you do, let nobody into the house while we are gone."

After the wicked queen had proved, as she thought, that Snow-White was dead, she felt quite satisfied there was no one in the world likely to become so beautiful as herself, so she stepped up to the mirror and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is most beautiful of all?"

To her vexation the mirror replied:

"Fair queen, at home there is none like thee,
But over the mountain is Snow-White free,
With seven little dwarfs, who are strange to see;
She is a thousand times fairer than thee!"

The queen was furious when she heard this, for she knew the mirror was truthful, and that the hunter must have deceived her, and that Snow-White still lived. So she sat and pondered over these facts, thinking what would be best to do, for as long as she was not the most beautiful woman in the land, her jealousy gave her no peace. After a time she decided what to do. First she painted her face and whitened her hair; then she dressed herself in old woman's clothes, and was so disguised that no one could recognize her.

Watching an opportunity, she left the castle and took her way to the wood near the mountains, where the seven little dwarfs lived. When she reached the door, she knocked and cried: "Beautiful goods to sell! beautiful goods to sell!"

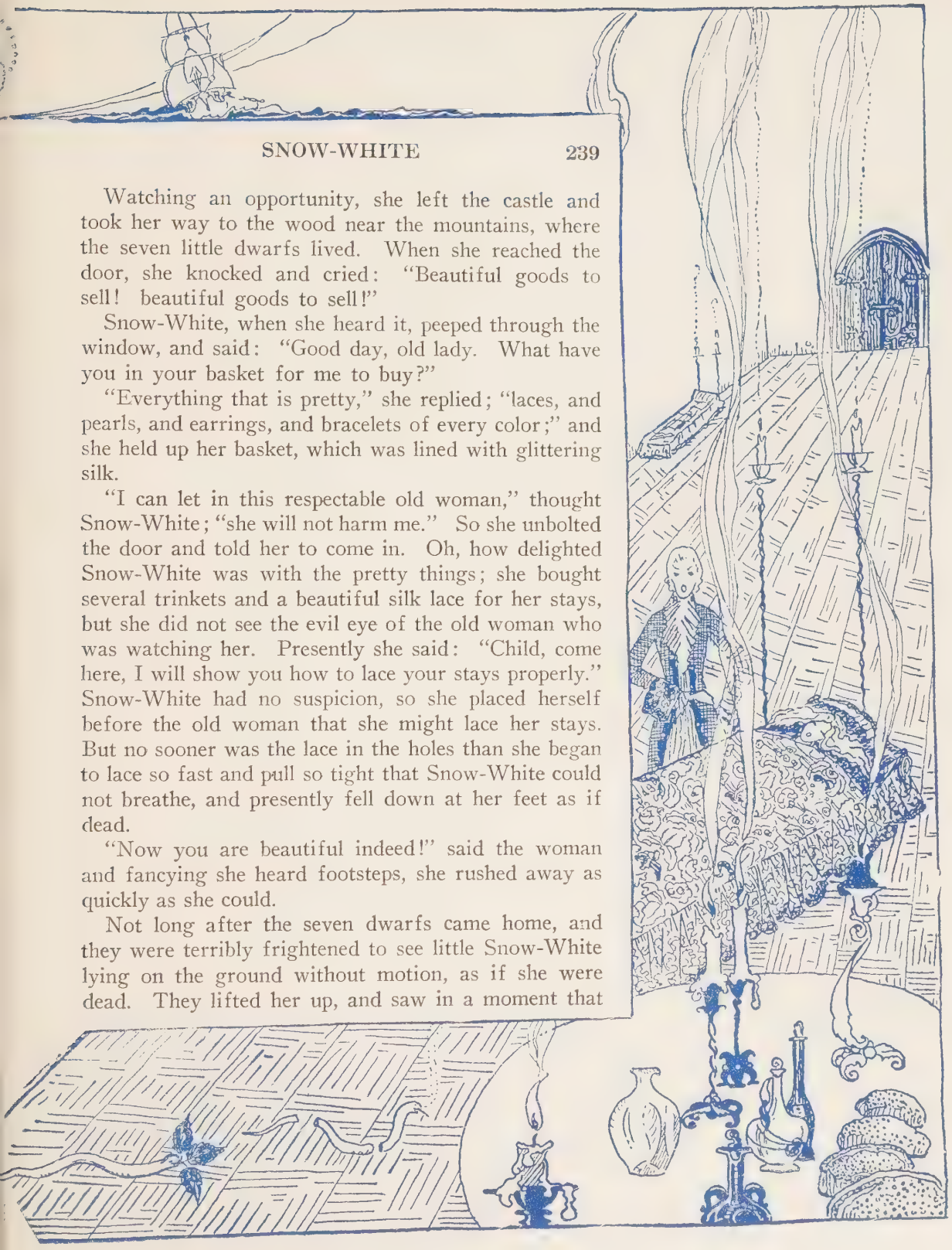
Snow-White, when she heard it, peeped through the window, and said: "Good day, old lady. What have you in your basket for me to buy?"

"Everything that is pretty," she replied; "laces, and pearls, and earrings, and bracelets of every color;" and she held up her basket, which was lined with glittering silk.

"I can let in this respectable old woman," thought Snow-White; "she will not harm me." So she unbolted the door and told her to come in. Oh, how delighted Snow-White was with the pretty things; she bought several trinkets and a beautiful silk lace for her stays, but she did not see the evil eye of the old woman who was watching her. Presently she said: "Child, come here, I will show you how to lace your stays properly." Snow-White had no suspicion, so she placed herself before the old woman that she might lace her stays. But no sooner was the lace in the holes than she began to lace so fast and pull so tight that Snow-White could not breathe, and presently fell down at her feet as if dead.

"Now you are beautiful indeed!" said the woman and fancying she heard footsteps, she rushed away as quickly as she could.

Not long after the seven dwarfs came home, and they were terribly frightened to see little Snow-White lying on the ground without motion, as if she were dead. They lifted her up, and saw in a moment that



her stays had been laced too tight. Quickly they cut the staylace in two, till Snow-White began to breathe a little, and after a time was restored to life. But when the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said: "That old market woman was no other than your wicked stepmother. Snow-White, you must never again let anyone in while we are not with you."

The wicked queen when she returned home, after, as she thought, killing Snow-White, went to her looking-glass and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

Then answered the mirror:

"Queen, thou are not the fairest now;
Snow-White over the mountain's brow
A thousand times fairer is than thou!"

When she heard this, she was so terrified that the blood rushed to her heart, for she knew that after all she had done Snow-White was still alive. "I must think of something else," she said to herself, "to get rid of that odious child!"

Now, this wicked queen had some knowledge of witchcraft, and she knew how to poison a comb so that whoever used it would fall dead. This the wicked stepmother soon got ready, and dressing herself again like an old woman, but quite different to the last, she started off over the mountains to the dwarf's cottage.

When Snow-White heard the old cry, "Goods to sell! fine goods to sell!" she looked out of the window and said:

"Go away, go away; I must not let you in."

"Look at this, then," said the woman; "you shall have it for your own if you like," and she held up before the child's eyes the bright tortoise shell comb which she had poisoned.

Poor Snow-White could not refuse such a present, so she opened the door and let the woman in, quite forgetting the advice of the dwarfs. After she had bought a few things the old woman said: "Let me try this comb in your hair; it is so fine it will make it beautifully smooth and glossy."

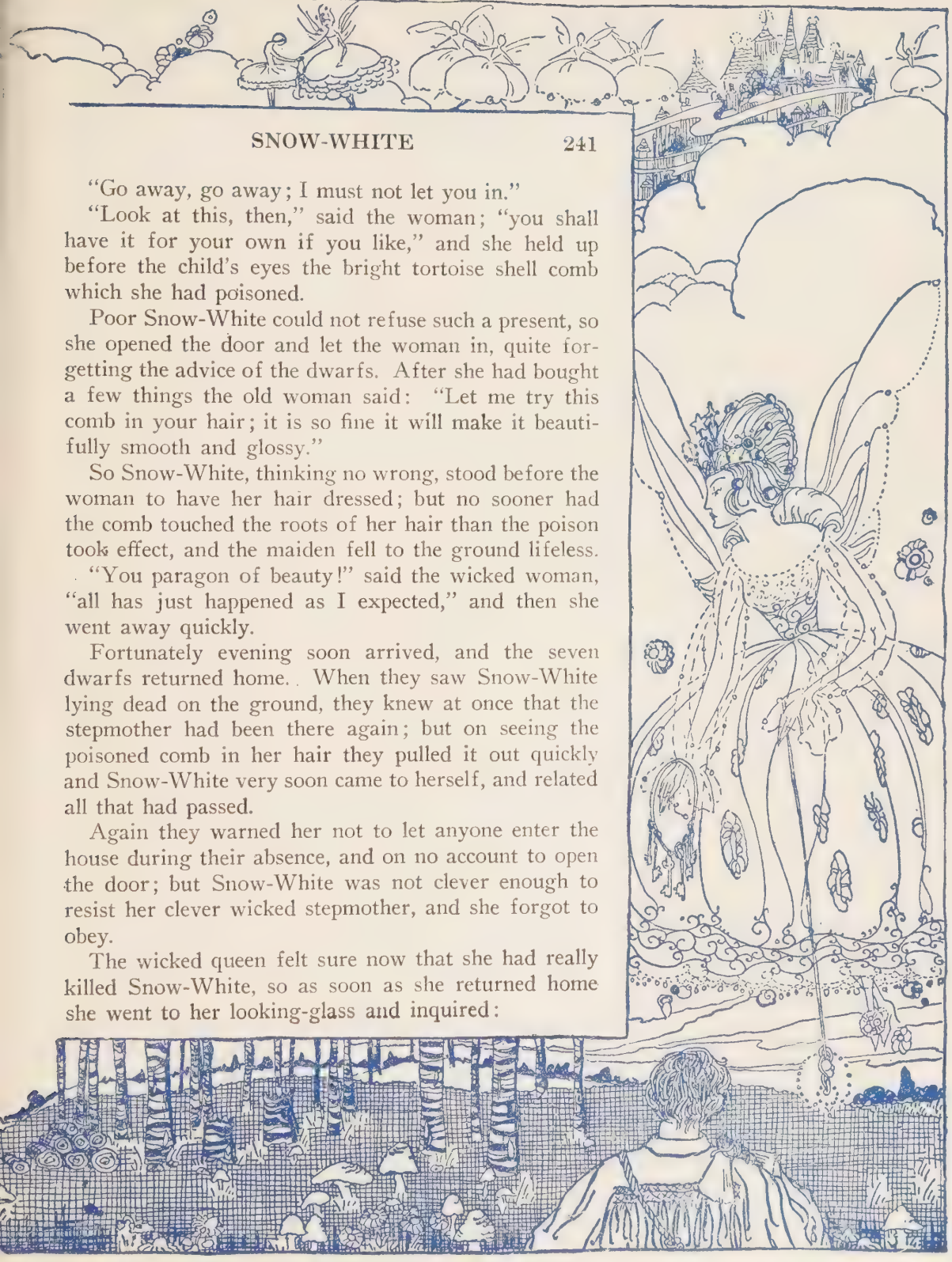
So Snow-White, thinking no wrong, stood before the woman to have her hair dressed; but no sooner had the comb touched the roots of her hair than the poison took effect, and the maiden fell to the ground lifeless.

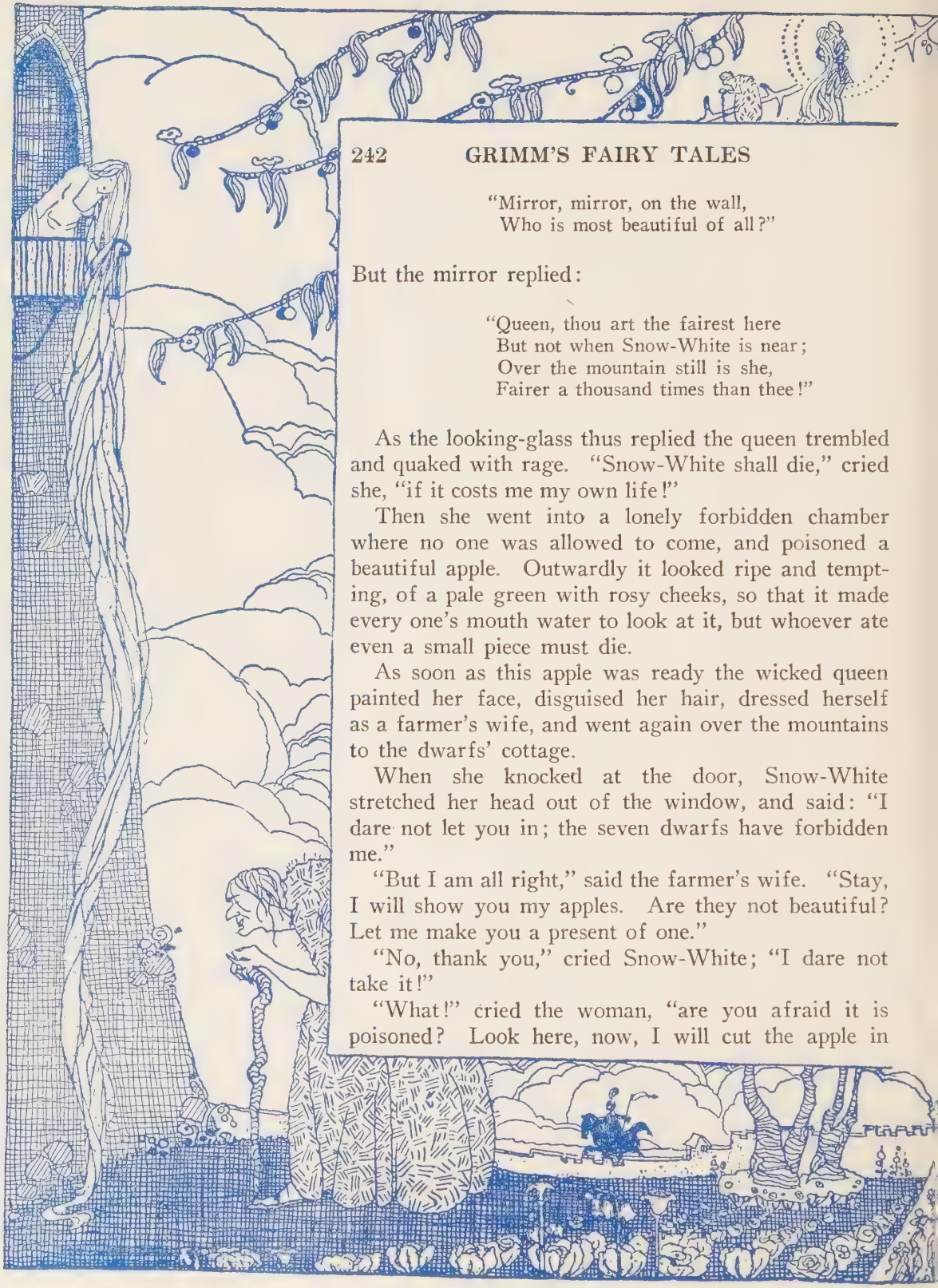
"You paragon of beauty!" said the wicked woman, "all has just happened as I expected," and then she went away quickly.

Fortunately evening soon arrived, and the seven dwarfs returned home. When they saw Snow-White lying dead on the ground, they knew at once that the stepmother had been there again; but on seeing the poisoned comb in her hair they pulled it out quickly and Snow-White very soon came to herself, and related all that had passed.

Again they warned her not to let anyone enter the house during their absence, and on no account to open the door; but Snow-White was not clever enough to resist her clever wicked stepmother, and she forgot to obey.

The wicked queen felt sure now that she had really killed Snow-White, so as soon as she returned home she went to her looking-glass and inquired:





"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is most beautiful of all?"

But the mirror replied:

"Queen, thou art the fairest here
But not when Snow-White is near;
Over the mountain still is she,
Fairer a thousand times than thee!"

As the looking-glass thus replied the queen trembled and quaked with rage. "Snow-White shall die," cried she, "if it costs me my own life!"

Then she went into a lonely forbidden chamber where no one was allowed to come, and poisoned a beautiful apple. Outwardly it looked ripe and tempting, of a pale green with rosy cheeks, so that it made every one's mouth water to look at it, but whoever ate even a small piece must die.

As soon as this apple was ready the wicked queen painted her face, disguised her hair, dressed herself as a farmer's wife, and went again over the mountains to the dwarfs' cottage.

When she knocked at the door, Snow-White stretched her head out of the window, and said: "I dare not let you in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"But I am all right," said the farmer's wife. "Stay, I will show you my apples. Are they not beautiful? Let me make you a present of one."

"No, thank you," cried Snow-White; "I dare not take it!"

"What!" cried the woman, "are you afraid it is poisoned? Look here, now, I will cut the apple in

halves; you shall have the rosy cheek side, and I will eat the other."

The apple was so cleverly made that the red side alone was poisonous. Snow-White longed so much for the beautiful fruit as she saw the farmer's wife eat one half that she could not any longer resist, but stretched out her hand from the window and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken one mouthful than she fell on the ground dead.

Then the wicked queen glanced in at the window with a horrible look in her eye, and laughed aloud as she exclaimed:

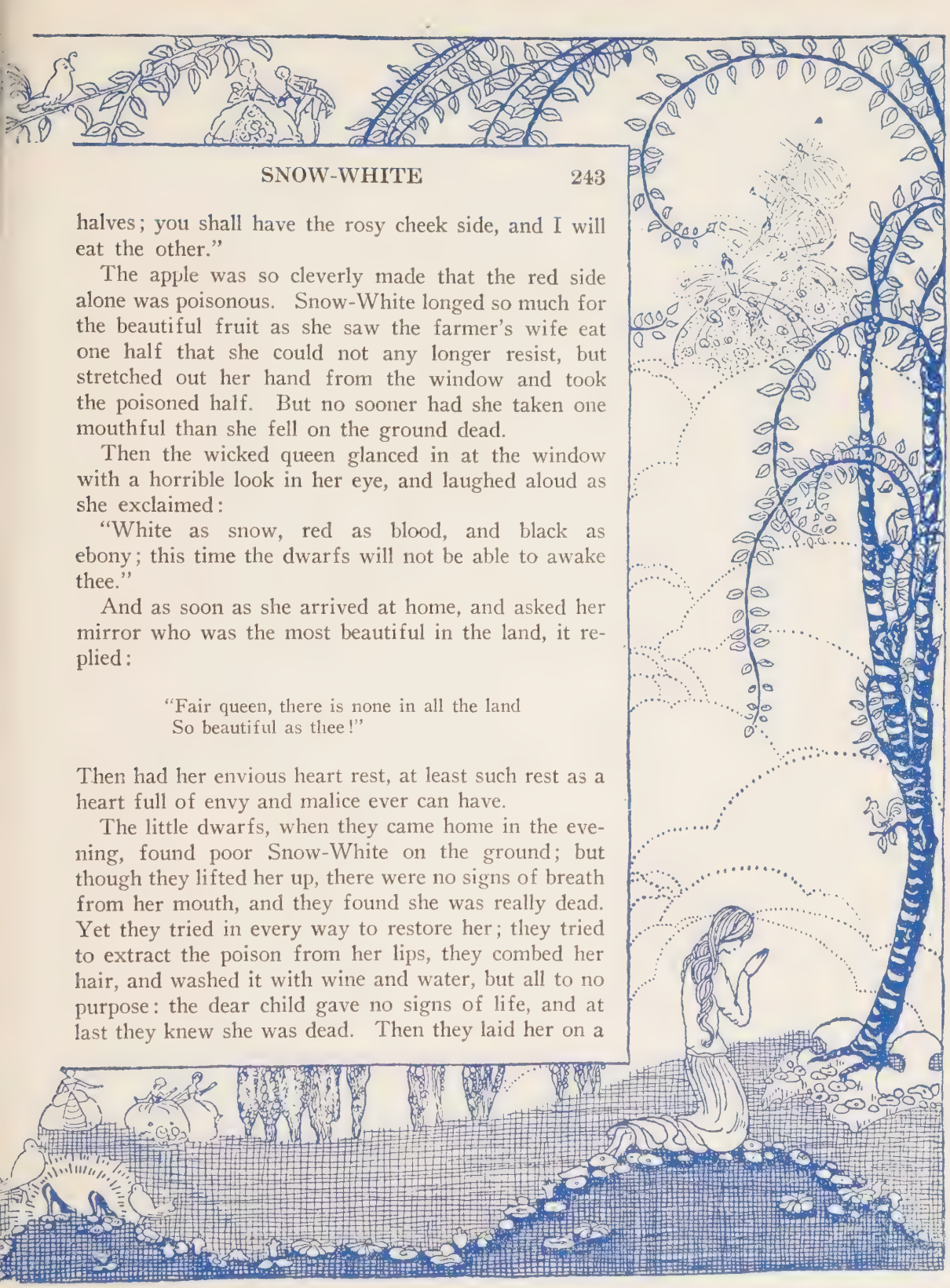
"White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony; this time the dwarfs will not be able to awake thee."

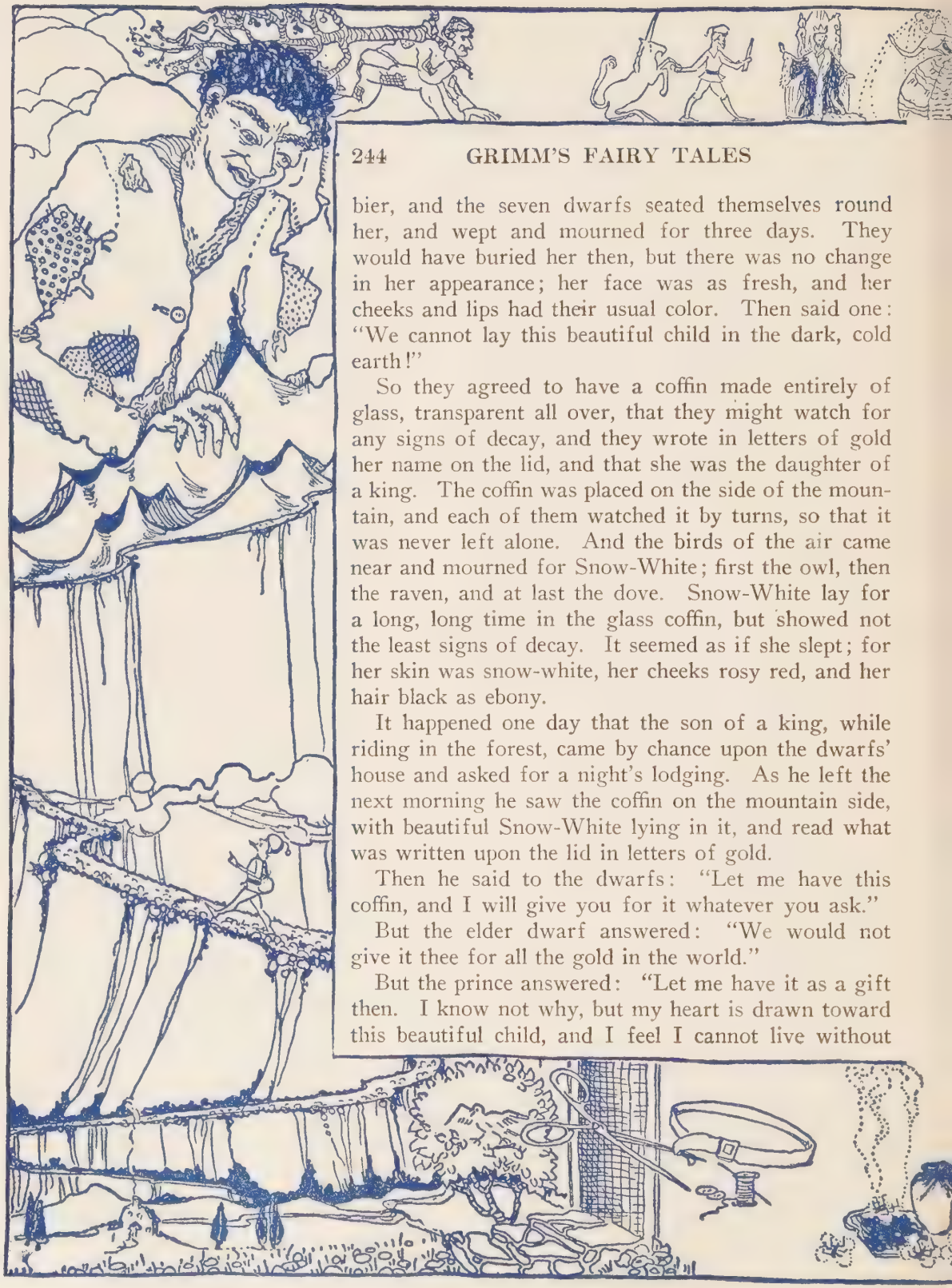
And as soon as she arrived at home, and asked her mirror who was the most beautiful in the land, it replied:

> "Fair queen, there is none in all the land
> So beautiful as thee!"

Then had her envious heart rest, at least such rest as a heart full of envy and malice ever can have.

The little dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found poor Snow-White on the ground; but though they lifted her up, there were no signs of breath from her mouth, and they found she was really dead. Yet they tried in every way to restore her; they tried to extract the poison from her lips, they combed her hair, and washed it with wine and water, but all to no purpose: the dear child gave no signs of life, and at last they knew she was dead. Then they laid her on a





bier, and the seven dwarfs seated themselves round her, and wept and mourned for three days. They would have buried her then, but there was no change in her appearance; her face was as fresh, and her cheeks and lips had their usual color. Then said one: "We cannot lay this beautiful child in the dark, cold earth!"

So they agreed to have a coffin made entirely of glass, transparent all over, that they might watch for any signs of decay, and they wrote in letters of gold her name on the lid, and that she was the daughter of a king. The coffin was placed on the side of the mountain, and each of them watched it by turns, so that it was never left alone. And the birds of the air came near and mourned for Snow-White; first the owl, then the raven, and at last the dove. Snow-White lay for a long, long time in the glass coffin, but showed not the least signs of decay. It seemed as if she slept; for her skin was snow-white, her cheeks rosy red, and her hair black as ebony.

It happened one day that the son of a king, while riding in the forest, came by chance upon the dwarfs' house and asked for a night's lodging. As he left the next morning he saw the coffin on the mountain side, with beautiful Snow-White lying in it, and read what was written upon the lid in letters of gold.

Then he said to the dwarfs: "Let me have this coffin, and I will give you for it whatever you ask."

But the elder dwarf answered: "We would not give it thee for all the gold in the world."

But the prince answered: "Let me have it as a gift then. I know not why, but my heart is drawn toward this beautiful child, and I feel I cannot live without

her. If you will let me have her, she shall be treated with the greatest honor and respect as one dearly beloved."

As he thus spoke the good little dwarfs were full of sympathy for him, and gave him the coffin. Then the prince called his servants, and the coffin was placed on their shoulders, and they carried it away, followed by the king's son, who watched it carefully. Now, it happened that one of them made a false step and stumbled. This shook the coffin, and caused the poisoned piece of apple which Snow-White had bitten to roll out of her mouth. A little while after she suddenly opened her eyes, lifted up the coffin lid, raised herself, and was again alive.

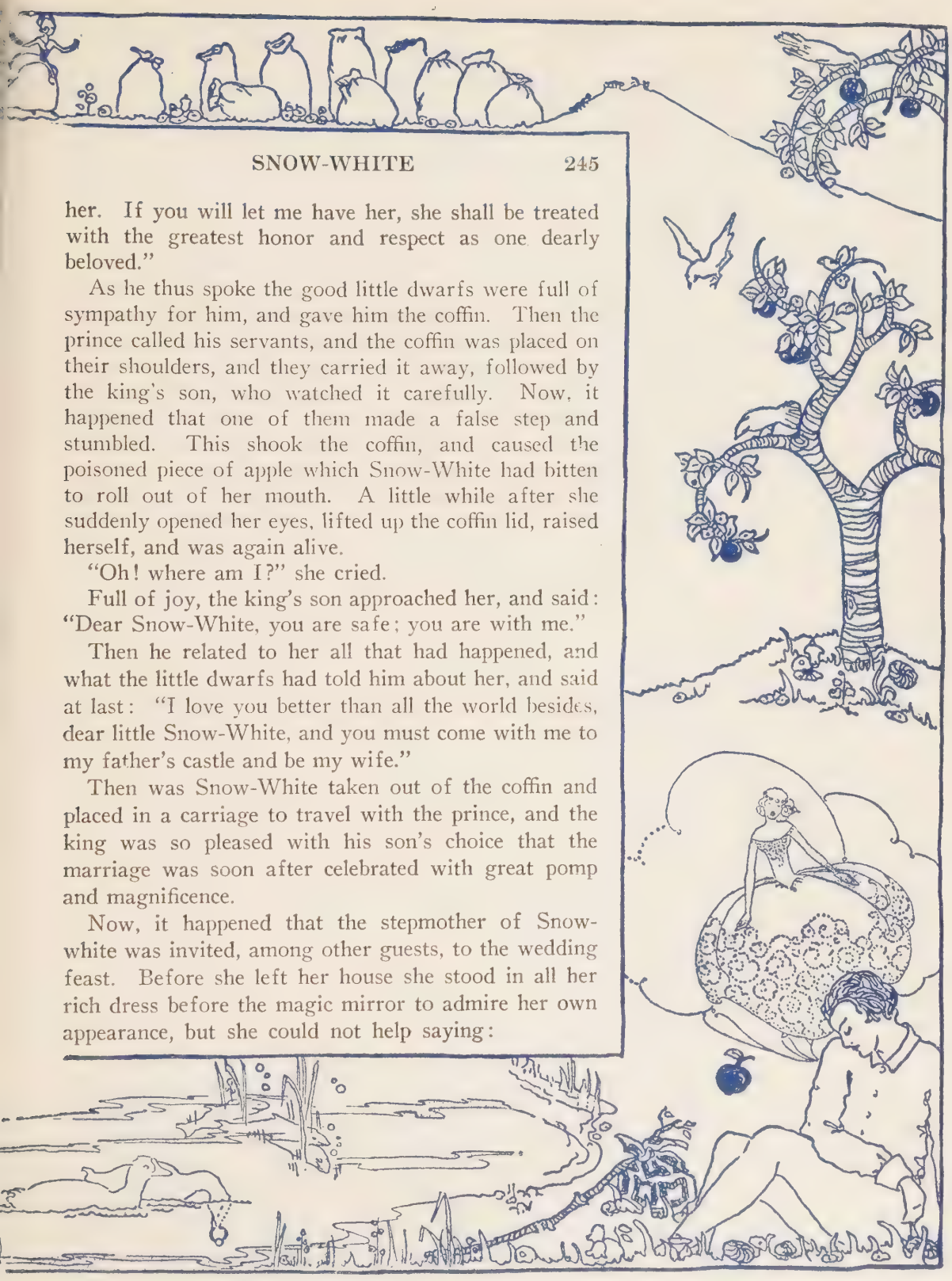
"Oh! where am I?" she cried.

Full of joy, the king's son approached her, and said: "Dear Snow-White, you are safe; you are with me."

Then he related to her all that had happened, and what the little dwarfs had told him about her, and said at last: "I love you better than all the world besides, dear little Snow-White, and you must come with me to my father's castle and be my wife."

Then was Snow-White taken out of the coffin and placed in a carriage to travel with the prince, and the king was so pleased with his son's choice that the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp and magnificence.

Now, it happened that the stepmother of Snow-white was invited, among other guests, to the wedding feast. Before she left her house she stood in all her rich dress before the magic mirror to admire her own appearance, but she could not help saying:



"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I most beautiful of all?"

Then to her surprise the mirror replied:

"Fair queen, thou art the fairest here,
But at the palace, now,
The bride will prove a thousand times
More beautiful than thou!"

Then the wicked woman uttered a curse, and was so dreadfully alarmed that she knew not what to do. At first she declared she would not go to this wedding at all, but she felt it impossible to rest until she had seen the bride, so she determined to go. But what was her astonishment and vexation when she recognized in the young bride Snow-White herself, now grown a charming young woman, and richly dressed in royal robes! Her rage and terror were so great that she stood still and could not move for some minutes. At last she went into the ballroom, but the slippers she wore were to her as iron bands full of coals of fire, in which she was obliged to dance. And so in the red, glowing shoes she continued to dance till she fell dead on the floor, a sad example of envy and jealousy.

THE END

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ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN *Collected by Tailer Andrews*

Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse

In this volume are the famous animal stories gathered from all parts of the world. They are written in simple language, so that the child can read them with the greatest enjoyment. Here are stories about tigers, lions, elephants, bears, dogs of many kinds and cats, the jackal, the weasel and the mink. The pictures for this book are drawn by probably America's finest illustrator of animals, Marguerite Kirmse. This is a most unusual book, both in the loveliness of its pictures and the charm of its stories.

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN *By Tailer Andrews*

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Here are the principal scenes and incidents in the Old and the New Testaments retold in simple, interesting language for the child of six to ten. So beautifully and with such fine feeling are these stories written that they will fasten themselves in the child's memory, and make the characters of the Bible thoroughly real to boys and girls. This book is illustrated in a most attractive manner by Charles W. Kelsey, who is well known as designer of many fine cathedral windows in this country and in Europe.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF POETRY *Selected by Arthur Malcolm*

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In this fine collection will be found a wide variety of the famous poems of all time which have become special favorites of childhood. Here are the poems which parents will take pleasure in reading to the small child, and which older boys and girls of each age will read themselves with the utmost enjoyment. These poems were selected with unusual discrimination and rare editorial judgment. This handsome volume is illustrated by Eva Noe, who drew the charming, whimsical pictures for "A Child's Garden of Verses."

FAIRY TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE *Told by Christine Catrevas*

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Here are the famous fairy tales of the world which have been read and loved by children of all generations. Now they have been rewritten in simple language for the child from five to eight, so that he can more easily understand them, and thus fully enjoy them. These delightful fairy tales have been pictured by Charlotte Becker, who is one of the leading illustrators of children's books in the United States. This is a companion volume to "Stories for Little People" also illustrated by Miss Becker.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES — By Brothers Grimm

Illustrated by Lorraine Combs

"Grimm's Fairy Tales" appeal to the fairy loving quality in children. The Brothers Grimm, because they can throw the spell of unreality over boys and girls with their enchanting little stories, are very real friends of childhood. The lovely pictures will greatly increase the child's delight in these charming tales.

HANS BRINKER — By Mary Mapes Dodge

Illustrated by Eva Noe

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A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES — By Robert Louis Stevenson

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Stevenson has written the immortal book of poems for children, with that fanciful quality that appeals alike to boys and girls and to grownups. The pictures for this volume have just the imaginative touch to give added charm to these lovely poems.

HEIDI — By Johanna Spyri

Illustrated by Gertrude Welling

"Heidi" has taken great hold on the imagination of children, because of the finely dramatic qualities of the story. So real and human is little Heidi that she is a character which children feel they know and love as one of their real playmates. The illustrator of this book has caught the beauty of the story with a particularly happy facility.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE — Collected by Christine Catrevas

Illustrated by Charlotte Becker

Here are the stories which are the classics of younger childhood. These tales are most delightful to read to children and they are the stories that the child first reads with greatest enjoyment. The illustrations are drawn with an exquisite touch, and they make the more real in children's minds, these precious characters of childhood.

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